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HORACE AND HIS TRANSLATORS.*

OUR English lovers of the wise and pleasant Venusian continue to attempt translating him so pertinaciously that we are fairly provoked into inquiring what success has yet been attained in the object by our national literature, and whether there are any prospects of a perfectly satisfactory achievement of the nice and

difficult task? We shall not apply the prosaic test of utility in the matter, for we do not estimate roses by their value for medicinal purposes, and a Horace in English, like Horace in Latin, would be something beyond price. But even on the ground of utility there is a good deal to say. Who knows whether a vernacular Horace may not yet be required for a Reformed House of Commons? Who knows what would be the effect of the diffusion of perfectly graceful and accurate versions of the ancients upon a generation which threatens to respect nothing older than 1832? From this point of view, the inquiry becomes important as well as interesting; and the fact that our latest translator is a Peer not unknown in public life acquires a new significance. The truth is, that we can not help looking

* *The Odes and Episodes of Horace, translated literally and rhythmically.* By W. SEWELL, B.D. 1850.

The Odes of Horace, literally translated into English Verse. By HENRY GEORGE ROBINSON. 1844, 1855.

The Odes of Horace, translated into unrhymed Meters, with Introductions and Notes. By F. W. NEWMAN, Professor of Latin, University College, London. 1853.

The Odes of Horace, in Four Books; translated into English Lyric Verse. By LORD RAVENSWORTH. Dedicated to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. 1858.

upon Horace as a kind of honorary member (along with other ancients) of the British constitution. He and his friends have helped to form our statesmen, polish our oratory, and point our conversation for many ages, and that Lord Ravensworth should be his translator is a fact which we are still happy to be able to characterize as *English*. Sir Robert Peel loved the little Roman; Lord Plunket learned him by heart; Burke quoted him; Lord North punned upon him; Warren Hastings rendered one of his most famous odes. We shall see presently that there are noblemen, diplomatists, statesmen, and bishops, as well as poets and scholars, among those who have endeavored to naturalize him in our tongue; so that the task can hardly be called one of mere literature only; and before we begin to examine it specially in that light, we feel tempted to say a few words on the historical importance of Horace himself.

There is nothing more curious than the transition by which classical literature has passed from a revolutionizing into a conservative influence. It was once dangerous to be suspected of Greek, and the elderly gentlemen of the fifteenth century did not half like a young fellow who showed a marked turn for Latin prose. When Horace appeared from the presses of Italy—as if the Esquiline had given up its dead—he, the Epicurean and the admirer of Augustus, began his modern career in the capacity of a reformer. He taught Erasmus to laugh at monks, to ridicule old feudal funerals, to treat the grotesque figures of saints with little more reverence than he himself had shown to the images of Priapus; and a corresponding influence was exercised by the other comic writers of antiquity all over Europe. Rabelais in France, Buchanan in Scotland, Skelton in England, were all men suckled on the Wolf of Roman satire; and cardinals and friars, tyrants and hypocrites were pelted with weapons such as had once assailed Domitian—*Tigellinus*—bloating *libertini*, and sham Stoics. Horace—less direct and violent than other satirists—proved also to have an element capable of wider employment in the world. That philosophy of moderation which we find in his later works—the *Epistles*—was found to harmonize with certain epochs of the modern world, so much as to become traceable in our moralists and divines. His happy

sayings obtained the currency of proverbs and the authority of oracles. The world has long forgotten that he and his band of ancient brothers were once thought dangerous to churches and thrones. They are now the cherished darlings of spiritual and temporal potentates, loved (strange to say) least by those political parties whose existence in Europe they helped to make possible! But if we recognize the ingratitude of liberalism when it assails the study of Latin and Greek, let us be thankful that we now know what Latin and Greek really teach. The old abbots, who hated the new studies, may sleep in peace. No man now who knows who Brutus was is likely to imitate him. We study our own demagogues in Aristotle, and laugh at them in Aristophanes. Republics which remained great or independent only as long as they remained historic and aristocratic present little for the imitation of rebellious cobbler. Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity stare when brought into contact with societies which based all politics on the eternal necessity of slavery, and made the hatred of foreigners a part of public virtue. What fluctuations of opinion and varieties of view has the popularity of Horace survived! And how hopeless seem the prospects of our modern reputations, when we contemplate the thousands of editions and versions which maintain and diffuse his fame!

But let us now (for he is not before us every day) take a bird's-eye view of the more recent varieties of Horatian opinion. Every ancient has a modern literature of his own, and has also his rises and falls in popular favor like a living writer. Horace, for instance, was not so early translated in England as Virgil and others, nor—if we may venture on so decided a generalization—was he so much valued in the Elizabeth period. He rose in favor in the seventeenth century, and acquired a decided accession of popularity when Pope published the "*Imitations*." The great intellectual movement which followed the French Revolution was not favorable to him; he was assailed heavily in Germany, and Catullus came more into fashion. Niebuhr was a great admirer of Catullus, but he took care that depreciation of the later author should not go too far, and we find him writing thus on the subject in his celebrated "*Letter to a Young Philologist*:"

"Horace's Odes may also benefit the young as a standard style formed upon the Greek model, and it is a pity that a contempt for them has spread which is only allowable and not arrogant in the case of a very small number of Masters in philology."

Since that time the tide has turned again. Abroad, there have been several excellent editions of him published; at home, besides the *Horatius Restitutus* of Dr. Tate and the edition of Milman, there have been more translations, of some literary pretension, than it would be easy to match in any other given number of previous years. A reaction has set in. Just as the Queen Anne's men and their successors of the last century have recovered from the depression which they experienced during the first ascendancy of Wordsworth and Coleridge, there is a disposition to think more kindly and highly of a writer whose cause is very much the same. A liberal compromise has been entered into among the men of letters who discuss Horatian questions. How far was he really a poet? How far was he noble as a man? These points are debated without any absurd affectation of "contempt;" and on them, as on other controversies regarding Horace's life and writings, definite grounds of argument begin to disclose themselves. We have remarked the gradual rise of somewhat new conclusions about him; but these are accompanied every where with a mixture of affection and admiration which show that he is likely to survive the tests of this generation as triumphantly as he has those of any preceding one.

If, for example, we take the old question—Was Horace a poet? nobody would now venture to answer it in the merely contemptuous negative of a sixth-rate imitator of Keats. On the other hand, who would assert that his genius was as naturally poetic as that of Shakespeare or Sophocles? A good test in such cases is to ask whether the word "poet" would be a sufficient description for a man, without any other; whether the poetic element has the mastery in his mind and style? Now, it can hardly be said that this was the case with Horace—whose earliest works are satires—whose latest works are epistles, and who is more original, beyond all question, in these, than in the strictly poetic compositions which he wrote for the lyre. To say, indeed, that he was more original in these, is only

to say that he was a Roman. The Roman satire stands by itself, and is a native production of the Italian soil. It is not like the Archilochian satires which Horace imitated in the Epodes. It is not like the Old Comedy represented by Aristophanes. It is a peculiar creation of the native Roman mind—rich with its ancient morality, and its shrewd mother-wit. There is no doing justice to or understanding the Romans without remembering their humor; and we must say that when we think of Horace, we involuntarily picture the little man trotting on his mule and watching with the mixed sympathy and criticism of a humorist the country-folk, or curiously scanning the flow of life in the Suburra or the Sacred Way. We rather, that is, find such images of him rising before us, than those presented by the lyrics—Anacreontic visions of poetic dissipation—Horatius under a vine, with his hair anointed, listening to Tyndaris; while Puer, myrtle-crowned, is coming along with a wine-jar. Briefly, it is our theory that the historical Horace was a philosophical satirist and moralist; that his other gifts were subordinate, and that his lyrics must be studied with a constant eye to their artificial and (in some instances, at all events) utterly unreal character. But on the other hand, if he had been only satirist and moralist, how could he have written the *Carmina*—supposing him to have imitated ever so closely Alceus and Sappho, and Anacreon? And here it is useless to puzzle ourselves over the recondite meanings that may lie in the word Poet. He is a poet who can produce the effects of poetry. The Bandusian fountain gratifies the sense by its coolness, and lulls it with its plash. What can any body who describes a fountain do more? We are far from maintaining that Horace was no poet at all. We think that in mind and character he was essentially a philosopher; but that he had sufficient poetic genius—given a lyrical literature and foreign meters—to produce delightful odes, and odes which we should still enjoy, even if the songs of Lesbos had survived. But this is a different thing from calling a man a creative poet. The civilized world, in fact, had advanced in the time of Augustus beyond the stage where lyrics originate. They belong to the grand old singing time of peoples, when their hearts and voices are young—to the spring season of a race when its creeds

and institutions are flourishing healthily about it like the leaves, and it pours out song for song's sake. Horace was as far removed in time from that epoch, as we are from the epoch which produced the feudal ballads. And indeed, it would not be absurd to compare his poetic position under Augustus with that of Sir Walter Scott under George the Fourth. They were both poets, but not poets only. They were both inspired by the minstrelsy of a day long gone by, and yet as men of the world and of general genits acquired a fame apart from their poetic fame. It is not as singer after all, so much as thinker, that Horace has left his mark on Europe; and when we talk of Sir Walter, we talk of him rather as the great describer of character, the wise kindly judge of mankind, than as the bard who sang the battles of Flodden or Harlaw.

According to this view, Horace is beginning definitely to take his place as the great man of the world among poets, and the great poet of men of the world. He heads that large and influential body of writers which includes in our literature Addison and Pope; men who have written admirable poems, but who are yet separated as a class from the Shakespeares and Spensers. His character, too, rises definitely before us and harmonizes with his works, when we describe him as one of the best and kindest men of the world, whose biography has ever become a matter of historical concern. Your Horace is not a solitary singer living in his own world, and listened to from without, like a nightingale. He is a cheerful creature, loving society and the light; a man among men as well as a writer for them. His soul was not a star that dwelt apart; but an exceedingly pleasant and brilliant lamp for the habitations of mankind. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, emphatically, at the Mitre, when Bozzy wondered how he could live on easier terms with the learned and pious doctor than with his own father: "I am a man of the world, and I take the color of the world as it moves along." This was Horace's way. He wrote charming little songs for it, (after the Greek, many of them;) made beautiful little paintings for it, graceful delineations of that ancient Mythology which could still gratify the eye though it had ceased to satisfy the soul of the Pagan world; and, while doing so, took up his

own successful position in society and studied it to the very core. Such a career is not to be compared in dignity and purity with that of Milton. It was the career of an artist and a philosopher—not pretending to a mission for reforming the world; but making the best of it as he found it, and on the whole using his fine gifts with wisdom and delicacy. We must remember how hard it was to rise to a nobler theory of life in his time and position, amidst the ruins of a constitution and the decay of a faith. He had seen Stoicism (of which he felt the dignity) vanish from politics with Brutus. Nothing was left him but the practice of Art and the philosophy of Moderation. And after all too, the cause of Augustus was *his* cause; though he did not perhaps know it, when he threw away his shield amidst the dust of Philippi. It can only have been by accident that he—the son of a *libertinus*—was tribune of a legion in what really was the cause of Oligarchy. But the rise of freedmen and provincials, and the encouragement of letters, were fundamental parts of the Cæsarean policy, a fact which takes from the poet's eulogies of the Emperor, all suspicion of that unwilling and unreal flattery which the world justly execrates as base.

Having touched on Horace's biography, we may add, that in that department also our modern scholars are arriving at something like a compromise. Dean Milman says that we can not get at the truth about the order of composition of the "Odes." Professor Newman agrees with him. The Germans will probably give up the fruitless task soon; and Dillenburger, we observe, while adopting Franke's arrangement, in the text of his *Life*, is content to put his own criticisms on it in the notes. When our great Bentley issued what he thought the true chronology, he pronounced, *more suo*, that whenever learned men went beyond the limits he had fixed, they went wrong. The world has not finally accepted the Bentleian plan, but at least it has accepted no other.

The "Odes," which celebrate historical events, retain *their* dates and *their* reality. The "Odes," which are addressed to known individuals—Mæcenas, Pompeius Varus, Virgil, Valgius—speak for themselves. A batch of compositions, some very pretty, some very painful, remain to be ranked as fancy pictures.

We are aware that readers of Horace to whom such views about his Odes are new, will be apt to think that we under-rate his genius, and rob him of a certain romantic halo of glory and love. They will find, presently, that our admiration of his gifts is little short of worship, and that we by no means endeavor to make his genius more intelligible for the sake of making it less admired. He was an imitator in his lyrics; true; but besides that he shows wondrous skill in Art, there was a certain poetry in his selecting lyric poetry to labor on, at all! Lyric poetry was his fairy-land; it was the region he wandered into to refresh his mind after the life of Rome, as he went to Tibur, or the Sabine woods, or Baia, or Præneste, to refresh his bodily health and spirits. He had created to himself this world out of the old Southern literature; and it was to him what the Leasowes was to Shensstone, what the feudal life was to Scott, an ideal world which he tried to realize, that it might tint his ordinary existence as the Roman citizen of a not happy age, with the hues of antique loveliness and romance. We are much mistaken, if on this scheme, Horace does not appear more really poetic in character than he is commonly supposed to have been. He wrote satires which have now and then traits of coarseness in them; he dined out at the *cenæ* of the great city somewhat too much, gorging himself with the peacocks, the eignule, and the shell-fish, of a luxurious age. He mixed personally sometimes with circles where the moral tone was low. But see how he relieves this prosaic course of existence with music imitated from an earlier lyre! What figure has he conjured out of the woods? It is Faunus the lover of the flying nymphs, and for him a kid smokes on his poetic altar. He thinks of his boyhood, when as the son of the humble *coactor*, he was sporting about in Venusia, and throws a tinge of the ancient piety and poetry over his infancy by singing how, as he lay asleep on one of his native mountains, doves came and covered him with fresh-pulled leaves—

"Non sine dis animosus infans."

Did he believe in Faunus? Did he intend that others should accept *literally* the story of the doves? We might as well ask if Pope believed in the sylphs and gnomes, or Scott in the white lady.

We know from Cidero and other authorities, how much of the ancient mythology was believed by Romans of the cultivated classes; and that if poets employed it, it was for the sake of the art, as it was employed by statesmen for its utility in politics. The ancients were steeped in artistic influences to a degree unknown in modern life, and when the dove story was charmingly told, its fabulous character, its contrast to the associations of the actual Horatius, a satirical weak-eyed slovenly little gentleman crossing one of the bridges to go to a dinner in the suburbs, would offend no body. Suffice it that the Alcaics were musical, and the image itself full of beauty.

Horace so mastered with his genius, and incorporated with himself the Æolian song, that he rose to originality through imitation, the boast of Boileau in a position somewhat similar. Nobody, we suppose, will deny, that when the news of the victory at Actium and its results reached Rome, and Horace (then *ætat.* thirty-four, and only known as a satirist) began that fine Ode the *Nunc est bibendum* he began it under the inspiration of the *Νῦν χρὴ μεθύσθην*, with which Alæus hailed the death of Myrsilus the tyrant of Lesbos. But, as in the latter part of that ode, so in several odes of which Roman events are the subjects, he shows that he had *naturalized* the art. He had learned it first, and could practice it afterwards; and this gives a peculiar interest to his historical Carmina. The *Cælo tonantem*, the *Motem ex Metello*, the *Qualem ministrum*, are striking from their reality and from a certain Roman dignity, a flow like that of the folds of a *toga* about them. Pyrrha and her cave, again, Glycera and her chapel, and our exquisite little friend the *Persicos oði*, have something always of the air of exercises about them. They are clear and sweet as the finest honey, but the honey tastes of the flowers of Hymettus. The marble is that of Italy, but the figures were first found in the stone of Paros or Pentelicus.

The elder Scaliger, speaking of Horace, in his *Poetics*, observes that doubtless his obligations to Greek models were great, but that even if we could determine them, Horace would prove to be more polished (*cultiozem*) than his Greek predecessors. Such decisions are allowed only to men of the Scaliger rank. But it is easy to see that the laborious nicety of the process

by which he learned to write lyrics—first translating, then imitating, then creating through imitation—was just the thing to produce and account for the exquisite finish which distinguishes these compositions. What is it about them that makes the task of the translators seem almost hopeless? Not the spirit, not the dignity, not even the grace. It is that finished character to which Scaliger alludes, and which, though the very triumph of literary art, can only be illustrated by comparisons taken from other walks than literature. It reminds one rather of statuary, of painting on ivory, or of cameo-carving, than of any thing which writing can afford. The loss of a phrase would spoil a stanza, and a change in the order of the words ruins it; for phrases and words have each a place as definite as that of the pieces which compose a puzzle, or the stones in a tessellated pavement. The difficulty is great of finding an equivalent for the sense, and it is a still more delicate business to imitate the form.

We can not be surprised, therefore, if our early translations prove mere objects of curiosity, and often unreadable even as such. The earliest English translator of any part of Horace was pointed out by Thomas Warton, and has not been superseded since. This was Drant, who published black-letter versions of some of the *Satyræ* and *Pistoles* and of the *Art of Poetry*, in 1566 and 1567, which he dedicated to the Ladies Bacon and Cecil, and to the head of that great house of Ormond, which thus early showed a love of letters. It would be mere affectation to pretend to enjoy Mr. Drant, or to have read him through. He wrote in that kind of ballad-metre (the *Saturnian* verse of England) which our early translators much loved, and is one of the forgotten pioneers of literature. The next publication of the kind was *Certain selected Odes of Ho-*

race, Englished, etc., which appeared in 1621. From this, the earliest attempt known, to render any of the lyrics, we shall transcribe one specimen. This is the way in which, in James the First's time, they turned the *Donec gratus*:

"II. When I enjoy'd thee without check,
And none more welcome did embrace
The snowie treasure of thy neck,
The Persian Monarke gave me place.

L. While thou lov'd not another more,
Nor Chloë bare away the bell,
From Lydia renowned before,
I Roman Iliä did excell.

II. Chloë my mistris is of Thrace,
Whose warbling voice by skill is led,
For whom I would see Death's pale face,
If she might live when I am dead.

L. Now Calais is my heart's delight,
He answers me with love again,
For whom I twice with Death would fight,
If he my half-selfe did remaine.

II. What if sweet *Venus* doe revive,
And true-love's knot between us tie,
If from my thoughts faire *Chloë* I drive,
If my doore ope when *Lydia's* nigh?

L. Though he than stars be fairer farre,
Thou angrier than the raging seas,
When 'gainst the sturdy rocks they warre,
With thee I'll live and end my dayes."

There is not an unpleasant quaintness about this—the work it seems of John Ashmore, and the last stanza but one is even pretty. The characteristic of all early translation is its *literal* nature. The first effort of our ancestors was to reproduce the original—a most healthy instinct which we trust will never wear out, though it may be foolishly as well as wisely followed. We see it in Ben Jonson's *Beatus ille*, one of three odes which Ben did, and we think his most successful attempt. Take the first twenty-eight lines, face to face with the original:

Beatus ille qui procul negotiis,
Ut prisca gens mortalium,
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis
Solutus omni fenore,
Neque excitatur classico miles truci,
Neque horret iratum mare,
Forumque vitat et superba civium
Potentiorum limina;
Ergo aut adulta vitium propagine
Altas maritat populos,
Aut in reducta valle mugientium
Prospectat errantes greges,
Inutilesve falce ramos amputans
Feliciores inserit,

Happy is he that from all business clear,
As the old race of mankind were,
With his own oxen tills his sire's left lands
And is not in the usurer's bands:
Nor soldier-like started with rough alarms,
Nor dreads the sea's enraged harms:
But flies the bar and courts with the proud boards,
And waiting-chambers of great lords.
The poplar tall he then doth marrying twine,
With the grown issue of the vine;
Or in the bending vale beholds afar
The living herds there grazing are;
And with his hook lops off the fruitless race,
And sets more happy in their place;

Aut pressa puris mella condit amphoris,
 Aut tondet infirmas oves;
 Vel cum decorum mitibus pomis caput
 Autumnus agris extulit,
 Ut gaudet insitiva decerpens pyra,
 Certantem et uvam purpuream,
 Qua muneretur te, Priape, et te, pater
 Silvane, tutor finium.
 Libet jacere modo sub antiqua ilice
 Modo in tenaci gramine.
 Labuntur altis interim ripis aquæ
 Quærantur in silvis aves,
 Fontesque lymphis obstreperunt manantibus
 Somnos quod invitet leves.

Or the pressed honey in pure pots doth keep
 Of earth, and shears the tender sheep.
 Or when that autumn through the fields lifts round
 His head, with mellow apples crowned,
 How, plucking pears his own hand grafted had,
 And purple-matching grapes, he's glad!
 With which, Priapus, he may thank thy hands,
 And, Sylvan, thine, that kep'st his lands!
 Then now beneath some ancient oak he may
 Now in the rooted grass him lay,
 Whilst from the higher banks do slide the floods,
 The soft birds quarrel in the woods,
 The fountains murmur as the streams do creep,
 And all invite to easy sleep.

There is a stiffness to which a modern ear does not lend itself very readily, about these lines, but their fidelity to the sense is remarkable, and something of the rural air of the subject breathes from them, too. Ben's *Donec gratus* is scarcely worthy of him, and so many eminent men have tried it that we pass his version by.

We come next to "*Odes of Horace*, the best of Lyric Poets, containing much morality and sweetness. Selected and translated by Sir T. H. 1625." This was Sir Thomas Hawkins, described by Wood, as "of Nash Court in the parish of Boughton, Kent," and who died in 1640. His selection contained forty of the Odes; but our readers would not thank us for inflicting even one upon them. Suffice it that he begins the *Integer vitae*:

"*Fuscus*, the man whose life entire
 And free from sinne, needs not desire
 The bow nor dart from *Moore* to borrow,
 Nor from full quiver poys'ned arrow:"

and concludes it as follows:

"Place me in coldest champaines where
 No summer warmth the trees doth cheer;
 Let me in that dull climat rest,
 Which clouds and sullen Jove infest,
 Yen place me underneath the carre
 Of too-near Phœbus: seated farre
 From dwellings, *Lalage* I'll love,
 Whose smile, whose words so sweetly move."

Sir Thomas was a grave knight, and scarcely approved the amatory odes, so he prefixes to his *Donec gratus*, (for he too must try it) this highly diverting sentence: "*This Ode, though less morall than the rest, I have admitted for Jul. Scaliger's sake, who much admireth it.*" He alludes to the great critic's celebrated dictum, that he would rather have written that *carmen* and the *Quem tu, Melpomene*, than be king of all Arragon.

After Sir Thomas Hawkins came the

first writer who translated *all* the Lyrics, Henry Rider, M.A., of Cambridge, whose work was published in 1638. Mr. Rider is very unreadable, but in gratitude to him as a father of the Horatian church, we quote his *Persicos odi*:

"Boy, I doe hate the Persian nicetie,
 Their garlands bound with ribands please not
 me,
 And doe not thou molest thyself to know
 In what place the late springing rose doth
 blow.

"I chiefly doe take care you should provide,
 To the plain myrtle nothing else beside;
 Myrtle will not shame thee, my boy, nor
 mee,
 Drinking beneath the shadowing vine-tree."

This is deplorably bad—but shows the struggles by which our language was trying to attain the familiar and easy grace necessary above every thing to Horatian interpretation. From Rider, we pass to old Barten Holyday, (Archdeacon of Oxford, as Walter Mapes had been, centuries before,) whose *Juvenal* is well well known for its oddity and accuracy, to lovers of that satirist, and is accompanied by a commentary full of learning. The book-sellers of that age created some confusion by putting Holyday's name to other people's versions of Horace, but his translation of the Odes first appeared, anonymously, in 1653. "All Horace, his Lyrics, Englished"—was its title, and it contained an address to the reader beginning:

"An unknown Muse presents to thy survey
 A Roman Lyre strung after th' English way."

The quaintness and oddity, the dry old humor, of Barten, employed on so refined a task as he had here undertaken, are irresistible. This was the manner in which he set about transfusing the concentrated essence of lyrical elegance, the Ode

to Pyrrha, into the native language of Shakspeare :

"What spritely Younker amongst beds of roses
(Pyrrha) perfumed with fragrant scents
incloses

Thee skulkt in sweet retire ?

Thy fair locks at whose desire,

Plen't thou so up, array'd in homely
cloathes ?

O how he'll wail thy oft-changed gods, and
oaths,

And count it wondrous strange,

When storms in thy countenance range !"

Here, we may stop. The only excuse for the old translation is, that if Milton, as is possible, had already written, he had not yet published, that remarkable version of this Ode, the merit of which it will soon be our duty to defend against Lord Ravensworth. Milton's *Pyrrha* did not appear in the first edition of his Poems in 1645, nor for twenty years, indeed, after the date at which we have now arrived. It is not certain, from this fact, that it was not executed in his youth, for many accidents may have kept it out of his earliest poetic publication, but at least it appeared, as we have it, with the sanction of his mature judgment, a fact which should weigh when its merits are discussed. Meanwhile, we proceed with our historical review, and the next person we summon to the bar of the nineteenth century is a man of quality—Sir Richard Fanshawe. He issued his volume—"Selected Parts of Horace, Prince of Lyricks ; and of all the Latin Poets the fullest fraught with excellent morality"—in 1652. This was a year before Holyday, but Fanshawe introduced a new school of Horatian translation, and is more conveniently mentioned in the order we have chosen.

Sir Richard might have been expected to make a marked advance on his predecessors, for he had the advantage of being a man of the world as well as a scholar, and such a man will ever be the likeliest to do justice to the favorite of the court of Augustus, who has always been one of the pet writers of gentlemen. Like Horace, Fanshawe had traveled, and like Horace he had served, having been taken prisoner, fighting for his king, at Worcester. He was envoy to the court of Portugal under Charles II., in which capacity he negotiated his marriage with the Infanta, and died ambassador at Madrid in 1666. During this various experience, he always cultivated the *Musæ mansue-*

tiore, and he seems to have thought that if Horace was to be well, he must be freely translated. Sir John Denham, his contemporary, who is declared by Johnson "to have been one of the first that understood the necessity of emancipating translation from the drudgery of counting lines and interpreting single words," gives the same praise to Fanshawe, whom he addresses thus :

"That servile path thou nobly dost decline,
Of tracing word by word and line by line ;
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
To make translations and translators, too :
They but preserve the ashes, thou the
flame,
True to his sense, but truer to his fame."

This is high praise, brilliantly expressed, but it is scarcely justified, we fear, by any part of Fanshawe's Horace when tested by to-day's standard. His *Æquam memento**—may be taken as a fair specimen :

"Keep still an equal mind, not sunk
With storms of adverse chance, not drunk
With sweet prosperitie
O *Dellius* that must die !

"Whether thou live still melancholy,
Or stretched in a retired valley,
Make all thy hours merry
With bowls of choicest sherry.

"Where the white poplar and tall pine
Their hospitable shadow joyne.
And a soft purling brook
With wringing stream doth crook,

"Bid hither wines and ointments bring
And the too short sweets of the spring.
Whilst wealth and youth combine
And the Fates give thee line.

"Thou must forgoe thy purchas'd seats,
Even that which golden Tiber wets,
Thou must, and a glad heyre
Shall revel with thy care.

"If thou be rich, born of the race
Of ancient *Inachus*, or base
Liest in the street ; all's one,
Impartial Death spares none.

"All go one way : shak'd is the Pot
And first or last comes forth thy Lot
The pass by which thou'rt sent
T' Eternall Banishment."

* It is scarcely possible to mention this ode without repeating Lord North's capital pun. His son was complaining of impecuniosity, and hinting that it would compel him to "sell his mare." "No, no," said Lord N. : "*Æquam memento, rebus in arduis—servare !*"

Here we have a version smacking of a period of transition. Parts of it are flowing, and parts musical, but there are obstinately rough bits stopping the stream, like "snags" in an American river; and a general adhesion to the text is varied by free imitation, as in—

"—— bowls of choicest sherry."

The next epoch in the literary history of the subject is marked by the ascendancy of the "free" system altogether. Metaphrase was succeeded by paraphrase. Translation, which at first had been an exercise, became now an amusement. Our own poets—the Wallers and Sucklings—had shown that English might be employed for poetic purposes with that familiar elegance which is one of Horace's charms. Accordingly, the great aim, now, was not to make English subordinate to Latin, but to compel the Latin to accommodate itself to English. The Restoration writers introduced a new way of adapting Horace to modern life, which was sometimes very happily done; especially by Oldham and Wilmot, Lord Rochester. The *Pyrtha* of Milton which appeared in 1673 exercised no influence on this lively generation. It stands alone, in fact, in Horatian history, and will be most fitly examined when we come to inquire what our latest translators have done to supersede permanently the men of earlier times. On the other hand, the adaptation system made a lasting mark. It led to scores of productions in which London was substituted for Rome in imitation or in parody. Our political light literature took it up, and made comic and satirical use of it, down to the days of the *Anti-Jacobin*, the *Horace in London* of the Smiths, and the newspaper squibs of Tom Moore. These *facetiae*, though often clever, demand little notice on the present occasion, but they have helped to make the influence of the Venusian sink into the modern mind, and to justify those who place him in the very first rank for importance, among the lighter writers of the world.

This change in the fashion and style of translation which marked the latter half of the seventeenth century has been discussed and illustrated by Dryden with his usual easy vigor. "All their translations," says he—speaking of the old school—"want to be translated into English." He examines the whole subject very ably

in the preface to his *Ovid's Epistles*, of the year 1680. Here he divides translations into three classes: 1. That of metaphrase, or "turning an author, word by word, and line by line." 2. That of paraphrase, or "translation with latitude." 3. That of "imitation"—"where the translator (if now he has not lost that name) assumes the liberty not only to vary from the words and sense, but to forsake them both as he sees occasion." Verbal translation he compares to "dancing on ropes with fettered legs;" and concludes by recommending that both extremes—this and imitation—should be avoided.

Such was his theory, and nobody will deny, that if his practice as a translator of Horace was not quite conformable to it, it was marked by all the fire and daring of his mind. His paraphrase of the *Tyrrhena regum progenies* is a model of splendid audacity, and reaches, in the final passages, a sublimity beyond that of the original:

"Fortune, that with malicious joy
Does man her slave oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy
Is seldom pleased to bless;
Still various and unconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while she's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings and will not stay
I puff the prostitute away:
The little or the much she gave, is quietly resigned;
Content with poverty, my soul I arm;
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm."

Surely, this is a noble amplification of the following two stanzas:

"Fortuna sevo leta negotio et
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax
Transmutat incertos honores
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna."

"Laudo manentem; si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit, et mea
Virtute me involvo probamque
Pauperiem sine dote quero."

Its grandeur, and the sweep of the music, give an impression of moral superiority, and make the neatness and dignity of the Roman, look barren and cold. "I am not so much enamoured of the name of translator," says Cowley, "as not to wish rather to be something better."

Dryden here is something better. But, after all, this is not *Horace*, and what such license becomes in meaner hands, we have only too much reason to know. Dryden himself executed three other Odes on a similar principle, but they have failed to emulate the fame of this magnificent paraphrase, which throws into the shade the casual efforts even of Cowley and Addison, and remains unsurpassed to this hour.

To Dryden, in 1684, Creech dedicated his translation of Horace, a work, which, in our day, has fallen into such oblivion, that its very name would be forgotten, if it were not met with occasionally in the mottos to the *Spectator*. Creech neglected the admirable advice that Lord Roscommon had given to his generation, in the *Essay on Translated Verse*:

"Examine how your humor is inclined,
And which the ruling passion of your mind,
Then seek a poet, who, your way does bend,
And choose an author as you choose a friend."

A morose, solitary kind of man, with a head full of out-of-the-way reading, and suspected of having, while translating Lucretius, become a believer in his system of physics, he took up Horace, whose philosophy was learned from every-day human life, and whose poetry reflects now the gayety and now the softness of the pleasant South! As well might a book-worm have tried to do the work of a silk-worm! He made, in short, a mistake, which has often been made since. He thought that knowledge of Latin and power to rhyme would avail for a task, towards which these accomplishments go a very little way. However common it may be to speak of literature, as if it had no connection with life, it is certain that a really great translator of Horace must have something in himself of the Horatian genius and temperament. The mass of literary failures are perhaps less the result of stupidity than of want of allowance for the moral relation between feeling and parts. A man who has no eye for character in his private life does not shrink from attempting a biography. A man, whose solemn incapacity to take a joke at a supper is the wonder of his friends, ventures on a satirical novel. We may see the effect of this kind of error in every branch of literature, and translators would do well to remember that Colman, who succeeded with Terence, also wrote good

dramas, and that years before the late Mr. Frere executed his admirable versions from Aristophanes, he had won his spurs as a political satirist and wit.

We should only load our pages if we reprinted Creech's attempts to reproduce the Odes. He was perhaps more in his element in the Satires, yet his honest and almost rude quaintness is a sorry representative of the ease and polish of his master. We draw a passage or two from the sixth satire of the First Book in which the poet is so delightfully auto-biographical:

"If none on me can truly fix disgrace,
If I am neither covetous nor base,
If innocent my life, if (to commend
Myself) I live beloved by every friend,
I thank my father for it; for he being poor,
His farm but small, the usual ways forbore;
He did not send me to his Fabius school,
To teach me arts, and make me great by rule.

But first he boldly brought me up to town,
To see those ways and make those arts my
own,
Which every knight and noble taught his son.

Now on my bob-tailed mule, all galled and
sore,
My wallet galls behind, my spurs before;
I ride whene'er I will, I ride at ease;
As far as soft Tarentum if I please.

I walk alone where'er my fancies lead,
And busy ask the price of herbs and bread.
Through cheating Rome, about the close of day
I freely walk; I go to church and pray,
Then home, when I shall find a sparing treat,
And three small pretty boys bring up the
meat;
Just by a white-stone table stands, to bear
Two pots, one cup, and equal to my fare,
A cruise and platter, all poor earthenware."

Now, not to mention that *adisto divinis* does not mean "*I go to church*," one easily sees that the general rusticity of friend Creech is no substitute for an original the very familiarity of which is always urbane. Still, whatever its defects, the Horace of Creech went through several editions. Translation was fashionable in those days. The most eminent men amused themselves with it, and the multitude of writers who fed the Miscellanies practiced it incessantly. Versions of Horace by "Eminent Hands," or under some such general designation, poured from the press. The majority, we fear, only made Horace twaddle; but now and then came a man of genius who made him sing.

Bishop Atterbury translated the *Donec gratus* and the *Quem tu Melpomene*. The first we venture to pronounce a failure. But the second is one of the happiest efforts in our language, and we shall proceed to give it accordingly :

"He on whose natal hour the queen
Of verse hath smiled, shall never grace
The Isthmian gauntlet, or be seen
First in the famed Olympic race.

"He shall not, after toils of war,
And taming haughty monarchs' pride,
With laureled brows conspicuous far
To Jove's Tarpeian temple ride.

"But him the streams which warbling flow
Rich Tibur's fertile vales along,
And shady groves, his haunts, shall know
The master of the Æolian song.

"The sons of Rome, majestic Rome,
Have placed me in the poet's quire,
And envy now, or dead or dumb,
Forbears to blame what they admire.

"— neque res bellica Deliis
Ornatum foliis ducem,
Quod regum tumidas contuderit minas,
Ostendet Capitolio."

This is one of the most paraphrastic of the whole, but it is legitimately so. When Horace says, that war shows the hero crowned with laurels to the Capitol, he is thinking of the pageant of the triumph, and the translator has a right to present the image still more clearly. The worst of paraphrase, in general, is that we often find something foreign, something modern, something which carries a whole train of new and incongruous associations with it, added on to the naked beauty which it is the translator's first business to preserve intact. This ode of Atterbury's is less classical, indeed, than Milton's *Pyrrha*, but we are afraid that some inferiority in that respect is inseparable from the use of modern meters and modern rhyme.

Our plan now brings us to those celebrated 'Imitations' of Horace by Pope, which have a most important bearing on the history of the present subject. They are not translations of his *Satires* and *Epistles*, but they have had the effect of making translations impossible. They have beaten the antiques out of the English market. They have embodied classical models in a domestic manufacture, like the Wedgwood china. Accordingly,

"Goddess of the sweet-sounding lute,
Which thy harmonious touch obeys,
Who caus't the finny race, though mute,
To cygnet's dying accent raise.

"Thy gift it is, that all with ease,
Me prince of Roman lyrics own,
That while I live, my numbers please,
If pleasing, is thy gift alone.

In these graceful and flowing lines we have, first, what is very desirable, a poem pleasing in itself—a poem which, read by an Englishman ignorant of Latin, would be loved for its own sake. This praise every translation ought to merit, unless we are content to rank translations as mere curiosities for the amusement of scholars. But Atterbury has not gained this success at the expense of his author. The version is free, but it is not licentious. He has achieved it, which is no common success, in the same number of lines employed by his master. Take, as a specimen, his second stanza :

"He shall not, after toils of war,
And taming haughty monarchs' pride,
With laureled brows conspicuous far
To Jove's Tarpeian temple ride."

while men of mark still occupy themselves with the "*Carmina*," undeterred by the great memories with which they provoke competition, with regard to the other works this is not so conspicuously the case. The more difficult of the two tasks is also the more popular. One reason doubtless is because many of the "*Odes*" have that universality of interest, as *poems*, which the *Satires*, from their local and personal nature, can not claim; but it is a still stronger reason, that half a dozen of the best works of the latter class have been "imitated" in compositions not inferior to the original.

These "Imitations" give the same kind of pleasure to the English reader that Horace himself does to scholars—the pleasure of ridicule, and wit, and fancy, and character. Why, then, should the English reader care for more? But, at the same time, it must always be remembered that they are only imitations, and that Pope executed them rather with his own fame, than with that of his model, before his eyes. It is clear that they were selected by him partly as affording an opportunity of shooting at his enemies from behind a Roman wall; and where Horace only tickles, Pope stabs—the Roman be-

ing, beyond doubt, the more easy, amiable, kindly, and healthy man of the two. Pope puts a sly infusion of poison into the Horatian pleasantry. A hint at the couplet on "furious Sappho" (Sat. lib. ii. 1) will suffice to remind us that he did not find the filthy venom in his master. But all minor instances sink into insignificance when we remember that he turned Horace's whole noble panegyric upon Augustus (Epist. ii. 1) into an exquisitely ironical attack upon George. The likeness between these satirists, then, is only partial and occasional. The "Imitations" are admirable in themselves; they will sometimes recall Horace to a man who knows him, and something of him they will suggest to a man who does not; but they are more Popian than Horatian at all times; and they do not by any means sufficiently represent the whole character of the older writer. Nor must we forget that the satirical epoch of Horace was that of his youth, and of Pope, that of his maturity. The "Imitations" of Swift, though very clever and humorous, are less elaborate, and much freer than those of his friend; nor have they had any thing like the same influence on posterity.

We owe to Pope two imitations also of the Odes; but neither demands much notice. Nor do we feel ourselves bound to record every production of the kind afforded by the light literature of that age, nor to turn what ought to be a museum of art, into a lumber-room of curiosities. We have passed in silence the Odes by Coxwell, (1718,) and we shall not linger over those of Hare, (1737.) Hare's preface tells us:

"I have try'd to make my author look somewhat like himself in an English dress, to give him some of that graceful ease and genteel air that he appears with in his own country habit."

This declaration has interest, because

"*Parcius junctas quantunt fenestras
Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi
Nec tibi somnos adimunt, amatque
Janua limen.*"

This is, surely, rather coarse and familiar. *Juvenes protervi* were not vulgar rakes in Horace's eyes. Their follies were to be touched but lightly and prettily; and it can not be too often repeated

it expresses the taste of the writer's age. Horace now appears in a tye-wig. The old translators had endeavored, as we have seen, to catch his form as well as his spirit. The new ones were content to aim at the spirit only; but they substituted, of course, a form of their own, so that *we* are really as far from them as they were from him. Horace remains the same, but when we take up Francis we have to modernize in his case what he wrote as a modernization of an ancient. This justifies the writers who in our own times renew the task, but it should warn them, too, for a translation done only with reference to the fashion of one age becomes obsolete in the next. Francis went through many editions in the last century, and in ours how has his fame shrunk! His celebrity is lost in the light of that of his son Sir Philip, and his books are read only by the few. Yet his "Horace"—originally published in 1742—reigned longer than any "Horace" ever published in this country, and if we now weary of its ascendancy we do not find it easy to name its successor. Indeed, with that good old literary conservatism which none respect more than ourselves, England still continues to honor Francis while she ceases to read him, and in the eyes of *the Trade* his is still the "standard" translation of the Venusian. Passing over, then, some versions of later date which have failed to acquire recognition, we think our best plan will be to institute a comparison between Francis and such of our contemporaries as appear (though we intend no slight to those whom we may happen to omit) worthy to dispute the honor of the succession to his crown.

We repeat, that the fashion of his age is too strongly apparent in the version of Francis. Omitting all reference to the Satires and Epistles, (no contemporary translation of which is before us,) let us look at the Odes. One stanza of the *Parcius junctas* shall give us the cue:

"The wanton herd of rakes profess
Thy windows rarely now molest
With midnight raps, or break thy rest
With riot."

that in rendering Horace, nicety is every thing. All the Ode before us is done in the same vein. Francis may have been thinking of the London rakes of his own age—and Chesterfield speaks of a rake as

a blackguard—but this is just the kind of license which ruins classical translation. We have no business to keep modern associations before us when employed on the task, unless a professed adaptation is

“While liquid odors round him breathe,
What youth, the rosy bower beneath,
Now courts thee to be kind?
Pyrrha, for whose unwary heart
Do you, thus drest with careless art
Your yellow tresses bind?”

“How often shall th’ unpracticed youth
Of altered gods, and injured truth,
With tears, alas! complain?
How soon behold with wond’ring eyes
The black’ning winds tempestuous rise
And scowl along the main?”

“While by his easy faith betrayed,
He now enjoys thee, golden maid,
Thus amiable and kind;
He fondly hopes that you shall prove
Thus ever vacant to his love,
Nor heeds the faithless wind.

“Unhappy they, to whom untried
You shine, alas! in beauty’s pride;
While I, now safe on shore,
Will consecrate the pictured storm,
And all my grateful vows perform
To Neptune’s saving power.”

Here we have a marked contrast. In Francis all is loose and paraphrastical; in Milton all severe and exact. Pyrrha in Francis is a modern girl in a “rosy bower” and the phrases “unwary heart” and “beauty’s pride” smack, altogether, of the stage and the Miscellanies. His, in fact, is not a translation at all; but a poem, more or less clever, written by a man who had read *Horatii Carmina*, lib. i. 5, before he began. Who could tell that it was supposed to be written in the South, for instance, where “a cave” is a delicious place of retreat from the sun? Who would guess, from the jingling of the undignified meter, that calm and statuesque beauty was the character of the Latin? The truly classic tone, which may be defined as the union of quiet with finish, is totally absent from Francis; but we contend that, on the whole, it is present in Milton, though it is true that every line of Milton’s version will not

what we have in hand. But we shall better illustrate what we mean by examining the *Pyrrha* of Francis. That is a test Ode, and we now place, *vis-à-vis*, the versions of Francis and of Milton.*

“What slender youth bedew’d with liquid odors,
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha? For whom bind’st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatness? O, how oft shall he
On faith and changed Gods complain† and seas
Rough with black winds, and storms
Unwonted shall admire.

“Who now enjoys thee credulous all gold,
Who alwayes vacant, alwayes amiable,
Hopes thee; of fluttering gales
Unmindful, Hopeless they [yow’d
To whom thou untry’d seem’st fair. Me in my
Picture the sacred wall declares to have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern God of Sea.”

equally bear rigid criticism. “Plain in thy neatness” is a flat substitute for *simplex munditiis*;† and the thirteenth line mars the fine musical effect of the opening.

But Lord Ravensworth will not allow us to go even so far as this in praise of the *Pyrrha* of the immortal John. He even objects to its grammar, saying that —“he who could make use of such a phrase as the following—

“Who now enjoys thee, credulous, all gold,”

“seems to have been so absorbed in his Latin as to have forgotten at the moment his English.” We presume that he supposes the poet to be using “gold” for “golden” as an adjective. But in reality he is using “gold” as a noun, and with perfect correctness. Just so, George Herbert says, “man is all symmetry,” meaning that he is a symmetrical creation. And just so, if a young fellow were to

* We print that of Milton from the original edition of 1673, where it is prefaced with this description, by way of heading: “Rendered almost word for word, without rhyme, according to the Latin measure, as near as the language will permit.”

† There is a double antithesis in this famous phrase between the two words themselves, and between the whole expression, and something like “sed animo dolosa” understood. Comp. Dillenburger *in loc.*

describe his sweetheart as "all honey," he would be talking nonsense, no doubt, but quite accurate grammar.

A more serious objection of his Lordship is, that "an English lyrical composition without the graces of rhyme, has little to recommend it." As a general principle, this is true, for the best of our lyrics are graced by that sweet ornament so naturally dear to Northern ears. But after Tennyson's *Princess* it will be hard to doubt that blank verse may be made musical enough for any purpose; and does Lord Ravensworth seriously deny all musical charm to the version by Milton which has provoked this discussion? We can not think so, and we believe that it would be nearer the truth to pronounce that version the high-water mark which Horatian translation has attained. It is faithful; it is elegant; and a success in rendering one of these odes in a rhythm even moderately like the original, will always give more of the nameless charm of classicism to a composition than the

cleverest copy of verses of which the associations are all modern. A translation of Horace should remind us of Horace; should have something of the effect of an antique statue or gem: if we lose sight of this object, the reader is not conscious that he is supposed to be in the ancient world at all.

Lord Ravensworth may be described as of the Old School of Translators when compared with his living rivals, for unquestionably the tendency now is in favor of severer principles, and even of new rhythms. But Lord Ravensworth himself is decidedly in advance of Francis, and the freedoms which he allows his Muse are under the restraints of a higher refinement and a better taste. He is most successful in heroic and elegiac verse; and beats Francis, sometimes, in *Carmina* in which Francis has been happier than usual. Let us view them together contending for the favor of Chloe in the *Vitas humileo*:

"You fly me, Chloe! like a vagrant fawn,
Tracing the footprints of its parent deer
Through each sequestered path and mazy lawn,
While woods and winds excite a causeless fear.

"For should the aspen quiver to the breeze,
Or the green lizards rustle in the brake,
It bounds in vague alarm among the trees,
Its heart-pulse flutters, and its fibers quake.

"Yet not as tigers do I follow you,
Or Libyan lion, to destroy your charms;
Then cease to linger in a mother's view,
And learn the rapture of a lover's arms."

Ravensworth.

"Chloe flies me like a fawn,
Which through some sequestered lawn,
Panting seeks the mother deer,
Not without a panic fear.
Of the gently breathing breeze,
And the motion of the trees,
If the curling leaves but shake,
If a lizard stir the brake,
Frighted it begins to freeze,
Trembling both at heart and knees.
But not like a tiger dire,
Nor a lion fraught with ire,
I pursue my lovely game,
To destroy her lovely frame.
Haste thee, leave thy mother's arms;
Ripe for love are all thy charms."

Francis.

Both the dignity and the music of the Latin are here better caught by the later of the writers, though he is more paraphractical than we could wish. But that our readers may see what the New School, those who insist on being literal yet feel that they ought to be rhythmical, can do towards an entirely changed system of translation, we shall now draw up, in sim-

ilar array, Professor Newman and Mr. Sewell. Mr. Newman renounces rhyme, and wishes to introduce new meters altogether. Mr. Sewell disclaims any attempt to transfuse "the mind, spirit, and grace," of the Roman, but, of course, hopes to prepare the way for their being better transfused by and by:

"Chloe, me thou shunnest, like a fawn,
Who by mountain tracks her scared dam
Seeks devious—breeze or wood
Of misdoubting in empty fear.

"Should the arriving spring o'er quivering leaves
Bristle rude, or should the lizard green
A bramble move aside,
Quick she trembles in heart and knees.

"Thou shunnest me, Chloe, like a fawn,
Its panic-stricken mother seeking,
On pathless mountains, not without
Vain fear of airs and wild-wood [creaking.]

"For whether spring's approach hath rustled
In fluttering leaves or [midst the trees]
Green lizards have the bramble parted,
She trembles both in heart and knees.

"Yet not I, as tiger fierce to rend,
Or Getulian lion, follow thee.
Oh! leave thy mother's side,
Ripe at length for a dearer love."

Newman.

These are interesting as experiments, and in absolute fidelity to the meaning of the Latin are preferable to the more common specimens of translation. But with every wish (chiefly out of a horror of the *conventionalism* which infects translators) to see the New School follow in the steps of Milton, we can not allow that they have yet done much to win over the public. The way to the heart in these matters is through the ear, and, with due gratitude to Mr. Newman for his accents and his hints how to read his versions, we find them, to speak frankly, somewhat quaint and harsh. His theory seems to be that an ugly likeness to Horace is a better thing than a pretty though vague imitation: that bad Falerian is nicer than good sherry: but is not this something like the principle which produced the supper after the manner of the ancients in *Peregrine Pickle*? We certainly would rather have a dozen Miltonic *Pyrrhas* than all the free translations which have appeared since Elizabeth's time, including the exquisite one which we quoted from Bishop Atterbury. But then, to have to break up all our English traditions for something utterly novel and yet mediocre is a severe demand to make from the great public which reads for pleasure. Probably, indeed, the New School will do far better things hereafter; but poetry, rather than prophecy, is our present object, and we must fall to at what we have before us.

Now and then Professor Newman surprises us with a grateful flow of verse:

"Me not the enduring Sparta
Nor fertile-soiled Larissa's plain
So to the heart has smitten
As Anio headlong tumbling,
Loud-brawling Albunea's grot,
Tiburnus' groves and orchards
With restless rivulets streaming."

There is something of the rush of cool waters here. But what would Horace say, if he could come to life, and find himself singing the two stanzas subjoined?

"Well of Bandusia, as crystal bright,
Luscious wine to thee with flowers is due;
To-morrow shall a kid
Thine become, who with horny front

"Yet not as tiger fierce, or lion
Getulian do I thee pursue,
To crush thee. Cease at length to follow
Thy mother, thou of age for man to woo."

Swell.

Budding new, designs amours and war.
Vainly: since this imp of the frisky herd
With life-blood's scarlet gush
Soon shall curdle thy icy pool."

This is hard to read, while the Latin is as pleasant to the ear as the fountain which it brings before us to the imagination. Yet Mr. Newman must know that music and elegance are as much parts of the poet as his literal sense, and that a hideous fidelity is really as unjust to him as a pretty but licentious paraphrase. We find little to remind us agreeably of a friend in a photograph of his corpse.

Apropos of the *Fons Bandusiae*—here is a graceful little version of it by Mr. Henry George Robinson, known to connoisseurs as a Horatian collector as well as translator. His aim is to attain a greater accuracy than free translators preserve, yet without innovating in meter or sacrificing rhyme. This is a *via media* which promises much, and the labor—of which every page of Mr. Robinson's book is an honest specimen—has not been thrown away:

"Clearer than glass, Bandusian font,
Oh! worthy thou of sweetest wine,
Nor wanting flowers; to-morrow thine
A kid shall be, whose budding front
Sprouts his first horns, already bent
On love and battles—vain intent!
For soon this hapless progeny
Of the lascivious herd, for thee,
Shall with his young and ruddy gore
Thy gelid streamlet crimson o'er."

"Thee the fierce Dogstar's blazing hour
Can not affect; thou on the ox,
Plough-wearied, and the rambling flocks,
Dost a refreshing coolness shower,
Among the founts of noblest fame
Thou too shalt have a foremost name,
Through me, who of yon ilex sing,
The hollow rocks o'ershadowing,
Downward from whence, with prattling sound,
Thy limpid waters gayly bound."

Francis began his translation in the true slipshod style:

"Fountain, whose waters far surpass
The shining force of polished glass."

This *dilution* of

"O Fons Bandusiae, splendidior vitro,"

is but too fair a specimen of the prevailing weakness of the translating race. The chaste simplicity, the condensed neatness, of their elaborate and artistic master is what some of them seem to value least, and all, more or less, fail to attain. But what perhaps most strikes a student of the classics in the long run is the exquisite grace with which they created beauty out of slender materials; how, with less imagery, wit, or depth of sentiment than we demand, their light writers managed to create what should live forever.

This reflection brings us to the most famous and perfect of those gayer Horatian lyrics with which we have been chiefly occupied hitherto. We allude to the often-mentioned *Donec gratus*, in which Ben Jonson did not succeed; which tried triumphantly the skill of Cowley and Atterbury, and over which meaner wits have a score of times labored in vain. What constitutes the difficulty? the same quality which constitutes its charm. It is perfectly simple and perfectly finished. Nobody can translate it, precisely because

it looks as if every body could. It is thoroughly *classical*. Two lines of our English Crashaw:

"Yet though she can not tell you why,
She can love and she can die,"

open up depths of poetic tenderness which it can not hint at even from afar. But who remembers two more out of the long and unequal poem in which these occur? whereas the Latin poem is all smooth and round, of the same beauty in every part—like the apple which Paris gave to the victorious goddess.

Francis, we must do him the justice to say, is more successful with the *Donec gratus* than with many other odes. Yet, in his care to be simple, he is (almost unavoidably) somewhat meager and tame. Of our cotemporaries, Mr. Robinson is as agreeable as his anxious endeavors to be literal permit. Professor Newman puts himself out of the race by so execrable a rendering of the fifth stanza that we transcribe it as a warning:

"What, if ancient Love return,
And with brazen yoke the sundered join—
Auburn Chloë aside be tossed—
Jilted Lydia's door to me re-ope?"

Lydia. "While all thy bosom glowed
With love for me alone;
While Lydia there abode,
Where Chloë now has fixed her
hateful throne,
Well pleased, our Roman Ilia's
fame
I deemed eclipsed by Lydia's
name.

Hor. "'Tis true my captive heart
The fair-haired Chloë sways,
Skilled with transcendent art
To touch the lyre, and breathe harmonious lays;
For her my life were gladly paid,
So heaven would spare my Cretan maid.

Lyd. "My breast with fond desire
For youthful Calais burns,
Touched with a mutual fire,
The son of Ornithus my love returns;
For him I'd doubly die with joy,
So heaven would spare my Thurian boy.

Hor. "What if the former chain
That we too rashly broke,
We yet should weave again,

"Quid, si prisca redit Venus
Diductosque jugo cogit aëneo,
Si flava excutitur Chloë
Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?"

Lord Ravensworth modestly makes way for his friend Lord Derby, whose very remarkable paraphrase of this lyric we extract with much pleasure. Old Dryden somewhere says—not without humor—that "to understand critically the delicacies of Horace is a sight to which few of our noblemen have arrived." But who, if not a great orator, should understand poets; quibus est proxima cognitio cum oratoribus, as Cicero justly observes? * Long may the eloquence of the Parliament of England breathe of the roses of Pæstum, or echo the murmurs of the Liris! Long may the good old tradition of the natural union of "gentleman and scholar," help to save our institutions from vulgarity and degradation!

Horace. "While I was dear to thee,
While with encircling arms,
No youth preferred to me
Dared to profane thy bosom's snowy
charms;
I envied not, by thee adored,
The wealth, the bliss, of Persia's
Lord.

* De Oratore, iii. 7.

And how once more beneath th' accustomed yoke?
If Chloe's sway no more I own,
And Lydia fill the vacant throne?

Lyd. "Though bright as morning star
My Calais' beaming brow;
Though more inconstant far,
And easier chafed than Adria's billows thou;
With thee my life I'd gladly spend,
Content with thee that life to end."

The charm of this composition is the mastery it shows of harmonious language. It is a paraphrase of the original, of course, and wants its terse and naked simplicity. But when a writer doubts the possibility or the propriety of a close translation, it is often his next best course to take a wide sweep and to amplify freely—to desert Milton, in fact, for Dryden. All on which critics have a right to insist is, that he shall expand what he finds in his original; not load it with modern associations and allusions. Even the *Otium Divos* of Warren Hastings, whatever its personal interest, is spoiled, for all purposes of classical pleasure, by "Maharatas," and "Sikhs," "Committees," and "Clive."

Lord Derby's good example has not been lost on another illustrious statesman and orator, and we have been favored with the following English substitute for the same renowned anacæon. The contrast between the version of Lord Derby and that of Mr. Gladstone is the more interesting that the latter has adopted the literal style of translation, and has succeeded in rendering some of the lines of the original with particular felicity.

Horace. "While no more welcome arms could twine
Around thy snowy neck than mine,
Thy smile, thy heart, while I possess
Not Persia's monarch lived as blest.

Lydia. "Whilst thou didst feed no rival flame,
Nor Lydia next to Chloe came,
Oh! then thy Lydia's echoing name
Excelled even Ilia's Roman fame.

Hor. "Me now Thracian Chloe sways,
Skilled in soft lyre and softer lays;
My forfeit life I'll freely give,
So she my better life may live.

Lyd. "The son of Ornytus inspires
My burning breast with mutual fires,
I'll face ten several deaths with joy
So fate but spare my Thurian boy.

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Hor. "What if our ancient love awoke,
And bound us with its golden yoke;
If auburn Chloe I resign
And Lydia once again be mine?

Lyd. "Though brighter than a star is he,
Thou rougher than the Adriatic sea
And fickle as light cork, yet I
With thee would live—with thee would die."

Lord Ravensworth seems to us happiest when employing the more stately meters of our language. We have heard his *Diffugere nives* commended by an excellent judge, and the twenty lines of it which we now give will show why:

"The winter snows have fled, the grassy lea
Grows green, and foliage decks the tree;
Earth feels the change, within their banks
the rills
Diminished trickle from the hills;
With zone unbound, the Nymphs and Graces
dare
To frolic in the vernal air.
Do thou take warning from the fleeting year,
Nor hope for joys immortal here.
Spring comes, the zephyrs thaw the frozen
glade,
And summer follows soon to fade;
Brown autumn sheds his ripened fruit, and then
The sluggish winter comes again.
Yet in this changeful system loss is soon
Repaired by each revolving moon;
Herein destruction hath no lasting power,
While we frail beings of an hour
When once we sink into the greedy grave
Which swallows up alike the brave,
The rich, the poor, the mighty, and the just,
Moulder in ashes and in dust."

There is a pensive grace about these lines which reflects, in its autumnal beauty, the period of life at which Horace had arrived when he wrote the ode. His epicureanism—always varied with flashes of a higher philosophy—had now mellowed into a philosophy of his own, a mixture of indifferentism, kindness, and contentment, tinged with melancholy. He seems to have even grown tired of the lyric labor which had so long employed his leisure, and embodied his sentiment; for we know from Suetonius that he only added the Fourth Book at the urgent request of the Emperor, and there is evident earnestness in these lines, (141 *seq.*) of the Second Epistle of the Second Book—the Epistles being the depository of his actual feelings as a private man:

"Tis wisdom's part to bid adieu to toys,
And yield amusements to the taste of boys,

Not the soft sound of empty words admire,
Or model measures to the Roman lyre,
But learn such strains and rhapsodies as roll
Tuneful through life, and harmonize the
soul."*

The shadow of the great coming darkness
fell chill on the fine sense of the gifted Pa-
gan; but we are not writing his biography.

Of the three classes into which Horace's
"Odes" may be divided—First, the play-
ful and amatory; second, the moral and
philosophical; third, the historic and na-
tional—we have, hitherto, dwelt chiefly
on the first, which all translators much
affect, not only for their artistic complete-
ness, but because a certain universality in
their interest gives them the advantage
over the others. Let us vary the strain
by seeing how the latest cultivators of the
art of translation acquit themselves when
called on to follow the poet in his higher
flights. Horace constantly insists that his
muse is jocose and trifling; but this was
a piece of policy, to save himself from the
"commands" which any thing like a poet
laureate's position would have laid upon
him. He was certainly as lofty when he
aspired, as he was brilliant when he trifled.

Who has not "crooned" over (as the
Scotch say) the four last stanzas of the
Eheu Fugaces, which we now borrow
from Lord Ravensworth?

In vain from bloody Mars we run,
In vain the broken billows shun
Of Hadria's roaring seas;
And vainly timorous seek to shroud
Our bodies from th' autumnal cloud
And pestilential breeze.

"Cocytus in his mazy bed
Must soon or late be visited,
And Lethe's languid waters;
And Sisyphus despairing still
To mount the insuperable hill,
And Danaus' guilty daughters.

"The virtuous man whose heart within
Harbors no thought of secret sin,
Needs not the Moorish archer's craft,
Nor quiver armed with venom'd shaft."

—Lord Ravensworth.

"Thy lands, and home, and pleasing wife,
Must all be left with parting life;
And save the bough abhorred
Of monumental cypress, none
Of all the trees thy care hath grown
Follow their short-lived lord.

"A worthier heir shall grasp thy keys,
And all thy hoarded vintage seize
From bolts and bars released;
And stain thy flower with nobler wine
Than ever flowed at holy shrine,
Or pontifical feast."

Lord Ravensworth is always more suc-
cessful with a serious than a gay theme,
and his version would probably have been
better in a graver meter. But these are
flowing lines, decidedly superior to Francis,
who seems most liable to lose the *dignity*
of the Latin. The weak point of his suc-
cessor—here and elsewhere—is, that he is
too paraphrastic, as would appear, if we
had space to quote the version of Mr.
Robinson. Lord Ravensworth is now
before his Horatian peers, and can not
plead his barony against them, though it
will induce liberal men to respect all the
more the way in which he has employed
his leisure. He has a good ear, good
sense, and good taste; but he might much
improve his book if he revised it carefully,
with a special eye to the preservation of
likeness by elaboration in details. Nicety
is every thing. Horace always uses *the*
word, as Fox is reported to have observed
of Pitt, and each word has its own place,
not regulated by chance, but law. When
he calls Barine the *publica cura* of the
youth of her day, his *point* ought not to
be passed over. When he brings in a
friend's name with delightful familiarity,
as in the *Fusce* of *Carm.* l. 22, that friend
ought not to be blotted out of poetic ex-
istence—an error which the subjoined
contrast will illustrate:

"The man, my Fuscus, who hath been
Of blameless life, and pure from sin,
No Moorish bow or javelin needs,
Or quiver filled with poisoned reeds."

—Mr. Robinson.

Neither will any license excuse such a rendering as:

"Unde vocalem temere insecutus
Orpheæ silvæ."

"Whose trees in stately dance moved on
To Thracian Orpheus' vocal strain."—Ravensworth.

—nor is it permissible to make the flowers
which Horace promises to the fountain of

* Francis. — Pope's "Imitation" of this passage
perverts the moral sense of it, though the substitute
is very clever, no doubt.

Bandusia in sacrifice, bloom in the trans-
lation as flowers growing round that
fountain's margin, (p. 306.)

Some people will ridicule such criticism
as frivolous and minute. But Lord

Ravensworth himself we are satisfied will not be of the number. Indeed, he assures us (a fact which will not secure him the respect of the Utilitarians of the North) that he has been "twenty years" trying "every conceivable variety of form" in which to Anglicize:

"Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo
Dulce loquentem,"

the close of the very poem from which he has unjustly banished Fuscus! We are especially glad to be able to praise the very pretty result of all this labor:

"The softly speaking Lalage,
The softly smiling still for me;"

one of the best attempts at an impossi-

"Then assailed her stricken soul,
Frenzied with the wassail bowl,
Terrors true, and wild despair,
When as falcon from above,
Pounces on the timorous dove,
Or hunters chase o'er Hæmon's snow the hare.

"Oar and sail incessant plying,
As he marked her galleys flying,
Cæsar urged her headlong race:
Deeming that his wondrous prize
Soon should gladden Roman eyes, [grace.
And bound in chains his haughty triumph

"Nobly she to death resigned,
Not with woman's shrinking mind,
Gazed upon the deadly knife;
Nor within some friendly creek,
Basely lurking did she seek
To save from death a now dishonored life.

"On her prostrate citadel,
Dared her dauntless eyes to dwell:
Firm of purpose, calm she stood,
Holding with unflinching grasp,
To her breast applied the asp, [blood.
Whose venom dire she drank through all her

"Sternly resolute she died;
Nor could stoop her royal pride,
That, reserved to swell a show,
She a woman and a queen,
Should be led like captive mean
Through streets of Rome to grace her conquering foe."
—Lord Derby.

There is a spirit and flow in both these versions. Lord Derby's is nearer the sense of the original, and it has also the great advantage of being written in a uniform meter. Laxity in this particular breeds laxity in others; where the music may at any time be changed, the sense will; and in the last nine or ten lines Lord Ravensworth's love of paraphrase flies

bility which we know! Strange praise, no doubt, in the eyes of practical men, but a Horatian translator can scarcely hope for more.

We shall now open our Horace at one of those historic odes where he catches for a brief while the spirit of an antique Roman, and the color of the national blood rises to the cheek of the artist. In the song of triumph for the fall of Cleopatra, Lord Ravensworth is again assisted with a translation by Lord Derby, but he contends for the laurel along with him, and many of our readers will be glad to see the contest. We take up the strain at the point where panic has seized the Eastern queen, and her galleys in all their bird-like beauty are hurrying through the agitated sea.

"— Actium's bay,
Behold her anguish and dismay,
When steering past in full retreat,
She left in flames her scattered fleet.
And lo! great Cæsar from his deck,
Urges his rowers to the chase,
Where saved alone amid the wreck,
The Queen bewildered flies apace
As through the clouds in middle air
The falcon pounces on the dove;
Or Thracian hunters drive the hare
Trembling through Hæmonia's grove;
So thought our leader to secure his spoil,
And bear her off in chains to far Italia's soil.
But she whose spirit proud and high
Refused to brook indignity,
No womanly alarm betrayed
At dagger's point and gleaming blade;
Nor sought the covert of the coast
For refuge when the day was lost;
But with unruffled visage dared
Her ruined palace to regard;
And fearless clasped that fatal worm
Whose subtle venom did defile
Her royal blood and glorious form,
Sovereign o'er all the realms of Nile!
Haughty in her deliberate death!
And choosing rather to resign her breath
Than live the prize of her victorious foe,
And grace in gilded bonds a Roman triumph's show."
—Lord Ravensworth.

away with him altogether. This is the more provoking, because a line like—

"Haughty in her deliberate death!"

has just that pregnant compactness which a student of Horace most admires in this class of his odes. Felicity of expression is one of the surest signs of genius, and no self-indulgent freedom should be al-

lowed to spoil its development by any writer who at all possesses the gift. Our lords are fortunate in their competitors in this lyric. The orthodox translator, Francis, is both tame and odd. Mr. Robinson seems less at home than in gayer and lighter pieces. Professor Newman, notwithstanding the natural power which rarely deserts him, is crabbed and quaint, as witness his wind-up :

"She her prostrate palace dared,
Calm of brow, to visit. She
Fell asps was brave to grasp, imbruing
Veins and flesh with gloomy poison.

"Fiercer in deliberate death.
Yea, she grudged, by cruel sloop
Borne off, to walk, no vulgar woman !
Striped of rank, in haughty triumph."

It would be easy to add to these specimens of translation, without some of which no opinion could be formed on the subject at all. But we shrink from overloading our pages with quotation, and we have already illustrated nearly all the varieties of treatment of which the art of Horatian translation admits. We have seen it rise from rude but promising beginnings; change its fashion with the fashions of the literature which, as we ought always to remember, itself largely helped to nourish and refine; produce in the hands of illustrious writers, works of permanent beauty and value; and finally now we see it cultivated with skill and assiduity, and with a success above the average of past times.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

ON THE LAYING OF THE FIRST STONE OF THE MEMORIAL CHURCH

AT CONSTANTINOPLE, BY LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE,

OCTOBER 19, 1858.

Now no more, fair Stamboul hears the rattle
Of the warrior's harness at her gates—
Sees no more the tide of Europe's battle,
Hotly pressing through her azure straits.

Queenlike, from her terraces and gardens
She looks down along those waters blue,
On those turrets twain, her ancient wardens,
Guardians of the old world and the new.

From her throne, the languid European
Sees the old camp on the Asian shore,
Sees the foam-wreaths on the far Ægean,
And the white sails flitting slowly o'er.

Sees no more the gathering hosts that wandered
To that wild peninsula afar,
To the desolate fort where England squandered
So much life, in one brief winter's war.

When the full ship with its living burden
Passed so near, she heard the canvas strain,
As it rushed, in haste, for glory's guerdon,
Toward the rock reefs of that stormy main.

When the waifs of that great strife and anguish,
Like spars borne on a receding tide,
Came back wounded, came back sick to languish
In her shadow, on the Asian side;

To those walls, where sick men, breathing faintly,
Heard an angel rustling in the gloom,
And a woman's presence, calm and saintly,
Lighted up the melancholy room.

Look down, Stamboul, from thy throne of marble,
From thy cypress gardens green and fair,
Where the nightingales forever warble,
And the fountains leap into the air.

Look down, Stamboul, from thy fair dome swelling,
Where Sophia's broken crosses lie,
And thine Imaums night and day are telling,
In God's face that everlasting lie.

Not in anger come we to upbraid thee,
Not with war-ships floating in thy bay,
Not with brand and banner, brought to aid thee,
Stand we by thy Golden Horn to-day.

Lay the stone, O statesman, tried and hoary!
'Tis no marble monument of war,
But a trophy to thine England's glory
Unto distant ages, nobler far.

But a tribute meeter, and more solemn,
To our lost ones by that rough Black Sea,
Than triumphal arch, or granite column
Graven all with names of victory.

They have had their dirges in our sorrows
When the chilled blood left the cheek and brow,
In that voiceless agony that borrows
An expression out of silent woe.

And their names writ down in Britain's story,
The best page she shows to future years,
And their cold brows twined with wreaths of glory,
Ah! those laurels wet with woman's tears!

Not yet, time with surely healing fingers,
To our beggared love has brought relief,
Still a vain thought of requital lingers,
And an aching memory of grief.

This, our vengeance for the gallant bosoms
In those cruel trenches, night by night,
Chilled to death, as snow-encumbered blossoms
Fall down, and are trampled out of sight.

This, our vengeance for the young life wasted
In the hot charge, and the vain attack,
The assault to which so many hastened,
And the charge from which so few came back.

This, our memory of the true and fearless,
Spotless honor, uncomplaining toil,
And the Christian zeal, the valor peerless,
And the tenderness war could not spoil.

Here we raise their monument forever,
Singing for them till the world shall end,
"In memoriam," such as poet never
Set to Heaven's own music for his friend.

Here we rear the white cross and the altar,
Day by day the page of truth unfold,
Chant their dirges from dear England's Psalter,
Read their requiem from her Bible old.

Blend their memory with these aisles of beauty,
Grave them on the window's storied line;
Meet it is that men who died for duty
Be embalmed in such a noble shrine.

Where the voice of praise and prayer habitual,
In due order rises day and night,
Where the calm voice of that grand old ritual
Calls the soldier to a better fight.

Sleep, O warriors! cold your place of burial
In that rough Crimean valley lies,
While our church spire cleaves the blue ethereal,
And all nature smiles beneath our eyes.

Sleep, O warriors! all your toil and striving
In one glorious mission end at last;
Here, to speak salvation for the living,
Hope in death, and pardon for the past.

All your strength and valor now are blending
In one note of love that swells and thrills,
Like a strain of martial music ending
In long echoes drawn from sylvan hills.

For all acts that make our hearts to quiver
With a strong emotion as we read
Are divine, and go back to the Giver,
High endurance—courage—generous deed—

Come from Christ, and unto Christ returning,
Find their full acceptance only there,
In that center for all noble yearning,
In that type of all perfection fair.

Here we leave you in His church, embalming
Your dear names with thoughts of love and peace,
Till he comes to reign, all discord calming,
And the warfare of the world shall cease.

From the National Review.

THE CITY OF HALICARNASSUS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 197.)

ALL discoveries hitherto commented upon were made within the rocky bed. But a most unexpected piece of luck was still in store beyond its precincts. When Mr. Newton extended the excavations to the north, out of the square, he came upon a wall built of the finest ashlar of white marble, running just parallel to the northern edge of the bed. The same wall was afterwards laid open along the eastern side, and found to be an inclosure encompassing the whole structure, or what Hyginus had called its peribolos, stating the same to have been of thirteen hundred feet in circumference. To later generations this wall, of course, offered a far easier quarry than the solid masonry of the main building, and that is the reason why this peribolos is in no place complete; it would seem, however, that its height was about ten feet.

Not satisfied with this, Mr. Newton went on even beyond the peribolos; and here, on a sudden, they came upon a large heap of finely cut flat blocks of white marble, interspersed with broken statues. Just at the place where this heap was lying, the peribolos had bulged outward, as from a violent shock. The flat blocks were at once recognized as steps of the pyramid, the statues as fragments of the big chariot-and-four which once crowned the top of the same. Here, close together, they laid bare *one colossal horse*, in two pieces, (or, as is now evident, two pieces of two different horses;) several hoofs; the head of the horse in two pieces, each of which still had the bronze bit and a piece of bronze trapping attached to it; fragments of the spikes of the wheels and of the pole of the chariot. The tail of the colossal horse was recovered a short time afterwards, being immured in the garden-wall of a Turkish house, close to the great heap of fragments.

Next to the chariot and horses they got *several lions*, almost complete and well preserved; and the trunk of a *colossal leopard*, from the shoulder to the tail, equal in size to the lions. This animal has on its right side a projecting piece of marble, by which it seems to have been joined to a group. The spots are marked in a strange way by lozenges formed by deep-cut lines intersecting each other, and it may be presumed that it was formerly speckled by means of real paint. Traces of red color were still visible on the tongues both of the horse and one of the lions. Mr. Newton observes that the leopard is similar in treatment to the big horse, so as to justify the supposition that both are from the same hand. As neither these lions nor the leopard have as yet arrived at the Museum, we must leave this point in abeyance.

At last *two colossal human figures*—a female standing, in splendid drapery, without head or arms; and a head of a man, quite perfect, but separated from the occiput, which also, in the nostrils and corners of the eye, still showed traces of paint. Every body would at once have guessed this to be the head of Mausolus, belonging to his colossus on the quadriga; and so it really turned out.

In order, however, to prove that other fragments besides those of the uppermost group had been hurled outside the peribolos, it is right to state that, near the same place, some column capitals and several ornamented lions' heads were found; the latter not belonging to whole figures, but being the usual ornaments of the cornice in the Corinthian, and sometimes the Ionic order. Now these were all parts of the pteron, not of the pyramid; and yet they had come down on the outer side of the marble inclosure.

Some of these fragments lay no less than forty-four feet from the northern

edge of the foundation-bed; and what is stranger still, *on the opposite or southern side*, at the distance of thirty-two feet from the edge, large pieces of one of the wheels were found; horses and wheel, that once nearly touched each other, now being separated by a space of one hundred and fifty feet! Thus we see that a rocking movement must have hurled down the quadriga, along with a large piece of the pyramid to the north; there the weighty mass knocked against the marble peribolos, making it to bend and bulge, and was then imbedded on the outer side of it. One wheel kept in its place, but was then or subsequently dashed down along the southern slope of the pyramid. This event must have come to pass before the castle of Budrum was erected, anterior to fourteen hundred B.C. A rich alluvium, which following generations quickly turned into fields and gardens, spread over the marble heap; and as surely nobody ever sought for treasures or stones beyond the peribolos, this heap remained unexplored to our time. Mr. Newton, deeply convinced of the importance of this particular discovery, gathered even the smallest splinter of marble, and sent them over in separate boxes. To this care we owe the almost miraculous success which attended the restoration of the principal and most important figure of the whole group; out of more than fifty pieces, the portrait-statue of Mausolus has been re-composed in a state nearly approaching completeness.

What, then, was the moving power that hurled the quadriga from its lofty situation, and scattered it to north and south? Either Neptune Ennosigaios or Jupiter Tonans punished the pride of the mortal. Mr. Newton suggests an earthquake; we should say that a stroke of lightning, to which no doubt the lofty pyramid was much exposed, might have produced the same result. On the sixth August, 1809, in a house near Manchester, lightning removed a wall three feet thick and twelve feet high, between a cellar and a cistern, so that one portion was shifted four feet, the other nine feet, out of its proper situation; five hundred cwt. of bricks had thus been moved: yet this was a solid structure, not a loose and lofty group of statues.

Returning once more from this event to the recital of Claude Guichard concerning the year 1522, it will be seen from

his words that then the better half of the pyramid was still standing; for when they began quarrying away the marble rising above the ground the steps grew wider, which can only refer to the pyramid, not to the cella of the pteron. At that time, then, the remainder of the pyramid disappeared; so it was surely fortunate that, before this systematic destruction began, the upper part of it was preserved. For it is this upper part which makes it possible to obtain a certain measurement of the pyramid's height, length, and width; and these dimensions again furnish us with a new rule for the reconstruction of the whole pile.*

All the blocks of the pyramid are of the same height of eleven and three-quarter inches; the width differs, some are two, others three feet; the length also differs, but mostly approaches four feet. One of the long sides in each block is completely polished, being the step itself; the adjoining long side is only half polished, the polished part being the tread of the step, whilst the rough portion served for laying on it the next step. Grooves cut in them with great neatness, in which projecting parts of the upper step fitted, secured the connection of the single steps; whilst the blocks lying side by side, and forming the same step, were tightly fixed together by means of copper bolts. A simple but very ingenious contrivance prevented the rain from penetrating between the edges. Now as some blocks had a width of two, others of three feet, the former formed a tread of twenty-one inches, the others of seventeen inches. The reason of this difference was, that two sides of the pyramid were a little shorter than the others; thus the steps on the longer sides mounted faster, and their treads were of course less wide. This is proved without a doubt, as several corner steps were found, where the tread is wider on one side than on the other. The steps being less than one foot in height, but twenty-one inches and seventeen inches in width, the pyramid rose far more gradually than a common flight of stairs; on a sure-footed animal it was

* For the following details, concerning the dimensions, we are mainly indebted to Lieutenant R. M. Smith, whose letter from Budrum, June 1, 1857, is printed in the first parliamentary paper on the Mausoleum. His drawing of the restored Mausoleum is artistically deficient, but the mathematical part most ingenious.

possible to ride up to the top. At all events, one might ascend it on foot with perfect ease and safety; and it is very likely that, by means of stairs in the interior of the pteron, people reached the foot of the pyramid, and then mounted up to the platform, so as to view the group at the top quite closely.

Now if we could fix what the length and width of this platform, and again what the height of the quadriga was, the three dimensions of the pyramid would be calculable to an inch.

The big horse in the Museum is ten feet long; and from the size of the wheel from the chariot, we may conclude the whole group to have had a length of twenty feet. Adding two feet on each side, so that the room might not be painfully narrow, the length of the platform comes to twenty-four feet. As the horses in similar antique groups stand all in one row, eighteen feet will not be too much for the width of the platform. The height of the group we know with certainty, since the statue of Mausolus has been put together by the artists in the Museum. The wheel having a diameter of seven feet seven inches, the feet of Mausolus standing upon the axis were three feet eight inches from the ground, allowing a little for the thickness of the bottom of the carriage. The figure is about three inches below ten feet; but ten inches must be added for the marble basis on which the whole group stood, and of which a piece is preserved attached to a hoof. This gives to the quadriga a height of fourteen feet three inches above the point of the pyramid.

The treads on both the narrow sides of the pyramid being twenty-one inches, this gives on either side, when multiplied by the number of twenty-four steps, a length of forty-two feet, or together eighty-four feet. Adding to this the length of the platform on which the quadriga stood, being twenty-four feet, we see the length of the pyramid to have been one hundred and eight feet. The same calculation applied to the width of the steps on the long sides, (which is seventeen inches,) with the addition of the platform's width, (which is eighteen feet,) makes the width of the pyramid eighty-six feet. An addition of the four sides of the pyramid gives for its lowest step, wherewith it rested on the pteron, a circumference of three hundred and eighty-eight feet.

Now for the height. Each step being eleven and three quarter inches in height, we have for twenty-four steps a total elevation of twenty-three and a half feet, and with the addition of the quadriga, the height of which we found to be fourteen feet three inches, we obtain a total elevation of thirty-seven feet nine inches; which in a most remarkable way agrees to Pliny's most decided assertion that pyramid and quadriga together were twenty-five cubits, or thirty-seven feet six inches in elevation.

This number assists us likewise in fixing the height of the pteron, as the latter part of the building, according to Pliny, rose to the same height. Already ten years ago our great and learned architect Mr. Richard Cockerel had come to the same result, (as will be seen from his letter to Mr. Newton, in the above essay of the latter, in the *Classical Museum* of 1848,) by calculating from the size of the frieze the dimensions of the Ionic order, to which it belonged. As we are at present provided with architectural fragments from every part of the building, we can reconstruct all its details; and here the calculation comes again to the same point, namely, that the pteron, from the foot of the column to the cornice, had an elevation of thirty-seven and a half feet.

Both dimensions together are thus about seventy-five feet; but as Pliny states the whole height of the Mausoleum to have been one hundred and forty feet, there remains a third dimension of sixty-five feet to be found out. This space, no doubt, was occupied by a massive basement of solid masonry; for such basements recur quite regularly in Ionic constructions of Asia Minor, especially when they are intended for monuments. The elegance and delicacy of the Ionic order seems to demand such a substruction, that the light column may not appear to rest only on the natural ground: we find it in the monuments at Xanthus and Mylasa, and in the Ionic temple of Wingless Victory at Athens; even the monument of Lysicrates, in the same place, with its elegant Corinthian columns, shows a similar tripartition, though differently applied—a solid substructure, then a (round) cella with elegant Corinthian columns, at last the basis for the tripod. Applied to tombs, this system was also recommendable for safety; for just as was the case at Mylasa, so was likewise in the Mausoleum.

leum the burial-chamber situated in this impenetrable basement, and by no means, as people ordinarily think, in the cella of the pteron. The basement consisted of large blocks of green stone, but was most likely cased with white marble.

On this basement stood the pteron, rising with thirty-six columns from its upper edge; and over the entablature of these columns the lowest step of the pyramid rested. The pyramid, as we have shown, had a circumference of three hundred and eighty-eight feet. Suppose the columns of the pteron to have stood three feet inwards from the upper edge of the basement, the circumference of the latter would have been four hundred and twelve feet; which again corroborates Pliny's assertion that the whole circuit of the Mausoleum came to four hundred and eleven feet.

It is hard to believe that a Hellenic architect should have left such a huge block of stone as this basement must have been without any sculptural ornaments. From this consideration, it has become a prevailing supposition that the celebrated frieze with the battle of Amazons surrounded this basement. This is impossible. There must, at all events, have been a frieze above the columns of the pteron. That spot, where sculpture is most beautifully encompassed by the frame of architrave and cornice, so that the ancient architects called it the *zophoros*, or image-bearer, must have been sculptured in a building which in all other parts exhibited such a profusion of images. Besides, as pieces of every architectural part have been found, how could this frieze, which had a length of nearly four hundred feet, totally disappear? Supposing even it had consisted of blank marble tablets, we should have found some of them. The dimension of the frieze with the battle of Amazons, as Mr. Cockerel has shown, agrees most accurately with the total height of the Ionic order in the pteron. True, these reliefs were then about one hundred feet in the air; but they remained visible from below, as they were painted, which will be seen in the inner side of a shield on one of the newly discovered slabs, where a red color is still traceable.

Thus, denying this frieze to have surrounded the basement, we nevertheless maintain that a second frieze, of larger dimensions, belonged to the basement, of

which also fragments, with horsemen, war-scenes and chariot-races, were discovered. These fragments are not numerous; for it stands to reason that this lower frieze suffered more than the upper one. The destruction of the monument, for obtaining stones, may have commenced earlier than we think; and people with such intentions will have begun at the most convenient place, taking first the marble casing of the substructure, whilst the high frieze of the pteron was protected as long as the whole building kept together.

We mentioned a number of colossal statues, either sitting or standing, which were found all round the building. To place them is not difficult: they stood on the upper edge of the basement, between the columns of the pteron; an arrangement repeated, along with a second frieze, in the monument of Harpagus from Xanthus. The height of the Mausoleum statues, from eight to twelve feet, bears a fair proportion to the length of the columns surrounding them, which was little more than twenty feet. But it is more difficult to place the numerous lions. Their workmanship is good, but bears more the stamp of the handiercraftsman than the artist; and their very numbers prove that they served as an ornament, not as individual parts of groups. Mr. Cockerel favored the Royal Academy's exhibition of 1858 with an imaginative representation of the Mausoleum. His general arrangement has not been borne out by the discoveries made known through the letters of Mr. Newton; but in his detail, as we might expect from Mr. Cockerel's fine taste, there were many beautiful hints. He arranges the lions on small pedestals, half projecting from a kind of balustrade or attic, which in his drawing surrounds the foot of the pyramid and surmounts the entablature of the pteron. Some of the lions, however, and the colossal leopard, as they were found amongst the ruins of the pyramid, and different in treatment from the remainder, seem to belong to the grand crowning group, and may, as royal companions, have stood by the side of Mausolus' car, as we find them in Egyptian art by the side of images of Pharaohs.

Thus there is only one of the constructive questions remaining: *How could the pyramid rest with safety on the pteron?* The latter, when we distribute the thirty-

six columns in equal distance around the width of the substructure, had eleven columns on either of the long sides, nine columns in the fronts. These columns, in single rows, surrounded the solid cella; and to the latter Pliny's figure seems to relate, that the length was sixty-three feet, the width somewhat smaller. Thus the heaviest central part of the pyramid, together with the crowning group, rested quite safely on the solid cella, and through it on the massive basement; whilst the columns and the ceiling of the space between them and the cella had to bear only the lowest steps of the pyramid. But how such a ceiling between columns and cella was secured from the pressure of a weight which even under this supposition remains considerable must forever remain a matter of speculation. Lieutenant Smith, considering the somewhat similar construction of the monument at Mylasa, supposes a support by means of a pointed vault, (a wagon vault, pointed at the top,) which, indeed, takes away a great portion of the weight, as the last steps of the pyramid would have, as it were, a hollow behind them. We must leave it to practical architects to decide whether or not this construction could have been safe. Considering, however, the architect of the Mausoleum to have been a man of extensive knowledge, which undoubtedly was the case with Pythius, the supposition is by no means improbable that the whole pyramid, together with the cella, was hollow, and constructed upon the principle of a sugar-loaf vaulting, like the treasure-house of Atreus at Mycenæ, and the so-called Pelasgian buildings in Italy.

Thus, raising the splendid pile once more before our inner eye, we see a height not much exceeding the length. Within a marble wall surrounding a wide area, on the colossal blocks of the foundation-bed, rises the immense rectangle of the basement, in size and proportions like a small palace, but massive, compact, planted with perpendicular walls upon the living rock, like a block that continues it: only round the upper edge, under a projecting cornice, a painted frieze of white marble speaks of action and combat. From this basement the slender Ionic columns shoot up, the flutings deepened by color; the caps, cornices, cymations, and flat stripes of the entablature covered with light ornament in blue and red, green and gold. Between the columns, titanic fe-

male forms, folded in rich and elaborate drapery; riders, in rich Persian attire, tearing back their rearing horses from the deadly leap: these too in full rich colors, as though they lived and walked down the lofty colonnade, and paused to look out between the shafts to the northern hills, to the sunny port in the south. Above the columns, on the crown of the cornice, the royal animals, with open mouths, their tongues outstretched, looking far out to the country, in various attitudes, just as the traveler still sees them standing on the heaps of Babylon's ruin. Here upon the pyramid, not steep or tower-like, as former draughtsmen conceived it, but flat, rising with steps hardly perceptible from below, much in the shape of a roof. At last the crown of all, the ruler himself, steady, calm, upright, in a dignified Grecian garb, his head uncovered and slightly raised, with a friendly expression; and, quite as steady, bridled in by his quiet strength, the standing horses; leopard and lion, like royal bloodhounds, near the wheels of the war-chariot. Thus, under the sun of Ionia, below the blue sky of the Mediterranean, floating in the open air, shining in white marble, but approaching nature by milder tints, stood the glorious group on the top of its artificial mountain.

It is painful to descend from the imagination of what once this work has been to the poor broken fragments now exhibited, without order and connection, in a humble glass shed within the outer colonnade of the British Museum. As a great many of the sculptures are still unpacked, we shall, in the remainder of our essay, not even aim at completeness, but give a description of the most prominent pieces only.

Just in passing, let it be once more stated that *all the architectural and sculptural parts of the Mausoleum were painted*, whilst at the same time they afford a new explanation for the great number of monumental statues in the European collections that actually show no color. Mr. Newton expressly states that one sitting figure, from the eastern side, had her garments all covered with two tints; which, however, rapidly faded away on being exposed to the air. This figure had been lying in very wet soil, and its surface had a tendency to scale off.

Amongst the numerous lions, there are six, besides the fore part of a leopard,

that were taken out of the castle-walls in March, 1857. The knights had used the busts only; but Newton found five hind parts in the Mausoleum, besides numberless pieces of legs, tails, and claws. Thus it happened so strangely that some of these beasts, after a separation of four centuries, regained their hind quarters; and they look quite pleased with this good luck of theirs, for their faces, though very natural, are mild and gentle in expression. Some complete lions, however, were found in the Mausoleum, one of which has a Γ , the other a Δ , engraved on the shoulder. The larger lions and the colossal leopard, belonging to the uppermost group, have not yet arrived.

Proceeding to the human figures, a signal difference of style strikes us on comparing the friezes with the round statues. The *slabs from the upper frieze*, which had been detached from the walls of the castle in 1846, stood in the British Museum for many a year on the ground, below the frieze of Phigalea, in the Phigalean room. Thus you looked on them from on high, by which they lost the better half of their effect, as they were intended to be seen from a great depth. At present they are united to the newly-found tablets of the same frieze; and as they now stand in the line of the human eye, it is astonishing to see how much they have gained. The subject, as every body knows, is a fight of Grecian heroes, in helmets, but otherwise naked, with Amazons on horseback, in their light and short military tunics. That legend was not only flattering to the Greek mind, as one of so many mythical victories of Europe over Asia, but it was no less connected with the national memories of Caria. The same Amazonian battle-ax which Hercules had taken from their Queen Hippolyta, he afterwards gave to Omphale, Queen of Lydia; and from the Lydians it was taken in battle by the Carians. For this reason its well-known form occurs over the gates of Mylasa and on coins of Mausolus. The whole style of this upper frieze, for proportion and movement, shows evidence that its makers calculated on its being seen from a great distance, as it was placed rather more than one hundred feet above the ground. Seen from that distance below, the human form will appear considerably fore-shortened; and for this reason all the men are extremely slim, arms and legs tapering very much;

and the effect of the composition is enhanced by the position of the bodies, which, advancing or reclining in violent motion, cut the tablets diagonally. The battle-scenes are very various and very wild, all attitudes passionate, and bordering on the theatrical. The effect of color was likewise not despised: red paint is traceable on a shield; the horses have a small round hole in the cheek for fixing the bronze bits and reins; similar holes appear in the loins of the warriors, intended to hold metal belts, and the blades in their hands were in several instances made of brass and really projecting out of the holes in the hilts. On the whole, however, these friezes do not fulfill the promise given by the fame of their artists, as in style and execution they approach the frieze from the monument of Lysicrates at Athens, which was executed shortly afterwards, (334,) and is considered as an instance of the decline of Athenian art.

Much higher, however, than the slabs known from 1846 rank *the new ones from the eastern side*, which, with good reason, we attribute to Scopas. Warriors and Amazons on them are of the same size as on the former ones, only the horses are slightly larger. The execution is finer, though hardly more powerful, as will be seen by comparing two mounted Amazons now exhibited close together, although belonging to different masters. They are very instructive, standing as they at present do side by side, and being moreover in nearly the same attitude. There are four of these new tablets: first, this mounted Amazon, whose antagonist is now destroyed. Second, an Amazon on a rearing horse, but herself as straight in the stirrups as a pillar, hits an enemy, who is again invisible; a youth, stricken to the knees, his helmet gone, tries to shield himself from an Amazon dealing him a death-blow. Third, continuation of No. Two, a glorious group; a bearded Greek, with a brute face, attacks with lance or sword a standing Amazon, who, bending backwards, brandishes the battle-ax in both hands for a most determined stroke. Her face is grand, flashing with the most beautiful animation. We see her from behind; her short Spartan tunic, only held by a girdle round the waist, has slipped, and, by a turn of artistic effect equally new and bold, we see her bosom, neck, and thighs quite uncovered. Her right leg, which

you see from behind entirely, stretches the knee deep into the back-ground of the group; and the heel comes boldly out, protruding in such strong relief that between her foot and the ground the leg of a warrior intervenes without touching her ankle. For this is a great characteristic in the whole frieze, that entire parts of the bodies—heads, legs, hands—come out of the level quite detached and worked round; although we must confess that the same characteristic has been to a great extent the cause of the fearful mutilation. On the same slab stands a Greek, intending to kill an Amazon fallen in a supine position. Finally the fourth slab, again a continuation of No. Three: on a horse, running wild, and madly galloping to the right, with extended nostrils and uplifted head, an Amazon has jumped, and sits on the horse, looking towards the tail, fighting backwards in Parthian fashion: but she can hardly be drawing a bow, as the right arm extends, whilst the left hand comes close to the body. In the middle, a Grecian, in a fine helmet, bending back very anxiously, as a fierce Amazon, on foot, rushing on from the right hand, with flying cloak, seizes his shield with her left hand, and tries to lift it, in order the more formidably to hurl her tomahawk (by means of the stroke which a fencing-master would call a tierce) against the right temple of her antagonist: a movement, indeed, very complicated, but wonderfully comprehensible. The ax itself is indicated in the marble; but the handle was of brass and detached from the back-ground, for the ax has evidently a hole in which it must have fitted.

It seems a characteristic—or, may we say, a weakness?—of Scopas, that his figures are too much occupied with their dress. In his group of "Niobe and her Children," the garments held for protection over the heads of the figures recur rather frequently. Even his Menads, although the type of such a figure ought to be carelessness as to outward appearance, for example, his "Mænad with the quarter of a slaughtered Goat," and the one drawn by Flaxman in his *Lectures on Sculpture*, hold their dress so as to form an elegant drapery with it. In his very "Apollo Musagetes," the Roman poet Propertius was struck by the long feminine garment. Supposing the "Venus of Milo" to be his work, even she displays a little of this propensity: her drapery is laid round the

hips so that it would just slide down, did not the left thigh, with a slight inward bend, give some support to it. Can it be by mere chance that in these friezes from the Mausoleum the old artist fell upon that strange shifting of the tunic which afforded to him a motive at once quite new and very bold?

The stone of these friezes appears of larger grain and more bluish than the shining white marble of the large sculptures. The number of figures along all the four sides must have been enormous: whole basketfuls of broken arms and legs, more than twelve heads, and many half figures, that were sent over by Mr. Newton, still give melancholy evidence of how much is lost to us forever. The frieze is two feet five and a half inches in height; so the figures are about one third of life-size.

A special interest is commanded by the *few remnants of the lower frieze* which surrounded the basement. Four fragments of it are now exhibiting in the colonnade of the Museum, two with combats, (as it seems,) two with female figures racing on chariots; some more pieces we noticed among the marbles in the cellars of the Museum. Let us remember that this frieze, being much lower than the frieze of the pteron, could be seen much better; and there can be no doubt that it was much finer than the other, although of course it suffered much more. It is wrought in a low relief, just for this reason, that it came closer to the eye. One tablet, representing a female bending over the edge of the car, with four horses at headlong speed, is by far the finest of all reliefs from the Mausoleum; the drapery, the head, the delicate ear, are not chiselled, but really engraved, like a cameo. This frieze has a height of three feet and some inches, and its figures are half life-size.

There is in the round statues nothing of the outstretched proportions of the figures in the frieze; on the contrary, they are in the purest proportions of the Athenian school, as full and blooming in form as the Caryatides of the Erechtheum. So we must not maintain that the Mausoleum shows the influence of the somewhat later fashion of stretching the human figure and diminishing the size of the head. This was a novelty introduced in round statues by Euphranor and Lysippus, for

the purpose of rendering their images more stately. In the round figures of the Mausoleum we find no trace of this fashion; and thus we must conclude that in the frieze the proportions were thus stretched merely because it was in so lofty a position.

Amongst these round figures, the *rider on horseback*, in Persian trousers, is a figure of wonderful animation; also the horse, if it were complete, would show almost remarkable and artificial movement. It is just tumbling over its left side: the right hind-leg seems to have hovered in the air. Only the left hind-foot was still firmly planted on the ground; but as the rider pulls the animal's neck powerfully backwards, it tries to keep its footing, and rears with such an effort that, notwithstanding the different move of the hind legs, the left hand rises higher than the right. The fore legs are broken off near the chest; but are likely to be restored, as large fragments are preserved. The creases of the skin and the veins on the belly are carefully executed, the muscles treated very broadly. The rider's hand is coarse, bony, and distinct, so as to show every vein; his dress, as far as it remains, excellent of execution. Mr. Newton asserts that the Greek letter Σ is marked on the croupe of the horse, but we were not able to discover it.

There are several female torsos: one a *sitting female* of colossal proportions, by Scopas, as it was found on the eastern front. It represents a lady enthroned on a chair with a cushion, and is probably intended therefore for Artemisia. The garment is covered with two tints, one approaching ochre. That it was ochre, however, we should think doubtful, as it spreads not only over the surface, but over the fractures also; but the blue is unquestionable, since we see it cover the dress on the lap of the figure in masses so large that it would easily admit of a chemical analysis. This blue color indicates the royal purple, a tinge which in antiquity tended to the violet and even to the dark blue. The drapery is uncommonly full; but down the back its folds are rough and unsightly, showing that this part was never intended to be seen: the handling approaches that of the colossal statue of Bacchus from the monument of Thrasylus, now in the British Museum. A cloak falls with great bulk down from the right shoulder, leaving the whole arm

uncovered; then coming up again below the fore-arm, it spreads in large deeply-cut folds over the lap. Like the arm, the leg is below the knee naked, which seems very strange in a female figure thus sitting in state. Head and hands are wanting, which of course detracts much from the truly grand effect which this figure must once have produced.

There is also a *female head*, only a little above life-size, with pretty features; the hair is strangely arranged, surrounding the head in three circles formed of round and crisp curls. It has suffered much from fire, since a Turk had immured it in the chimney of his house; but there is the fragment of another female head, which seems to be an exact repetition both as regards the features and the arrangement. A fine *bearded male head*, well preserved, but only life-size, has been temporarily deposited, together with the above-mentioned alabaster vase, in a glass case in the bronze room. The number of fragments still lying in the cellars of the Museum is immense — heads, colossal hands of great beauty, and fragments of drapery. The broken tails of lions alone fill a whole box. Having cast a rapid glance over them, we believe that we may calculate all these fragments at more than two thousand pieces.

From the large heap of marble found along with the upper steps of the pyramid on the northern side of the peribolos three colossal figures have been restored: a female standing, one of the horses, and the portrait-statue of Mausolus. The *female figure* is the finest of them, though the head is lost; there are but few draped statues within the whole range of Grecian art that will stand the comparison with it. The lady was completely robed; only the arms and the fine right foot, which is preserved, were naked. The under-dress, in many small folds, is visible only round the ankles and over the bosom, as the cloak covers the whole back and the large part of the front, held by the uplifted left arm; the right arm bent downwards along the thigh. The form is grand and queenly, the dress in the purest style, reminding you of the "Pallas" of Velletri. This statue lay close to that of Mausolus. Could it have stood by his side on the chariot? It might, then, be Artemisia. Certainly, according to Greek notions, a woman could not have participated in such warlike honors; but the Carian

queen, who followed Mausolus not only as his widow but by her birthright, whose rule was martial and victorious like that of her husband-brother, why should she not share his war-chariot? Moreover, as she died but two years after him, it can not have been during her lifetime that the pyramid and chariot were finished; after her death, however, why should the fair conqueror of Rhodes not have been deemed worthy of such an apotheosis? Yet we will not deny that this figure is almost more colossal than Mausolus himself. This would lead to the belief that she represented a deity accompanying her favorite to the battle. However, it is neither a Victory nor a Minerva; and Juno has nothing to do with battles.

Now as to the colossal horse from the quadriga. Mr. Newton supposed the two great fragments to be pieces of one and the same animal; but they undoubtedly belong to two horses, as they are not exactly equal in size. The fore part of a larger horse is broken at the withers, and this animal probably was made of one block of marble; but the hind quarters of the other horse had been joined by its artist already to a lost fore part by metal clamps, of which the sockets are still traceable in this piece, but not in the corresponding fore part of the other horse. This hind part had likewise, like the rearing horse of the equestrian statue, an artificial support under the belly. Two hoofs still extant belong to the bigger animal, but the tail to the smaller; the tail is much broken, as it had been immured in a Turkish garden wall. The large fore part belonged to a horse standing on the right side of the pole; for the body, as is also seen in the movement of the head, bends slightly to the left. So it seems that two horses of larger size stood on either side of the pole, two slightly smaller ones on the outer sides. Resting on this evidence, the two pieces in the Museum have indeed been combined so as to form one body, but a gap is left uncemented between them. What is wanting of the legs, they are now restoring in plaster. The chest shows a band, which is attached to another running over the withers; so it is undoubtedly a chariot horse, which may also be gathered by its breed; without being heavy, it is fuller in the limbs than most riding horses in Grecian sculpture. The bronze bit, with a piece of the trapping of the same

metal, and a fine *rosette*, is still between its teeth; so we may suppose that the reins likewise were made of brass. Comparing the head with the celebrated horse-heads from the Parthenon, the difference is striking; those from the Parthenon are ideal, that from the Mausoleum imitates nature. Instead of the large, flat, and as it were skull-like levels on the head of the Athenian horse, that of Pythis has the round outlines of life. Again, when we draw a parallel with the colossal horses from Monte Cavallo, which belong to the somewhat later Macedonian period, their movement is stronger, their striving after effect more violent, but in faithfulness to nature the horse of Pythis beats them. The treatment is withal very broad and masterly; the execution of the surface of the marble, as was quite convenient for statues seen at the height of one hundred and forty feet, is less polished and elaborate than in the human statues destined to be seen from a less distance.

Finally, the statue of Mausolus himself, in tunic and cloak, standing upright in a quiet and dignified position, has been reconstructed out of upwards of fifty pieces, and is now complete, excepting the hind part of the head, the arms, and one foot. The bearing of the arms, however, may be fully ascertained. Down the right hip the garment lies round the body in uninterrupted folds. The right arm was uplifted, and held the reins not without some effort; for the body rests on the right leg, and the left knee bends a little. A cloak of a heavy stuff, (a *ἰμάτιον*) is fixed over the left shoulder; descending from the back to the right hip, it covers the chest and abdomen like a Scotch plaid, and is gathered under the left arm, which seems to have held it tight to the body; at last the cloak falls down the left hip, its end being indicated by a small knob. The piece of drapery, as a whole, with its bold broad folds, challenges nature herself.

This statue combines with admirable skill an ideal tendency with the truthfulness of a portrait. It is a handsome and intelligent countenance, but not distinguished; no doubt a true portrait. The hair rises from the middle of the forehead, as we see it in the heads of Jupiter; but the forehead itself remains low withal. The long curls, coming down in such profusion that no ear is visible, have lost

their lower points. A beard, complete, but cropped very short, shades the cheeks and chin; only the mustache is full and uncut. As this statue was wrought about the year 350, it is perhaps the oldest of Greek portrait-statues extant. Standing in a fearless attitude upon the giddy top of the quadriga, the man must have ap-

peared exactly as he is characterized in the proud words lent to him by Lucian—"Handsome and tall I was; in life, and valiant in battle." Not great in mind and character, and exercising no influence that lasted through centuries, his name has yet become immortal through the love of a woman.

From the Eclectic Review.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION OF THE UNIVERSE.*

A book intended to explain the science of nature, to excite a vivid perception of the relation of cause and effect in the material world, and to create in the mind of the reader a picture of physical phenomena, must be studied as a whole, or the author will fail to communicate his idea of unity in the combination of parts. If it be true, as Humboldt states, and we believe it is, that "the coördination and arrangement of the several parts which compose the whole, are almost more important (in a book of nature) than the richness and abundance of the materials," the publication in parts of such a work as *Cosmos* would have been at least injudicious if the author had not skillfully designed his mode of presenting the subject to the reader. By taking an objective view of nature he was able to complete at once a picture as perfect as modern science permitted. This being done, he undertook "to show how in the course of centuries, at different periods in the history of the human race, and in the most different regions of the earth, mankind had progressively advanced towards a recognition of the concurrent action of the forces of nature." Here, in truth,

his great work might have terminated, for he had described nature as it is reflected in the mirror of modern science, and as it existed in the minds of the sages of antiquity. Descending, however, from the high ground which commands these grand perspectives, Humboldt commenced a survey in detail of the several domains of which the whole is composed. In a work before published he topographed, if we may so speak, the realms of space, and when he had, as far as observation and reason could guide him, mapped the stellar heavens, he proceeded, with the greater distinctness obtained by nearness, to describe the planetary bodies individually and in their relations as members of the solar system. To complete his work he now proposes to examine in detail, terrestrial phenomena, and to discuss the specialties of the sciences to which he appealed in his general view of the telluric sphere. But in the execution of this task he meets with a condition of nature unperceived in the uranological system—the organization of matter and the implantation of life. The organic and inorganic possessing many properties in common are distinguished, as bodies by the presence or absence of a structure easily detected, but little understood. Through the principle of vitality, organization is connected on the one side with matter, and is influenced by physical

* *Cosmos; Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe.* By ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. Vol. IV. Part I. Translated under the superintendence of Major-General EDWARD SABINE, R.A. etc. London: Longman & Co. 1858.

agencies, and on the other with mind, and is subject to the will. An organized body, like inert matter, has its metamorphoses, and when its mysterious union with life is broken—when the vital forces cease to act—its complicated machinery falls to decay, and nothing is left but the passive material. The necessity of separating the organic and inorganic is therefore evident; but we will leave the author himself to explain in what manner he intends to deal with the specialties to which we have referred.

"The telluric, as opposed to the uranological portion of the physical description of the universe, naturally divides itself into two parts—the inorganic, and the organic domain. The first comprises the magnitude, figure, and density of the terrestrial globe; its internal heat and electro-magnetic activity; the mineralogical constitution of the earth's crust; the reaction of the interior of the planet on its surface, acting dynamically as in earthquake movements, and chemically, as in the processes of the formation and alteration of rocks; the partial covering of the solid surface by the liquid expanse of the seas; the outline and configuration of the more elevated portions of the solid surface, forming continents and islands; and the general, outermost, gaseous envelope of the earth—the atmosphere. The *second*, or the organic domain, will embrace not the different animated or vegetable forms themselves, as in a description of nature, but rather their places in reference to the solid and liquid parts of the earth's surface, or the geography of plants and animals, and the gradation of races and tribes distinguishable in the specific unity of mankind."—Pp. 13, 14.

The volume before us treats of some of the subjects belonging to the inorganic domain—such as the magnitude, figure, density, and internal heat of the earth, terrestrial magnetism, and the reaction of the interior of the earth upon the exterior exhibited in earthquakes, thermal springs, and volcanoes. In the brief review we intend to take of the subjects so amply discussed in this remarkable book, we shall pass hastily over those pages which treat of the magnitude, figure, density, and internal heat of the earth, that we may spare a page or two to consider the phenomena resulting from the reaction of the interior upon the surface. The connection between these subjects may not at first be clearly perceived, but they are, notwithstanding, intimately related to each other. The magnitude, figure, and density of the earth must be known

before we are in a condition to study with precision the origin and consequences of internal heat; and the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism, so evidently controlled by the figure and motion of the earth, may be more dependent on the elements of magnitude and density than can be at present assumed. The necessity of providing these data made a demand on science at once acknowledged by profound analytical investigators and accurate observers. By astro-geodesical measurement of arcs of meridians, by pendulum experiments, and by the inequalities of the moon in latitude and longitude, the figure, dimensions, and weight of the earth have been determined, and although the results obtained by the several methods differ one from the other, the smallness of the difference proves how closely they severally approximate to truth.

"Differences," says Humboldt, "between the results obtained for the amount of the earth's ellipticity by measurements of degrees, taken alone, and by the combination of measurement of degrees and pendulum experiments, are actually far smaller than we might be inclined to suppose at the first sight of the fractions in which those results are expressed. The differences between $\frac{1}{315}$ and $\frac{1}{318}$, as the extreme results for the inequality of the equatorial and polar axis, is little more than seven thousand and thirty-four English feet—not twice the height of such small mountains as Vesuvius and the Brocken."—P. 30.

When observation and experiment had assigned an ellipticity differing from the deductions of theory—a dimension much less than that calculated by Newton, and much greater than that resulting from Huygens' hypothesis of a concentrated central gravitating force—the want of uniformity in the density of the interior of the earth became apparent. This led, under the guidance of Newton's suggestion, to a series of pendulum experiments upon the attractive force of mountain masses, which for a time gave contradictory and deceptive results, but have yielded to Bailey and others important conclusions.

"The mean of the results" (obtained by Bailey in 1842, and by Reich in 1847-50) "gives the density of the earth 5.62; much exceeding, therefore, that of the densest and finest-grained basalts, (according to Leonhard's numerous experiments, from 2.95 to 3.67;) exceeding that of magnetic ore, (4.9-5.2,) and but little infe-

rior to the native arsenic of Marienberg, or Joachimsthal. I have already remarked, that viewing the great proportion of the visible strata of our continents, which are secondary, tertiary, or alluvial, (the collective extent of volcanic or basaltic islands is exceedingly small,) the average density of the superficies of that part of the outer crust of the globe, which is not covered by water, probably scarcely amounts to between 2.4 and 2.6. If, with Rigaud, we take the ratio of the dry land to the water-covered surface as 10:27, and remember that ocean soundings have given a depth or stratum of water of more than twenty-seven thousand English feet, it will follow that the mean density of the external portion of our planet, consisting partly of land, and partly and more extensively of water, scarcely attains the density of 1.5."—Pp. 32, 33.

The experiments instituted by Airy in the Harton coal mines, near South Shields, twelve hundred feet deep, give to the earth a much higher density (6.566) than the observations of Baily and Reich. But without waiting to investigate the cause of the difference between the results obtained by these eminent physicists, we seize upon the incontrovertible fact that the mean density of the earth is between 5.2 and 6.5, while that of its outer crust does not exceed 2.6. Speaking generally, it may be assumed that the density of the planet is more than double that of any of its component rocks visible on the surface; but instead of hearing this statement with surprise, we at once inquire why the weight is not greater. When we estimate the increase of density under the influence of terrestrial gravitation, we find that air at the depth of thirty-four miles below the surface of the earth would be as heavy, bulk for bulk, as water, and water at the depth of three hundred and sixty-two miles would be as heavy as mercury. The weight of the earth is therefore far less than a consideration of the law of condensation would lead us to anticipate, and we can not account for the difference between theory and observation without assuming the existence of some force antagonistic to gravity; what that force is, we can not divine, if it be not heat. Thus when taking our first step in the study of the physics of the earth, cautious of forming hasty opinions, we are compelled to admit the probability of a temperature increasing with depth, and if we had not the evidence supplied by the miner, by thermal springs, and by

volcanic phenomena, the fact would be still indisputable. The geologist obtains from another source convincing proof of the slow cooling of the planet, and the vast development of igneous forces in the early epochs of its physical history.

In the celebrated artesian well of Grenelle, which discharges water having a temperature of $81^{\circ}7$, from a depth of one thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight feet, heat increases from the surface at the rate of 1° for 58.9 feet; in the still deeper well of Salzwerk near Rehme, the increase is 1° for 54.72 feet. Other deep borings give similar results. In what manner is this attested fact to be explained? The increase of heat with the depth can not arise from the transmission of solar heat from the surface, and its accumulation in the interior. Heat is conducted downward by the surface rock, but the transmitted calorific ray can not penetrate far. The daily variation of surface temperature is not sensible at a depth of much more than three feet, and at about one hundred feet below the ground, the annual variation, arising from the succession of seasons, is imperceptible. There is, in fact, somewhere beneath the surface, a plane of invariable temperature. In the cellars of the Observatory of Paris, which are ninety-two feet deep, the invariable temperature is 53°F . In other localities, the depth may be more or less by a few feet, according to the difference between the highest and lowest atmospheric temperatures, and the conducting power of the intervening rocks. It is impossible, then, that the definite increase of temperature from the surface to the lowest depth open to investigation can be the effect of the transmission of solar heat. The cause must exist within the earth, for the deeper we descend the nearer we come to it, and the greater the measure of its force. The phenomena of earthquakes, thermal springs, and volcanoes are not, as we have said, necessary to teach the fact; but they exhibit the effects of this remarkable condition, and the influence it has had, and in a modified degree still has, in the formation of new rocks, and the metamorphosis of others of more ancient production. If a man, ignorant of science and its modes of investigation, should refuse to believe the existence of a heat sufficiently intense to melt the hardest and most intractable rocks, at about the same distance below the grass-covered

surface of our beautiful and populous world, as St. Paul's Cathedral in London is from Windsor Castle, he can scarcely be charged with skepticism. Should he then doubt the evidence of the thermometer, when it is dropped from one platform to another of the deepest mines, or find reasons, something more than specious for attributing the effect to other causes, he must be directed to the study of those natural phenomena which are so evidently the consequences of the reaction of the interior of the earth upon the exterior. The dynamical effect is the most general, for earthquakes are felt where no other indication of internal heat is detected. Thermal springs will give a less ambiguous reply to his inquisitive research; but it is from the outburst of volcanoes he will obtain the most absolute proof of the existence of a deep-seated high temperature—the fissure and elevation of rocks, the outpouring of liquefied mineral matter, and the display of those terrific igneous phenomena by which eruption is always accompanied.

If internal heat increased with the depth in arithmetical series, we might at once determine the point where igneous fluidity begins, (the melting-point of rocks being known;) or, in other words, we should know the thickness of the solid crust which envelops the fluid nucleus. But when experiment assigned this law, it did not take into consideration the existence of an immense pressure upon the assumed liquid surface, nor the influence of this pressure upon the fusibility of rocks, nor the diminution of conducting power with increase of temperature. Still less did it estimate the effect of existing, but untraced channels of communication between the atmosphere and the fluid interior. Theoretical considerations, in fact, lead us to believe that the ratio of increase diminishes with the depth, but observation directs us to an opposite conclusion. In the deep borings at Cruzot, extending to a depth of two thousand six hundred and seventy-eight feet, M. Walfordin observed the increase of temperature to be, for the first one thousand eight hundred feet, in the ratio of 1° for fifty-five feet, but at great depths 1° for forty-four feet. Estimating, however, the temperature to increase with a constant arithmetical progression, 1° F. for every 54.5 feet, granite would be in a state of fusion at a depth of about twenty-one geo-

graphical miles below the level of the sea.

To the labors of Fourier we are primarily indebted for the theory of the increase of heat in the interior of the earth, and the probability of an igneous fluidity; but his opinions were not universally received by physicists. Poisson, who believed the earth to have been once liquid with heat, supposed it to have cooled from the center and not from the surface. "The parts first solidified sunk," he says, "and by a double descending and ascending current the great inequality was lessened, which would have taken place in a solid body cooling from the surface." To account for the increase of temperature with the depth, a fact not to be ignored by hypothesis, he assumes an inequality of temperature resulting from the motion of the planet in space, causing a small accumulation of the heat received from without, at accessible depths from the surface. This conjecture, as already said, is negatived by experiment, and is quite untenable.

Mr. Hopkins objects to the conclusions of the popular hypothesis in detail rather than in principle. The solid crust of the earth, he says, must be from eight hundred to one thousand miles in thickness, and if this be true, either the ratio of the increased temperature must, at a certain depth, become less and less, or the temperature at which rocks are fused under pressure must be greatly raised. The argument he adopts in proof of his assertion is one of much ingenuity. The united attractive force of the sun and moon, and the ellipticity of the earth, cause the luni-solar nutation and precession. The calculation of these inequalities of motion has been made on the assumption of the solidity of the earth. But the theory of the increase of internal heat with the depth, at a constant or increasing ratio, represents the earth as a solid shell inclosing a fluid nucleus; and if this assumption be made consistent with the theory and amount of precession, the outer shell must be at least eight hundred miles thick. The reasoning of this geologist has been disputed by Professors Hennessy and Haughton, who doubt the possibility of solving the problem in the present state of science; and here we must leave the subject—still adhering, for the purposes of illustration, to the commonly-received hypothesis—and proceed

to notice some of the phenomena resulting from the action of the highly-heated interior, and exhibited on the surface of the earth.

"I designate," says Humboldt, "the whole of these phenomena by the general name of volcanism, or volcanicity; and I regard it as an advantage not to divide effects having the same causal connection, and differing only by the strength of the manifestation of the acting force, and by varieties in the complication of the physical processes involved. In this generality of view, small and apparently insignificant phenomena acquire a greater significance. An observer, not scientifically prepared, who visits for the first time a basin filled by a hot spring, and sees ascend from it gases which extinguish the flame of a candle, or walks between rows of variable cones of mud-volcanoes hardly exceeding in height his own stature, would not divine that the place, now thus harmlessly occupied, has been repeatedly the scene of fiery eruptions ascending to the height of many thousand feet, and that the same internal force is at work as that which gives rise to colossal craters of elevation, and even to the mighty devastating, lava-pouring volcanoes of Etna and the peak of Teneriffe, and to those of Cotopaxi and Tunguragua, from which scorize are ejected."—P. 168.

Of all the effects of internal heat, earthquakes, or undulations in the solid crust of the earth, are most extensive in operation, and most frequent in occurrence. We shall not attempt to determine how they are produced, nor where the agency is seated, for the evidence on these subjects is not sufficient to give certainty to any opinion. They are evidently produced by internal igneous action, although sometimes they have no apparent connection with volcanic eruption by proximity of site, or accordance of time. It is a false generalization that earthquakes are always dependent on, or in some intimate connection with, volcanic eruption. They are consequences of one and the same cause, but their action is not necessarily coincident. Violent eruptions have taken place without the premonitory symptom; and there are countries distant from active zones, where earthquakes frequently or periodically occur without eruption. Humboldt says: "If we could obtain information regarding the daily condition of all the earth's surface, we should probably discover that the earth is almost always undergoing shocks at some point of its superficies, and is continually influenced by the reaction of the interior on the exterior." On some parts of the coast of

Peru, the undulations are so frequent, at certain periods, as to be little regarded by the inhabitants, who are said to roll to the earth-wave, as the sailor does to the rocking ship at sea. Usually the earthquake and the volcano are concurrent phenomena. On the 30th of March, 1823, Lima was destroyed by earthquake, and on the same night four volcanoes were opened in the Andes. The great earthquake which destroyed the city of Lisbon on the first of November, 1755, and buried sixty thousand* of the inhabitants under the ruins, was felt over an area of seven hundred thousand miles, and for some time after that event, volcanic eruptions were unusually frequent and violent. We might fill a volume with instances of the simultaneous action of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions; and where the instances are so numerous, the mind is at once directed to those which were unusually destructive, or otherwise remarkable in their effects. We will mention only one other. The great earthquake of Riobomba, in the province of Quito, which happened on the 4th of February, 1797, and in a thinly-populated country destroyed thirty thousand human beings, was attended by some curious eruptions; but the earthquake itself was remarkable.

"It was neither announced nor accompanied by any subterranean noise, but a prodigious noise, still designated simply as '*el gran ruido*,' was first heard eighteen or twenty minutes later, and only under the two towns of Quito and Ibarra, at a distance from Tacunga, Hambato, and the chief theater of devastation. In the history of catastrophes suffered by man, there is no other instance in which, in the course of a few minutes, so many thousand lives were lost by the production and passage of a few earth-waves, accompanied by the opening of fissures. In reference to this earthquake, of which the first accounts were given by the celebrated Valencia botanist, Don José Cavanillas, particular attention is further due to the following phenomena: Fissures which alternately opened and closed, so that persons, partially engulfed, were saved by extending their arms that they might not be swallowed up; portions of long trains of muleteers and laden mules (*recuas*) disappearing in suddenly opening cross-fissures, whilst

* The spacious quay or wharf to which immense crowds rushed for safety from their falling houses, sank down into the bowels of the earth, engulfing and burying in one deep dark grave the living thousands upon it, with numerous vessels at anchor by the wharf, not one of which ever arose to the surface. We carefully examined the locality in the autumn of 1853.—EDITOR OF ECLECTIC.

other portions, by a hasty retreat, escaped the danger; vertical oscillations by the non-simultaneous rising and sinking of adjoining portions of ground, so that persons standing in the choir of a church, sixteen feet above the pavement of the street, found themselves lowered to the level of the pavement without being thrown down; the sinking down of massive houses, with such an absence of disruption or dislocation, that the inhabitants could open the doors in the interior, pass uninjured from room to room, light candles, and debate with each other their chances of escape, during two days which elapsed before they were dug out; lastly, the entire disappearance of great masses of stones and building materials. . . . A still more striking and complicated phenomenon was the finding articles belonging to one house among the ruins of others at a considerable distance—a discovery which gave rise to some lawsuits. Is it, as the inhabitants of the country believe, that the earth throws out again at one spot that which it has swallowed up at another? or is it, notwithstanding the distance, a simple transfer over the earth's surface?"—Pp. 172, 173.

The propagation of the undulatory motions, in which earthquake consists, through rocks of different densities, and unequal elasticities—the retardation of velocity by changes in the structure and composition of mineral masses, and the disturbances arising from the reflection and interference of earth-waves, are problems of great interest waiting solution. The laws Young so admirably discussed in his researches on the propagation of light are applicable to the investigation of undulations in the crust of the earth, and it is only when these motions are connected with phenomena which can not be immediately attributed to the undulations that uncertainty arises. To determine the velocity with which earth-waves are propagated is of importance in the present state of science. Julius Schmidt, of the Observatory of Bonn, estimated the motion of the undulations in the earthquake on the Rhine, July 29th, 1846, to have been one thousand four hundred and sixty-six feet in a second—a velocity exceeding that of sound in air, but not a third of the velocity in water, and greatly inferior to the propagation of sound in any solid upon which experiment has been made. "For the Lisbon earthquake of November 1st, 1755, from the coast of Portugal to that of Holstein, Schmidt found (from less accurate data) a velocity more than five times greater than in the case of the Rhine earthquake of the 29th July, 1846.

Between Lisbon and Gluckstadt (a distance of eleven hundred and eighty English geographical miles) the rate derived by him is seven thousand nine hundred and fifty-five English feet in a second; which is three thousand four hundred and thirty-eight feet less than takes place in cast-iron." But this result differs greatly from that obtained by Michell, who assigned to the earth-wave a velocity of fifty miles a minute, or four thousand one hundred and seventy French feet in a second.

Many interesting and important questions suggested by the study of earthquakes we would refer to if we were not limited by space; but Humboldt has made one generalization, so essential to a consideration of the origin of these phenomena, that it can not be passed over without some notice, although we can do no more than quote the words of our author.

"The most wide-spread devastations are those occasioned by earthquake-waves, which traverse partly non-trachytic and non-volcanic countries, and partly trachytic and volcanic ones, as the Cordilleras of South-America and Mexico, without exercising any influence on the neighboring volcanoes. These form the third class or group of phenomena; and it is that which points most strongly to the existence of a general cause in the thermic constitution of the interior of our planet. To this third group belongs also a case of rare occurrence, in which, in countries non-volcanic and rarely visited by earthquakes, the ground trembles uninterruptedly for several months, on a very restricted space, seeming to presage an upheaval, and the formation of an active volcano. This took place in the beginning of the present century, in the Piedmontese valleys of Pelis and Clusson, as well as at Pignerol, in April and May, 1808, and also in the spring of 1829, in Murcia, between Orihuela and the sea-coast, on a space rather less than a German square mile. When in the interior of Mexico, on the western slope of the high land of Mehecan, the cultivated flat of Jorullo was incessantly shaken for ninety days, the volcano rose, surrounded by many thousand small cones, about five or seven feet high, (*los hornitos*), and poured forth a brief but powerful stream of lava. On the other hand, in Piedmont and in Spain, the shaking of the earth gradually ceased without any great natural event ensuing."—Pp. 182, 183.

While the earthquake testifies to the potent energy of the volcanic force by undulatory motions, by subterranean noises, and by the fissure and upheaval of rocks—effects too violent to be disregarded, and too evidently of igneous origin to be mis-

understood—the hot springs which gush from the heated interior are the quiet but no less credible witnesses to the same physical condition. In all volcanic districts are found springs, constant or intermittent, more or less laden with earthy or saline matter, which, by their concurrent action with the phenomena attributed to volcanic forces, are apparently produced and sustained by the same agent, and rise from the same deep-seated source. The distinction of hot and cold springs is a popular classification founded on the belief that while springs of low temperature are the outlets of the great conduits of the earth's surface, bringing back to the atmosphere the waters which have fallen from it, thermal springs are the waste-pipes of circulating currents flowing in some part of their deep and unknown circuit, near the reservoirs of that interior heat which gives force and continuance to volcanoes. The terms hot and cold as applied to springs are sufficiently precise for popular designation; but the man of science can not be justly charged with pedantry when he inquires what that temperature is which separates hot springs from cold. When this question is answered, he desires to know whether temperature alone determines the origin of a spring, or whether it is necessary to take into consideration the presence of impurities—mineral compounds in solution or chemical combination. Upon the origin of springs there is no difference of opinion; they are either the effects of gravitation, the force which maintains the level of all fluid bodies, or of some internal pressure which drives the water upwards, sometimes through the bed of the ocean, and sometimes to a mountain exit. As the pressure may be a hydrostatic force, as well as high-pressure steam, every spring unconnected with the great system of natural drainage is not necessarily of volcanic origin, but that many are is freely admitted.

The temperature of springs, whether hot or cold, depends on the temperature of the reservoirs in which they are collected, and of the channels in which they flow. When cold springs do not intermix with waters flowing from high levels, their temperature is the mean temperature of the place of exit. In the first volume of *Cosmos*, Humboldt expresses in one sentence nearly all that can be said about the origin of the temperature of springs. It

is a function of the temperature of the stratum in which they take their rise, of the specific heat of the soil, and of the quantity and temperature of the meteoric water, which is itself different from the temperature of the lower strata of the atmosphere, according to the different modes of its origin, in rain, snow, or hail. Many years since Von Buch, Humboldt, and Wahlenberg collected observations on the temperature of springs between 12° S. lat., and 71° N. lat., and in their tabulated results, separated those in which it varies with the seasons from those in which it is invariable. Springs of variable temperature are most common; but the amount of change, as Von Buch discovered, is influenced by the relative quantities of rain falling in the winter and summer months. In high latitudes the temperature of springs is greater than the mean temperature of the air; but as in such countries the ground is for the greater part of the year covered by snow, the temperature of the atmosphere is depressed at a more than ordinary ratio, and this fact, as Wahlenberg suggested, accounts for the anomaly.

As the temperature of hot springs rarely approaches the boiling point, we may mention one or two remarkable exceptions, and at the same time draw attention to the fact that the hottest springs are not necessarily confined to volcanic districts. The great Geysir of Iceland ejects a column of water nine or ten feet in diameter, to the height of from one hundred to one hundred and twenty feet. The eruptions are periodical, and are announced at intervals of eighty or ninety minutes, by loud but shifted subterranean noises. At the depth of seventy-two and a half feet below the opening of the funnel through which the discharge is made, the temperature of the water immediately before eruption is 260° F., and immediately after 251° F., proving that it is under more than atmospheric pressure. The eruptions of the Stokr at the foot of Byarnefell are less frequent than those of the Geysir, and the temperature is somewhat less at a less distance from the surface. Humboldt and others have made experiments on the temperature of several hot springs in the great mountain ranges of South-America, and two of these may be mentioned. The Aguas de Comanillas gush from a mountain of basalt and basaltic breccia, "not far from the rich

silver mines of Guanaxuato, in 21° N. lat., at an elevation of fully six thousand four hundred feet above the level of the sea." Their temperature in September, 1803, was $205^{\circ}5$ F. Near these springs, at an elevation of eight thousand seven hundred feet, snow falls from December to April. The temperature of Aguas Calientes de las Trincheras, situated "on the route from Neceva Valencia, in the Valles de Aragua, to the harbor of Portocabello," was in February, 1800, $194^{\circ}5$ F., as measured by Humboldt; and twenty-three years later, when observed by Boussingault and Rivers it was raised to $206^{\circ}6$ —an increase which suggests some speculations in which we can not now indulge.

From what has been said it will appear that earthquakes and thermal springs are justly believed to be the effects of the reaction of the heated interior of the earth upon its surface; but it is not till we come to the study of volcanoes that we obtain an adequate conception of its extent and influence. To these important phenomena we must now very briefly refer.

A knowledge of the distribution of volcanoes is essential to a just conception of the reaction of the interior upon the surface of the earth. Von Buch was the first writer who attempted to give a catalogue of active volcanoes, distinguishing linear from central groups. Every succeeding author who has referred to original documents, or made personal investigation, has added something to what was done by that illustrious geologist. But when we review the labors of these authors, the want of agreement between their conclusions is sufficient to prove the existence of a great mistake either in the estimate of numbers or in the definition of the objects to be numbered. This is evident enough if we only turn to the pages of a few books believed to give correct reports of the present state of scientific knowledge. Humboldt has compiled a catalogue of all the known points where a communication exists between the interior of the earth and the external atmosphere; and there are, he says, four hundred and seven volcanoes, of which two hundred and twenty-five have been in eruption "within very modern times." In Johnston's Physical Atlas the number is said to be two hundred and seventy, Gerardin calculates three hundred and three, and Huot five hundred and fifty-nine. The want of accordance between these authors may be

in part accounted for by the doubt which hangs over every attempt to separate the volcanoes which have been active in recent times from those which have been long quiescent—the extinct volcanoes of one author being classed among the active of another.

"The result of my laborious investigation is," says Humboldt, "that, out of four hundred and seven volcanoes, two hundred and twenty-five have been in activity within very modern times. Earlier statements have given the number of still active volcanoes thirty or fifty less, because prepared on different principles. I have here restricted myself to volcanoes which either emit vapors, or which have had historically assured eruptions within the nineteenth, or the later half of the eighteenth century."—Pp. 406.

"Of the two hundred and twenty-five orifices through which, in the middle of the nineteenth century, the molten interior of the earth is in volcanic communication with the atmosphere, seventy (less than a third part therefore) are on continents, and one hundred and fifty-five (or fully two thirds) are on islands. Of the seventy continental volcanoes, fifty-three (or three fourths) belong to America, fifteen to Asia, and one to Europe, and one or two to the portion of America with which we are acquainted. It is the South-Asiatic Islands (the Sunda Isles and the Moluccas) and in the Aleutian and Kurile (East-Asiatic) Islands, that the greatest number of island-volcanoes are congregated within the smallest space. . . . Taking the earth altogether, it is the region comprised between the seventy-third west, and one hundred and twenty-seventh east meridian from Greenwich, and the parallels of 47° south and 66° north, extending from south-east to north-west in the more western part of the Pacific, which is the richest in volcanoes."

A knowledge of the distribution of volcanoes and dome-shaped elevations is important to science, chiefly because their number and position supply the evidence and measure of the activity of the volcanic force. There has been during the present century a more extended investigation, and a more correct record has been kept of the observations; but many countries are still unexplored, and the discoveries of former travelers require confirmation. The deficiencies of our knowledge, however, are not more evident in this than in the correlative subjects of physical inquiry, and the facts of which we are possessed are sufficient to support some generalizations of importance. To a few of these we shall briefly refer.

In the Pacific Ocean and on its shores there are no less than one hundred and ninety-eight active volcanoes—seven

eighths of all the communications still open between the surface of the earth and its molten interior. In the island of Java alone, which is only five hundred and forty-four geographical miles in length, there are forty-five mountains, and of these twenty-eight are active volcanoes. Although generally inferior in elevation to the mountains of South-America they are not in this respect unimportant, for Gunung Semeru, which was in eruption not long since, is twelve thousand two hundred and thirty-five feet high. In Kamtschatka fourteen volcanoes are known to have been in eruption in historic periods. Of these, Kintschewskaja Sopka, fifteen thousand seven hundred and sixty-three feet in height, is the most lofty. In the Aleutian Islands, within a range of nine hundred and sixty miles, thirty-four volcanoes are known, nearly all of which have been recently in eruption. "Within the range of the Kurile Islands, a length of seven hundred and twenty geographical miles, eight or ten volcanoes are known, and the majority are still burning." "The historians of Japan," says Von Siebold, "mention only six volcanoes as having been active, two in the island of Nippon and four in that of Kinsin. In addition to these, European navigators have observed two small islands with smoking craters." In Sumatra there are six, in Celebes eleven, and in Flores six. If we turn from the islands of the Pacific to the new Continent, we find in Central America, within a distance of six hundred and eighty geographical miles, twenty-nine volcanoes, of which eighteen are active; in Peru and Bolivia fourteen, three of which have been recently in eruption, within a distance of four hundred and twenty miles; and in Chili twenty-four, of which thirteen are active, within a distance of nine hundred and sixty miles.

From this great development of the volcanic force in the Pacific Ocean and on its coasts, are we prepared to assert that the distance of the surface from the intensely-heated nucleus is there less than in any other part of the earth's crust? We believe not. The greater display of power may arise from the greater intensity of the volcanic force, and not from the weakness of resistance. If the thickness of the solid crust of the earth governed the eruption of volcanoes, low craters should be more numerous than high ones. But it

may be said that as the force required to lift or project the products of eruption must be in proportion to the elevation of the crater, the number of eruptions should have some relation to the altitudes. The ratio, however, between the number of eruptions from relatively high and low craters does not favor the assumption that from them may be determined the relative thickness of the solid crust at the places where those eruptions occur. The reason is obvious. Let us compare the relative activities of the two island volcanoes, Kosuna and Teneriffe, one being one thousand feet above the sea, the other twelve thousand. The difference of relative heights between these two active cones is considerable; but if to the relative heights we add the probable depth of the molten mass below the sea level, (estimated, from Mitscherlich's experiments on the fusion temperature of granite, at one hundred and twenty-one thousand five hundred feet,) the difference between the sums is small. Suppose the tension of confined vapors to raise a flood of liquefied rock one hundred and twenty-one thousand five hundred feet up to the level of the ocean, what is the probability of the force being sufficient to raise it one thousand feet higher, and not twelve thousand, taking into consideration a probable motion in limited channels? "The graduated scale of volcanoes," says Humboldt, "beginning with the low Maars of the Eifel, (nine funnels without external framework, which have thrown out balls of olivine, surrounded by half-fused schistose fragments,) and ending with the still active Sahama, more than twenty-two thousand feet high, has taught us there is no connection between the maximum of elevation and a less degree of volcanic activity." The same author says: "If in one small group the comparison of Stromboli, Vesuvius, and Etna might mislead us to suppose that the number of eruptions is inversely proportional to the height of the volcano, we soon find other facts which are in direct contradiction to this supposition." Etna is in eruption, on an average, once in six years; Hecla, which is five thousand seven hundred and fifty-five feet lower, once in seventy or eighty years; Sangay, near the city of Quito, seventeen thousand one hundred feet in height, is in a state of more constant activity than the little conical hill Stromboli, the ancient Strongle. Sebas-

tian Wissa visited it in 1849, and counted two hundred and sixty-seven eruptions in an hour, each eruption being on an average 13.4 seconds, and ejecting black ashes, rapilli, and scorie, which for twelve miles round form a bed of from three hundred to four hundred feet thick. It is not, then, from any greater development of activity upon one part of the earth's surface than upon another that we can venture to affirm a proportionate want of thickness in the solidified crust, and we will not venture to guess what those conditions are which have caused such an unequal distribution of the phenomena which prove the reaction of the interior upon the surface of the earth.

Among the unsafe generalizations, we may include the assumption that the larger number of volcanoes are insular, because the access of the sea or large bodies of water to the interior of the earth is necessary for the production of eruption. The numerical fact is indisputable, but the induction is an unsupported hypothesis. In Europe, the Mediterranean is the principal site of volcanic activity; in the southern hemisphere, the Pacific; and the few active cones found on the continents are so near the shores of the ocean as to suggest a probable internal connection between the waters of the one and the internal fires of the other. These facts, however, may be admitted without advancing a single step towards the explanation of the distribution of active volcanoes. Dr. Daubeny employs them as convenient crutches for the support of Davy's ingenious, hasty, and afterwards discarded theory of the production of volcanic activity by the access of water to the unoxidized metals composing the nucleus of the earth. Upon this subject, Humboldt is entitled to an attentive hearing:

"We may readily represent to ourselves the probability that, at the margins of the upheaving continents, whose coasts now rise with more or less abruptness above the waters of the sea, simultaneously occasioned subsidence of the ocean-bed, might cause the formation of fissures tending to promote communication with the molten interior. In the inland parts of elevated continents, at a distance from the oceanic areas of subsidence, there would not be the same occasion of fracture. Volcanoes follow the coast-lines in single, sometimes in double, and even triple, ranges. Short cross-ridges, elevated over cross-fissures, connect these ranges, forming mountain-knots. Frequently, but by

no means invariably, it is the outer range, nearest to the sea-shore, which is the most active, while the more inland ones are extinct, or appear approaching extinction."

The grouping of volcanoes, that is to say, their positions in relation to each other, must be carefully observed, for the present distribution indicates the probable process of formation. We have no reason to anticipate the discovery of any persistent plan; but some similarity of arrangement must result from a common action of the volcanic force, and we detect it in the grouping of active cones round a central elevation, and the arrangement of volcanic mountains in lines, suggesting their elevation over fissures.

Lofty mountains are not unfrequently the centers of volcanic activity, and a number of cones, or simple volcanic openings, are grouped round them, forming clearly-defined systems, in which the relation of the subordinate parts to the principal elevation is more than indicated. Thus Vesuvius, Etna, and the Peak of Teneriffe are to be regarded as so many distinct centers of volcanic force, each controlling its own area, and having little or no influence beyond. This is their known condition, for the activity of one does not disturb the repose of the others. Vesuvius is the outlet of power for the Phlegrean fields of Puzzuoli and the neighboring islands; but its most violent eruptions have not the power to excite Etna. We do not mean to assert that the eruptions of neighboring volcanoes when forming distinct centers of volcanic force are never simultaneous; but such events are rather exceptional than ordinary, and far less frequent than they would be if an open communication existed between them. We are not now entering upon the discussion of the origin of volcanic cones; but we may observe that the disposition of isolated volcanic mountains, surrounded by secondary cones and the minor effects of disturbance, would result from the upheaving of rocks and the formation of fissures radiating from a central point of action, the form and altitude of the principal mass being modified by the products of eruption.

The linear arrangement of volcanoes is a more frequent disposition than that of groups round a central mountain. Von Buch suggested that they are thus placed because they are formed over fissures which open a communication between the

surface and the deep, highly-heated interior. If we turn to the physical history of Iceland we shall obtain evidence of the probability of this conjecture, for in modern times such clefts have been formed by the volcanic force. One is still to be seen from which lava flowed for a period of six weeks without ceasing, and at the close of the discharge the stream of melted rock covered an area sixty miles in length, and in some parts nearly twelve in breadth. May not this be regarded as a sufficient illustration of the probable origin of the linear arrangement of volcanoes in the same island? A similar position of volcanic mountains is exhibited on the American continent. The volcanoes of Orizaba, Popocatepetl, Toluca, and Colima, for example, are ranged over a fissure three hundred and sixty miles long; and in the same east and west line the volcano of Jorullo was upheaved between those of Toluca and Colima, at a distance of one hundred and sixteen miles from one and one hundred and twenty-eight from the other. In the Asiatic Islands the same arrangement is observed.

"From the volcano of Kliutschewsk, the northernmost one on the east coast of the Kamtschatkan peninsula, to the southernmost Japanese island-volcano of Iwogashima, in the strait of Van Diemen, the direction in which the igneous activity manifests itself from the fissured crust of the globe, is exactly from N. E. to S. W. This direction is maintained through the island of Jackuno Sima, on which a conical mountain rises to the height of five thousand eight hundred and forty feet, separating the two straits of Van Diemen and Colnet; through Stebold's Linschote Archipelago; through Captain Basil Hall's Sulphur Island, (Lung-Huang-Schan;) and through the small groups of Lieu-Khlew and Madjiko-Sima, which latter approaches within ninety-two geographical miles of the great island off the Chinese coast, Formosa, (Thaywan.) Here, or at Formosa, in 25° and 26° N. lat., we may recognize the important point at which, instead of the N. E. and S. W.

lines of elevation, those of a N. and S. direction commence and prevail almost to the parallels of 5° or 6° S. lat. The N. and S. lines may be found in Formosa and the Philippines through fully 20° of latitude.

"To the south of Celebes and Borneo, a new fissure-system commences. The greater or lesser Sunda islands, from Timor Lant to west Bali, follow for the most part the mean parallel of 8° S. lat., through 18° of longitude. In the west part of Java, the middle axis already turns rather more towards the N., running almost E. S. E.-W. S. W.; but from the Strait of Sunda, to the southernmost of the Nicobars, the direction is S. E.-N. W. The entire volcanic fissure of elevation (E.-W. and S. E.-N. W.) has, according to this, an extent of about two thousand seven hundred geographical miles: of the whole distance, if we disregard the slight deviation in Java towards the N., one thousand six hundred and twenty miles belong to the E. and W., and ten hundred and eighty to the S. E. and N. W. direction. In this manner, geological considerations, on form and arrangement, conduct us uninterruptedly through the islands of the eastern coast of Asia, over the enormous space of 68° of latitude from the Aleutian islands, and the northern sea of Behring to the Moluccas, and the greater and lesser Sunda Isles."

The want of space prevents us from alluding to many other important questions connected with the formation of volcanoes, and the effects, products, and theories of volcanic action, the volcanic condition of the earth during the several geological epochs, and the influence of the force in the establishment of the present physical conditions. These are subjects of great interest to the geologist, and on some there is a difference of opinion; but the reader who is willing to extend his inquiries to them will, if wise, thankfully accept Humboldt as a guide. The translation which General Sabine has provided is accurate and elegant, and places the *Cosmos*, one of the most remarkable books of the age, within the reach of every English student.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE MUSIC OF ANASTASIA.*

WE had just returned from a visit to the Dargle. As the train swept off into the country, the November fog began—not quite to melt, but to grow thinner—until we stopped at Bray, and saw the ships looming through the fog, like thoughts through a sentence of a Germanizing philosopher. A pleasant hour's walk with a pleasant companion, and we were in the woods. As we ascended the path, the trees hung in the deep hollow beneath and on the opposite steep, discolored not divested. Here and there were pale yellow tints, like penitential dust and ashes, sprinkled on some bowed-down head; while in some places a rainbow richness, a crimson melting into purple, floated round great masses of leafage, seared as if by a furnace. Nor were folds of sombre green wanting to give variety. Down below, the pellucid greenish water rippled into gleaming white from bend to bend; and a perpetual marmurous music of sad monotonous sweetness droned through the autumnal trees. We were content that the sun remained shrouded; the quiet gray harmonized with the soft melancholy of the landscape. The drone of a fiddle, played by a poor old man, was the only disturbing element as we ascended to the Irish Leucadia, and faced the beauties of Powercourt. It was like the squeaking versification of a bad poet, troubling one's spirit, whilst the noble music of life is making the air grand with its echoes, and a rich sadness is to be felt around us and above.

All day long, and all the evening, that autumnal woodland haunted our imagination. *Anastasia* for the first time, fell into our hands that night. It supplied the music which the poor old minstrel had so rudely attempted. Here in this fine anguish of a noble human heart, wailing out in song what it would never dare to

speak in another shape; here in these gleams of poetic fancy shooting along the masses of philosophic thought, like golden fingers of sunlight eve and anon playing upon the gray and withered trees, was the interpretation of the dream. We present to our readers a few of the thoughts which occurred to us in perusing *Anastasia*. In doing so, we have to apologize to Mr. Starkey, (we need not affect to maintain a disguise which the world has penetrated,) for the haste with which our task has necessarily been executed. It is true, indeed, as a great writer has reminded us, that we have no right to rush abroad in a confusion in which we should be ashamed to be detected at home; but we esteemed it disrespectful to leave any longer unchronicled the appearance of so remarkable a contribution to our literature by an Irish poet.

The argument of *Anastasia* is simple. The leading thread of the poem is a contrast between a beloved Isaura in heaven and Alexis among various scenes in life. After his agony upon the grave, we find Alexis first in a college. The description of the place, and the analysis of the collegiate character, are exquisitely happy. To a professor Alexis applies for guidance. This gentleman out-Puseys Dr. Pusey, and gives the mourner some remarkable advice. To fast in a fashion very different from the Cardinal's Dundalk *blanc mange* and "surprised ham," and to pray like a Thibetan machine, are of course salient points. Then enters a long discussion on apostolical succession and other light subjects. Here, we think, Mr. Starkey rather fails; and his loose blank verse for several pages stands out in unfavorable contrast to the muscular elasticity and pointed music of Dryden's rhymed polemics. Again we have Isaura in heaven. It is a noble thought, this grand recurring chorus, as it were, relieving with its lyric bursts the heavier and more earthly masses of the composition. Yet we are

* *Anastasia*. Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans & Roberts. London. 1858.

not sure but that we have too much of it. Heaven to our thinking, is not to be mapped out into details. It is to be seen far off under a sunlit mist of symbols. St. Paul's "inheritance in light of the saints;" Tennyson's—

"To lie *within the light of God*, as I lie upon
your breast."

Why is it that they tell us so much? Because they are so grandly and sublimely general.

"Pink-lipped flowers;
—Leaves and odors scattered o'er and o'er,
From chalices of bloom,
Whence aye the *atar* of a fresh perfume,
Humectates life, and laps me evermore,"

are unpleasantly minute. To make heaven like a green-house or a boudoir as described by Disraeli in his novels, is not worthy of the genius of Mr. Starkey. The succeeding section shows Alexis in his library. This is a most powerful and sustained argument, and might well be published separately as a philosophical poem. The various speculations on the Infinite and Absolute, and the Kantian supersession of Revelation from the nature of independent morality, are answered in a style which would do no discredit to Mr. Mansel, while the poet is never lost in the philosopher. After another glimpse into heaven, Alexis, having wrestled down infidelity, goes into the world. The spectacle of a poor girl clinging with noble and self-denying tenderness to a drunken hog of a father elicits his sympathies, and is useful to his grief. Moreover, he visits a noble mansion, whose lady is an old friend and relative of his own, and whose fair young daughter, Isaura, awakens strong emotions in his bosom, by the mere identity of her name with that of the object of his affections. The descriptions of rides and drives, of the house and park, afford a striking instance of the versatility of Mr. Starkey's powers. As was said by Swift of one of Berkeley's contributions to polite literature, as elegant as it was pious: "Methinks he prays with a good grace, and goes to heaven very much like a gentleman." "Alexis in solitude" is long, and we fear, a little heavy. But "Alexis in church" is almost a perfect gem. The way in which poetry is made to run, like an electric spark, from link to link down the long chain of the church service, from the introductory sentences

to the close of the communion offices, is novel and delightful; and the conviction and comfort, the almost conversion, which is brought to his soul by the sermon is not less instructive than it is beautiful. "Alexis in life" follows. We do not quite see why, under this heading, we should have that strange and not very satisfactory lecture on Predestination, addressed to some children, which occupies several pages. It seems to come under the old Scotchman's definition of metaphysics; "When the yin disna' ken what the tither says, and the tither disna' ken what he means, that ye ken, is metaphysics." Mr. Starkey, (we beg pardon, Alexis,) however, soon shakes off this prosaic bondage, and prepares to write a great poem. Finally, we have Isaura in a vision. She sums up the life of her beloved with exquisite penetration and tenderness. A singular passage follows, describing the society of heaven, amongst whose ornaments are Heber, Warburton, and Vickers. Isaura makes known her new and heavenly name, Anastasia, declaratory of her resurrection hope and glory. And the whole poem concludes with a species of dramatic grandeur.

Anastasia, (in the air)—

"To thy throne, my husband!"

Fragment of the hymn of heaven—

"Be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors!"

Alexis, (in death)—

"Perfect day."

That this poem has faults, it is impossible to deny. A grief so enormously voluminous must be diluted at times into the morbid and hysterical. We are tempted to wish many an affluent sentence away. We long for the compressed pathos of Wordsworth's Lucy—

"She has left the earth—and oh!
The difference to me;"

for the unutterable desolation of the Scotch ballad of Fair Helen—

"I wish my grave were growing green,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirkconnell lee!"

that we might lift up our voice and weep, and have done. Painters who have undertaken to make pictures of those whom they have only seen in death have often suffered intensely. The necessity of studying the frozen and rigid features, of

striving to invest them with the hue and expression of life, imprints them on the imagination with terrible accuracy. The poet's mind seems to suffer somewhat similarly in this monotony of dolefulness, this prolixity of weeping. We do not mean to imply that there is a shade of affectation in *Anastasia*. It is evidently—too evidently—such a picture as that of which we have spoken. Nor, again, do we consider that pathos is Mr. Starkey's forte. His genius is eloquent and exuberant, pouring out word after word in the restless fertility of its resources—never content with a stroke or a hint, but covering the canvas with impetuous haste. But all the great masters of pathos, from the prophet Hosea to the plowman Burns, have been concise and concentrating. Mr. Starkey is essentially a philosopher; but gifted also with a brilliant fancy, and a magnificent rhetoric.

The versification of this poem is in places careless:

“As they rushed up, all narrowed to
A point—

All

The fondest fancy had preferred of
Most awful—
Charge yourself with my induction to
All sacred visitation—

That

Doth not invalidate her title to
All Christian privileges—
Their very souls become symphonious to
Nature.”

We could cite fifty other instances of blank verse lines concluding in this way with little prepositions and conjunctions. Now, this is a liberty which has never been conceded to writers of blank verse, except in the freedom of dramatic versification. And even Byron has been severely censured by so competent a critic as Heber, for his indulgence in this privilege in *Cain*. Nor is this all. The variety of cadence in blank verse renders it the most expressive of measures. It bends like a graceful rod in the hands of a well-skilled angler; it breaks in the mutton fist of a bungler. What shall we say to such lines as these, descriptive of *Ætna* and *Stromboli*:

“A pulse of one beats—then straight throbs
the other.

Beat for beat, gleam for gleam, trembling for
trembling.”

What, again, of the convulsive jerks

from blank to rhyme, and from rhyme to blank? The exuberance of Mr. Starkey sometimes betrays him into extravagance, and his taste is by no means in proportion to his riches. Thus in a description of heaven—

“*O'erbowering Alamedas*, thronged with shapes
Of faultless finish . . . grassy plains
Spread like the *Pampas* of immensity
For the young blood of happiness.”

Fancy an immortal and glorified spirit saying:

“And lo! I've but to plunge into a harebell
To extricate the honey of what is
From the exuberance of what hath been,
For sweets that are to be.”

Strange, long words are quite a weakness of his—

“In *cataleptic* trance of awful trust—
Martyrizing steel,”

are but a few specimens. Grammar sometimes suffers in the fervor of his inspiration:

“What once was *me*,
Ere I had blossomed into what I am.”

We have stated our opinion of the defects of *Anastasia* with a freedom which is the best guarantee of our perfect honesty. Let us throw off in turn our critical *Faddledenship*, and cite some passages whose power and beauty have at once delighted and astonished us. The description of the sorrow of Alexis is terrible, and the awful allusions in it are carried out with a sustained consistence which indicate a master's hand:

“Here am I,
Not like a saint, who shrinks from rivalry
Even in martyrdom with that he worships,
But crucified head-upwards! I am here,
Isaura! face to face with *Destiny*,
My withered wintry hands this way and that,
Outwards and upwards, pierced with partings
through,
As with relentless nails; remembrance fixed
Spearwise within my bosom, and the crown
Of blasted hopes thrusting my brain with
thorns.”

The characteristics of collegiate architecture, the tolling of the heavy bell, the monastic shapes enfolded in academic gown, are skillfully thrown into this magnificent delineation:

“These arches draw their brows
Darkly together, as though this man's speech
Had set them thinking. Heaven hath dried its
eyes.

The roof-drip ticks more slowly down. The west

Hath dropped the sun out of its wearied hand,
And looks down pale at that extinguished lamp:
Whereat the flashes in these courts grow pale.
Shadows have climbed upon light's throne, and thence

Look furtively about. The evening grows.
Toll goes the bell, slow rocking in its tower
Over some grief that it doth ponder on—
Like one that beats his breast. Across your courts

Flit figures, with the floating backward black
Of robes like flags of crape, which they've assumed

In memory of a parent home that's dead
For them. Against the shore of this huge rock
Thrown up by Science in the shifting sea
Of human life, how melancholy makes
The wave-break of the world! A confused roar
Of happiness shattered into foam upon
The sullen barrier, sounds like ruth, or rage,
And rings its ceaseless dirge within mine ear."

There is a power of imagination in the description of the music of heaven which can scarcely be surpassed. The lines—

"As a hand
Rips from an organ, with its thunder-stop,
The very heart of harmony at a stroke,"

are worthy of Tennyson when his blood is up. But why, oh! why, Alexis, did you put into the mouth of Isaura, in the same breath, that "aortal chord"? What meaneth it? The lower extremity of the windpipe, as some lexicons have it? No; you mean the great artery which proceeds from the left ventricle of the heart, as Aristotle hath it. And do you suppose that the blessed in heaven discourse in the esoteric language of doctors at a consultation? We have often remonstrated with our young botanico-psychological poets and poetesses against the introduction of the terminology of horticulture into the language of poetry. We protest with more vehemence against the intrusion of vocables, redolent of purgatives and emetics, into the delicate dialect of musical passion. Poetry disdains the slang of science. She does, indeed, gaze on the passionate expression which is on the face of science. She inhales the aroma of wisdom; she listens to the accents of her speech; but when she can not translate it into words that are "simple, sensuous, and passionate," she no more incorporates it into her lines than she would the jabberings of the aborigines.

We proceed with our quotations. Let us not forget one great thought:

—"The dim wheels
Of Destiny in their silence fly beyond
The compass of my sight. They roll, and roll,
And go their rounds; and as they roll, events
Grind into meaning. Such is Time—a sail
Turned by the breath of God, and standing on
The mountains of eternity. When things
Have their accomplishment, the breath will
cease;
The sails will stop, and then eternity
Will stand alone."

The weariness of Alexis with collegiate existence and modes of thought, is admirably represented:

—"To mine eyes
The dismal structure took the semblance of
The mausoleum of free thought, in life
Dreaded, and left to pine within the schools;
And then magnificently marbled, when
It could not move a finger."

Excellent is this reflection upon the aspect of an old library:

—"Here is a book.
What power is prisoned in these gloomy tomes!
Fire in antiquity's black dust. Behold,
Grimly as catacombed dead, whole shelves of
thought,
Wisdom, and wit, broad-fronted doubts, and
hints
Of doubts close-veiled, with intense speculation
Look upon me!"

The mechanical theory of the universe; the speculations which would freeze the beautiful *anthropopathy* of the human heart, and of the Bible, into the rigid conception of general law; the intellectual fallacies of men like Mr. Greg, who would bid us transfer the findings of the "serene astronomer" in the regions of space into the grander world of the human spirit and the divine nature, and imprison our hopes and yearnings in the chains of a preestablished harmony or an eternal necessitation; are treated by Mr. Starkey with a sublime contempt, which melts into a beautiful emotion:

—"He made the world,
Such as it is—so argue or assert
These sophisters—by that same measuring reed
The angel stole to mete Ezekiel's dream:
Got the contours; stretched out the plan; contrived
The fortress of the universe, as one
Skilled in the art; then left the inhabitants
To garrison the place for evermore,
And passed within the curtains of himself.
—From such a God may God deliver me!
Small chance for mortals, with their little wants
Evermore craving, tugging at the breasts
Of spirit-tenderness, with sweet instinct, drawn
Out of the nature whence they suck their life!

With all their million wants, and weaknesses,
And hopes, and prayers, and aspirations!

Whither

Shall the indignant heart of sorrowers turn
For real sympathy? To far-swung laws,
Vast wheels, the toothed machinery of Fate,
Ready to grind the interpleading hand?
To a mute image of insensate power,
Sphinx-like, above a wilderness of wants?
Small chance, indeed! The heart, the heart is
here
Oracular."

The combined witness of the science of
ontology, of the "categorical imperative,"
and of nature, to God, is thus summed
up:

—"Be it Nature's page,
As she is written, like the oracles,
Upon the leaves of trees; or metaphysics,
Traced on the silent clouds that cross the mind;
Or ethics, graved upon the tablet-stones
Of individual hearts, though broken there;
All, all converge to God."

The impossibility of ascending to God
by constructing a science of the Absolute
and Infinite, and the force of the proof
from our moral nature, is traced in a pas-
sage of the loftiest eloquence:

—"God, who sits throned
Upon the summit of the loftiest Alp
Man ever scaled, in white austerity
Ruling the regions of eternal ice,
And thrusting the adventurous, gasping wretch
Who has intruded on his presence, down—
With cold, impenetrable silence, down—
To huddle over any spark he finds
With touch of comfort in it—that very God
Descends upon the humbler world in streams
His love hath sunned out from his solitude,
So soft, clear, and refreshing, that all souls
May stoop and drink of the translucent wave,
Yet see the source reflected in that wave,
A feature of far loveliness. No—God
Is but an icicle, if sought in realms
Above the limit of man's speculation.
The living waters are a frozen rock
Except at consecrated wells."

We must cite a few more lines, in which
Alexis states the unsatisfying nature of
mere academical, or library training,
were it only for that most original touch,
"as flowers through flagstones:"

"The College thrust me in a donjon-keep;
These would expose me in a wilderness.
As that to the four corners of a rule
Would have me squared, though all my nature
pressed
Outwards, as flowers through flagstones—so
would these
Draw me, like wire, interminably out."

Of a very different tone, but most love-
ly in its way, is that picture of "a laugh-
ing blonde:"

"She sits a picture: from the billowy silk
A little foam of lace just ripples by
Upon the beach of that resplendent neck;
Failing to reach the gems bestranded there.
In fine, broad shadows sweeps that sea of silk,
Over the modeled mystery of her form,
Heaving with under life—yet surfaced so
That the most daring fancy were o'ertasked
In diving for the nymph beneath the wave—
In short, she's a fair woman."

"Alexis in a church" is one of the
finest things in the volume. We wish, by
the way, that the milliner touch "*yach-
mask* crape of recent widowhood" were
removed. If reconstructed, in parts ex-
panded and in parts contracted, and made
into a separate poem, we can fancy it
taking place on the same shelf with *The
Christian Year* and Wordsworth's *Ec-
clesiastical Sonnets*, as a poetical expon-
ent of the spirit of our church.

—"Forth roll the chords,
The great strong stormy chords, in whirl-
winds up
The winding-stairs of harmony to God!"

"—Again, that brazen serpent of a Psalm
Turns its great spiral into heaven; and I
Can only sing in silence! Oh! so wild,
So desolate a strain: 'Thou sweep'st us off
As with a flood! We vanished hence like
dreams!'

These psalms go home too straight—these
great old psalms,
Familiar as my mother's face, but grand
As is the countenance of heaven with stars!"

"—Now for Queen and Prince,
And royalty in general. How they're thrust
Against us at the very communion-rails.
These prayers, like buffetiers, reminding us
That we're in church on sufferance! I do
yield

To none in loyalty—no envious breath
Hath questioned the allegiance of my heart
To her who wears the crown, and dignifies
The crown she wears; but if a passing gleam
Of disaffection ever lights my soul,
It is when I'm required to turn about
From the east window, and the Decalogue,
To make obeisance towards the royal pew."

"—A murmur of low words
Keeps its monotonous note, and separates,
As by a hand uplifted to the heaven,
The sacrament from silence. Mutes succeed
Retiring mutes. Old Palsy looks at me,
And fidgets with her staff. A throb goes
through
My heart. On, on before, good soul! thou
art

The worthier—I follow—

In the dust!

Thou'rt weak, poor woman! let me help thee forth—

Here lay thine hand upon my arm—now come,
There's time enough for getting out of church.
No need for haste; they will not shut us in."

"Isaura in Heaven" we think in every way the feeblest part of *Anastasia*. The rhymed ode at the commencement is quite unworthy of Mr. Starkey—

"Thou hast, we know, a heart for *all*
The souls that in life's ordeal,"

is one of the inaccuracies which a poet should never allow himself.

"Words are but shadows; oh! wings! wings!
To franchise the abyss,"

is the most spasmodic form conceivable of saying a thing which is not very well worth saying after all. But we must quote a few sweet lines:

"——Ah! me!

I shall have much to move me! Hearts so knit
And hands so clasped in old acquaintanceship,
Like ivied oaks, could not but have been hung
With mosses of old memories, caught and clasped

In bends and branchings known but to ourselves,
And thus more dear. Familiar growths like these

To disentangle will be sweet, but sweet
As when one smiles and sighs."

When "Alexis in life" contemplates a poem, what can be finer than this:

"Rather let me take
A present theme; or, better, weave the past
Into an epic. Ay! that might do good.
Assert high truths; expound the arrowheads
Of providence; interpret them upon
The alabaster of one life."

Few contemporary poets have ever more grandly sung the work of suffering—

"Madly I strove for fame; too fiercely strove;
Till of pent thoughts the Florentine fierce test
Bedewed my brow with sweat-drops, which
alas!

I took for pearls, and dreamed that I was crowned.

I had forgot that I must suffer first
Before I could be musical; and that
Sorrow and song are not twins, but are sire
and son."

What a delicate touch is this—

"This hair; yes, thou hast still a treasured tress

Of what it was; silvered before its time
With moonlight of earth's nights."

The practical conciliation of free-will and election is handled with magnificent philosophy in these lines:

"There is the martyr for free will; and there
The martyr for election; martyrs each
To an eternal truth: both taught at last,
In the large light of life, how far beyond
The compass of their brain it was to grasp
The full circumference of Almighty mind,
Moving in its immensity."

There breathes a calm round the following passage like the hush in an old cathedral, when the organ notes have just died away, and one stands by the effigy of an old crusader:

"——Compose thy hands
Upon thy breast. Be marbled into peace!
Lie like the effigy of one who hath
Gone pilgrimage; done battle for the cross,
And bears the palm. Go down to death again
In silence, to be ready for thy life!"

"Alexis in his chamber" reviews his life with a tender and noble wisdom:

"——Long studious years!
How quietly ye've passed upon your way!
Passed, like a lapsing stream; yet leaving me
These peaceful shadows! Naught like grass
Upon—or under. How mine eyes revive to rest
On its green freshness, from their life-long march
Across the arid parchment of old books—
Across the blank white sheets on which they've left
Thought-marks; across the cloudier phantasms which

Are miscalled life; across the aqueduct
Of over-arching days, by which these tears
Traversed the gloomy valley!

Let them rest

A little longer—I—ah! that will do!"

We have concluded our task of that pleasant November evening. Henceforth the music of *Anastasia* will mingle its noble melancholy with our memories of the autumnal woods of the Dargle. It is possible, indeed, that the poem, taken as a whole, may be considered unsuccessful. It is certain that it would gain by compression and correction. It is probable that, if the poem were to be considered by its author as a quarry from which his future works were to be shaped, the mar-

ble which was to supply the stuff for a multitude of future creations; if he were to distribute its riches among several shorter pieces, philosophical and sacred—he would gain not only in present popularity but in future reputation. But the varied learning, the fine philosophical analy-

sis, the directing but not obtrusive psychological insight, the occasional bursts of poetry, the repose, above all, of the wounded heart of the man, and the wearied intellect of the thinker, in simple faith upon the cross, combine to make *Anastasia* emphatically a remarkable book.

From the London Review.

HISTORY OF THE ROMANS UNDER THE EMPIRE.*

WE congratulate Mr. Merivale on concluding a second stage in his admirable history. The present volume embraces the reigns of Nero, Galba, Otho, Vitellius, and that of Vespasian, down to the destruction of Jerusalem—a period of no less interest than any of the preceding portions of the work, and treated with equal, if not increasing, ability. Most sincerely do we trust that the accomplished author will be permitted to complete the course which he has marked out for his labors. It is supposed that “two more volumes will suffice to embrace the whole sphere of the imperial civilization; but the labor required will be out of all proportion to the space to be filled, and a considerable period must be expected to elapse before they can make their appearance.” We make no apology, then, for not waiting for the completion of the whole series; but at once direct the attention of our readers to the last installment.

The opening chapter has a peculiar interest for ourselves; it is occupied with the affairs of Britain. Not that Mr. Merivale is able to throw much new light on the relations between this country and the earlier Roman Emperors. We all know that Roman civilization in this coun-

try is still an impenetrable mystery; that the inaccuracy of authors, or the changes which eighteen centuries have effected in the features of the soil, make it impossible to trace with certainty the scenes of action, and that antiquaries have defended their own theories with a vehemence in strict proportion to the obscurity of the subjects discussed. Mr. Merivale shows an adequate acquaintance with what has been written on these points; but thick darkness still overhangs the true character and the results of the first expeditions against this country. And no wonder. Our only testimony on the subject is from the Romans themselves. The island was remote, the people barbarous: there was much to risk and little to gain by hazarding an invasion. The questionable success of Caesar's attack (as evidenced by the fact that the tribute which he imposed remained for years unpaid) was exaggerated into a triumph by the conqueror's vanity, whilst the ignorance of the inhabitants of Italy about the country prevented them from correcting the accounts which they received. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*, is a principle of very wide application: and the childish stories of the horrors of the place and the superstitions of the people which were carried to Rome, and apparently believed, find their counterpart only in the monstrous narratives of Eastern lands which were current in Europe during the Middle Ages. One

* *A History of the Romans under the Empire*. By CHARLES MERIVALE, B.D. Vol. VI. London: Longmans, 1858.

fact is worth a thousand hypotheses in so obscure a matter. So little confidence was felt in Caesar's success, and so great was the terror caused by the prevailing accounts of Britain, that, a hundred years after the first descent of Julius, a Roman army forgot its habitual fidelity, and broke out into open mutiny, on being commanded to prepare for an invasion of the dreaded island.

Internal dissension, that common cause of the introduction of civilized nations into the affairs of barbarians, first gave the Romans a permanent footing in Britain. The petty chieftains quarreled among themselves, and the worsted party sought for aid to bind about their enemies' necks a chain, which they found speedily to press upon their own. The whole story of the Roman conquest of Britain is one protracted narrative of treachery and deceit, committed against one another by those who should have made common cause against the strangers. Adminius sought to secure the aid of Caligula; Bericus solicited that of Claudius for his restoration to a share in his paternal inheritance. The valor of Caractacus, and his eventual defeat, with his supposed address to the Roman Emperor, are among the first of our school-boy recollections: it was in this reign that any lasting impression was first made. But this was not effected without a struggle. Claudius visited the island in person, and is said to have gained some inglorious successes over an enemy who every where retreated before him. But the legate whom he left in command did not come off so easily; and thirty battles fought between the Isle of Wight and Dartmoor Forest testify to the obstinacy of the resistance. "Many a fosse and mound, many a tumulus of heroes' bones, on the hills of Wilts and Dorset, still bears silent testimony to these obscure and nameless contests: and the narrow gorge of the Teign, deeply scarred with alternately round and square intrenchments, was the scene perhaps of the last desperate struggles for the garden of Britain." Even then it is conjectured that domestic treachery facilitated the victory of Vespasian, who learned in Britain the first elements of that generalship which was destined to conduct him to the imperial throne.

We must refer our readers to Mr. Merivale's pages to learn with what vicissitudes of fortune the Trinobantes, the

Iceni, and the Silures were successively subdued; how the Roman proconsul advanced to the borders of Wales, and pursued the Druids to their last retreat in Anglesey, from which they were finally swept, and the whole race annihilated. According to the usual tactics of Roman military occupation of a hostile territory, a colony was established in one of the conquered districts; but in its altered conditions we may trace the signs of decay even in the midst of seeming prosperity. Here is Mr. Merivale's account of the character of the Roman colony in Britain.

"Under the republic, the colony was a direct offshoot from the parent city; a number of citizens were told off by lot, to occupy like a swarm of bees, to which they were commonly compared, their appointed station: and the soil of the conquered land was appropriated to them as their *field*, or national territory. As an off-set from a nation of soldiers, the colonists were themselves all soldiers, and their new city, founded on the principles of the old, was in fact a stationary camp, furnished with the same civil and military appliances as the metropolis itself; not only with the streets and houses, the walls and ditch, but with the temples and tribunals—above all, with the sacred Augural, or spot on which the auspices might be duly observed. But the citizen had now lost most of his military traditions. When he migrated to a foreign settlement, it was generally as a private trader or adventurer. The civilian could no longer be induced to relinquish his peaceful indulgences, and go forth armed and booted, in prospect of a slender patrimony, to be cultivated with toil, and defended with his blood. On the other hand, the paid defenders of the state—the military profession, as it had now become—were no longer fit to return, after numerous years of service, to the staid habits of the municipium from which they had been levied; they retained no taste for the amenities of civil life, and might even be dangerous in crowded streets, and among the mutinous rabble of a vicious city. The colony was now merely a convenient receptacle for the discharged veterans of the camp. Transferred from active duty in the field or the parade, to which they were no longer equal, they were expected to maintain, as armed pensioners of the state, the terror of the Roman name on the frontiers, by their proud demeanor and habits of discipline, rather than by the strength of hands now drooping at their sides. The lands of the Trinobantes were wrested from their ancient possessors and conveyed to the new intruders; the veterans established themselves in the dwellings of the unfortunate natives, desecrated their holy places applied to their own use their goods and chattels, perhaps even their wives and daughters; and, if they left to them any

rights at all, set up tribunals of their own to decide every matter in dispute with them."—Pp. 32–34.

But other circumstances aggravated the worst features of this annoyance in the case of the Britons. Despising the foes by whom they were surrounded, the Roman colonists neglected the ordinary precautions to secure their position, and thus seemed to promise success to the attack which their constant oppression kept provoking. In the midst of their security a storm broke over them, from the quarter whence they least of all expected it. Among the native tribes none had been more compliant than the Iceni, none so willing to desert the cause of their fellow-countrymen and to welcome the Romans with open arms. On the death of their King Prasutagus, that monarch, "in the hope of propitiating the provincial government to his family, had bequeathed his dominions to the republic. He expected, perhaps, that his wife and his children, who were also females, if not allowed to exercise even a nominal sovereignty after him, would at least be treated in consequence with the respect due to their rank." He was horribly disappointed; stripes, torture, and the last indignity were the lot of the ill-fated women, who were suspected of having concealed a part of the royal treasures. Now once more the long-quelled spirit of the natives awoke and burst forth with terrible energy. Taking advantage of the absence of Suetonius, the Iceni fell upon the Claudian colony. Thunderstruck by the unexpectedness of the attack, a superstitious fear seized the invaders, who read in every accident that befell them some stern portent of their inevitable doom. For a time the tide of victory seemed to have turned, and atrocities with which our own ears are but too familiar were inflicted by the frenzied barbarians. But the madness of the attempt, forgotten in the first outburst of passion, became more and more manifest as the return of the legate and the collection of the legions brought the native hordes once more face to face with the discipline of Rome. And the appointment of a lenient pro-prætor made lasting the peace which the victory of Suetonius had for a time secured.

The events which occurred during the reign of Nero derive their interest from their own intrinsic importance, and from

the influence they exerted upon the course of the world's history, not from any dignity possessed by the leading persons of the epoch. Even amongst the names, so infamous for every vice, that are found in the list of the Roman Emperors, it would be hard to find one with so few redeeming traits as the successor of Claudius. He came, indeed, of a race who were conspicuous for their crimes; and Mr. Merivale makes this fact the foundation of an acute remark on

"the precision with which we can trace the character of Roman families, descending often with the same unmistakable lineaments from father to son for many generations. We mark the pride of the Claudii, the turbulence of the Lepidi, the cool selfishness of the Pompeii. There is no more striking analogy between Roman and English history than this; it is only an aristocracy that can present us with a family history of public interest. The great men of democratic Athens stand out alone; no one cares to ask who were their fathers, or whether they left sons. Had they sprung every one from the earth, as they fancifully boasted of their nation, their career and character could not have been, to all appearance, more independent of family antecedents. So strongly, however, were the features of the Roman family traced by the hereditary training of its members, that, though the descent of blood was often interrupted by the practice of adoption, the moral aspects of its character were still broadly but clearly preserved."—Pp. 60, 61.

In no instance is this principle more clearly discernible than in the line of the Ahenobarbi. Descended from an ancient family, the list of their crimes was longer than their pedigree. Of one scion of the house, it had been said by Crassus: "No wonder that his beard is of brass; for his mouth is of iron, and his heart of lead." Ferocity and faithlessness combined were the hereditary features of their character. The father of Nero had been notorious for every crime—for murder and treason, adultery and incest: he made a jest of his own enormities; "and it was reported at least, that, on the child's birth, (the mother was Agrippina, the sister of Caligula,) he replied to the felicitations of his friends by grimly remarking, that nothing could spring from such a father and such a mother but what could be abominable and fatal to the State."

We have neither space nor inclination to enter into a minute account of the various stages by which Nero passed from a timid hypocrisy to open and unblushing

crime. His love for night-brawls in the streets might be passed over with deserved contempt, and the foul practices of his shameless wantonness might seem to have affected but himself and his immediate associates; but cruelty, as usual, followed in the train of lust, and no man's life was secure at Rome. In our own days, when the excesses of a petty sovereign cause such burning indignation throughout all Europe, it is difficult to comprehend how the chief nation of the world could have so long submitted to the dominion of such a monster. The King of Naples does not easily restrain the subjects of his circumscribed and petty tyranny; but the misrule of Nero extended far and wide beyond the walls of Rome; and if even Italy were content to serve him, it may still be asked, How was it that the vast outlying empire did not break off from his authority?

To this question Mr. Merivale has replied by suggesting, as we believe, the true key to the enigma. He reminds us, in the first place, that enormities which are so patent to us, were comparatively unknown to the mass of the citizens; that the leniency of the earlier years of Nero's reign had established a claim to their gratitude which the people were unwilling to forget; and that although the sentences and deaths of Nero's victims were publicly discussed and recorded, yet their execution was generally anticipated by suicide, so that the actual murder was hidden from the public eye. But a deeper reason lies beneath all these modifying circumstances.

"Had the Romans been more conscious of the cruelties thus perpetrated in the midst of them; had they felt more keenly the pain and shame of the wretched victims of the tyranny which overshadowed them, they would still have borne it with an apathy which it requires some effort in us to understand. For they were hardened against the sense of wrong and suffering by the viciousness of their own institutions, by their own personal habits and usages, by the daily practice of every household among them. Whenever the Roman entered his own dwelling, the slave chained in the doorway, the thongs hanging from the stairs, the marks of the iron and the cord on the faces of his domestics, all impressed him with the feeling that he was a despot himself; for despot and master were only other words for the same fearful thing, the irresponsible owner of a horde of human chattels. When he seated himself in the circus, and beheld the combats of men with beasts, or of men with their fellow-men, when he smelt

the reeking fumes of blood which saffron odors could not allay, heard the groans of the wounded, and, appealed to with the last look of despair, gave ruthlessly the sign for slaughter—he could not but be conscious of the same glow of pleasurable excitement at the sight of death and torture which is ascribed to the most ferocious of tyrants. Again, when he invaded a province as questor or proconsul, and set himself assiduously to amass a fortune without regard to duty or humanity, he felt, not without pride, that if among citizens he was a citizen, he was himself a king or an emperor among the subjects of the State. *His own conscience would not suffer him to be indignant at any tyranny he witnessed.* He had done as much or more himself. *Tyranny was his own birthright: how could he resent its exercise in another?* Unless it immediately touched himself, what interest had he in resenting it? And for all the iniquities he himself practiced, he had no doubt a salvo in his own breast. Slavery he firmly believed to be an eternal law of nature. The free races were, he was assured, as gods to the servile races. He confessed the more readily, perhaps, that Cæsar was in some sense divine, inasmuch as he claimed to be himself of superior nature to the prostrate herds at his feet. But, if Cæsar was divine, must he not acquiesce in Cæsar's sovereign authority? An old tradition pronounced that the massacres of the circus were politically expedient. That men should be hardened against fear by the frequent spectacle of death was a fixed principle in the moral creed of a Roman. Lastly, that Rome should rule the world seemed to him the final cause of creation."—Pp. 222-224.

What a striking example have we here of the workings of a retributive Providence, and how pregnant a theme for a statesman to study! We believe that this theory can not be invalidated; that the family is indeed the foundation and type of the State; that those who, by early judicious training, are taught at home to govern themselves, will become fit subjects to possess and maintain freedom; that lawlessness or tyranny at the domestic hearth will beget its like in the prevailing form of government; or, perhaps, to speak more correctly, that the family, and the form of government, act and react upon each other. Such thoughts tempt one to speculate upon certain phenomena of our own political condition and that of our neighbors. They provoke inquiry as to how far the present state of France may be due to the avowed weakness of domestic ties in that land, and as to what influence the existence of a depotism at home has had in the reintroduction of slavery into their colonial possessions—a

step which, we fear, is but too clearly decided on. In our own case, it suggests an investigation into the deficiencies of our system of mental training which have led to the indifferentism and eclecticism which prevail in almost every department of thought; evinced as it is in the world of politics by the utter disruption of party and seeming abandonment of principle, and in the church by the presence of a negative theology, and the absence of distinct dogmatic teaching. These lines of thought we can only indicate in passing. Our subject recalls us to the second part of our question, as to what preserved the sway of Rome over her more distant dependencies.

The old Roman spirit, which seemed extinct at home, still proved its existence among the rulers of the provinces. There was little to attract, and much to disgust, a man of character in a residence at the capital. If he took any part in public affairs, he must either share in a servility to the despot, which could not but be loathsome to him, or become obnoxious by acting an independent part. If he abstained from business, and retired to privacy, he was at once suspected of being disaffected to the Emperor. The insular position of Italy, and the favor in which Nero was held by the populace, whom he won by shows and largesses, made the Empire secure at home; but constant wars on the German, or Parthian, or British frontiers, called for the presence of firm and able proconsuls. In these commands, then, the Roman noble found his fitting employment. Surrounded by friends of his own selection, intrusted with unlimited command throughout his province, unfettered by the presence of even a council, the proconsul found, in the exercise of his office, both scope for his talents and an opportunity of increasing his wealth. Such a position was not reviewed by a bad emperor without jealousy; but, up to the period of which we are speaking, there was no precedent on which his fears could be grounded. Corbulo, the most eminent and successful military commander under Nero, unhesitatingly obeyed the command to commit suicide, and plunged into his own breast the sword that might have been turned successfully against his master. Vespasian repeatedly refused the solicitations to declare himself emperor, even when avowedly master of the situation. Galba

only acquiesced in the requirement after much hesitation, and when too deeply committed by others to recede with safety to himself or them. In turning from the details of palace intrigue and debauchery to the sketches of such men, we feel that we are once more occupied with the history of the fourth monarchy.

"The men who governed the provinces, nobles by birth, senators in rank, judges and administrators as well as captains by office, represent the highest and largest training of the Roman character; for they combined a wide experience of men and affairs with the feelings of a high-born aristocracy, and the education of polished gentlemen. Long removed from daily intercourse with their more frivolous peers in the city, they escaped, for the most part, contamination with the worst elements of society at home; they retained some of the purity together with the vigor of the heroes of the republic; they preserved in an era of ideologists or sensualists the strength of character and manly principle which had laid the deep foundations of the Roman empire. They were conquerors, but they were also organizers; and so far, with respect at least to subjects of inferior race, they deserve to be reputed civilizers. They impressed on the mind of the Orientals a fear, upon that of the Occidentals an admiration, of Rome, which taught them first to acquiesce in the yoke, and afterwards to glory in it. These were the representatives of her moral power, of whom Rome should have made her idols, alike for the glory of their exploits, and the influence of their will and character; not the Claudii and Domitii, whom the chance of family adoption had raised to the lip-worship of courtiers and time-servers. We are tempted to gaze, again and again, in the decline and decay before us, on the legitimate succession of true Roman nobility, to renew our admiration of its sense of duty, its devotion to principles of obedience and self-control, unshaken by the cavils of the schools, serving the Emperor as the Genius of Discipline, worshiping all the gods after the custom of antiquity, but trusting no god but its country."—Pp. 396, 397.

Important commands could, however, fall into the hands of but a few; and it may be inquired, What resource had the vast mass of Romans, who were obliged perforce to remain unemployed? Mr. Merivale warns us on this point not to confuse ancient with modern despotism. The censorship of the press, and jealousy of all literary ability, which are the accompaniments of a modern autocracy, were unknown at Rome. Nero evinced even to a late period of his reign a laudable disregard of satirical attacks upon himself, and, with the exception of con-

temporaneous history, all branches of literature were allowed full scope; so that "the license, which was extended to writings at this period, was undoubtedly accepted by the great mass of the rising generation of educated men, as compensation for the restraints imposed upon them in active life." Literary acquirements became the fashion; and no person, with pretensions to rank as a gentleman, was without his *ephemerides*, or commonplace book, into which he copied extracts from distinguished authors, or wrote his own observations on men and things. There are constant allusions in Juvenal to the mania for writing, to the inflictions to which the clients and debtors of long-winded and prosy authors had to submit, to the public recitations at the baths of all the new publications. Measured by the standard of our own days, the activity of some Latin authors is appalling. We smile on reading that Nero himself proposed to write a history of the affairs of Rome, and that a flatterer suggested that the work ought to extend to at least four hundred volumes; but the vast compilations of the Emperor Claudius, of Servilius Nonianus, and Aufidius Bassus, were not only written, but found readers. The elder Pliny, besides composing his celebrated encyclopedia and other works, made extracts, and notes of conversations, which extended, at his death, to one hundred and sixty volumes.

In estimating the influence of this oppressive mass of information, we must be careful not to exaggerate the effect of the modern invention of printing. Some of our readers may be astonished to learn that "curious calculations have been made, to show that the rapidity with which copies could be multiplied by hand from dictation, was little less than that of printing. It is not impossible that a limited number of copies, a hundred for instance, could be written off quicker at the librarian's workshop, than a single one could be set up in type by the printer." The labor employed was, of course, that of slaves; but so abundant was it, that a book of Martial, containing seven hundred lines, "smoothed with pumice, and elegantly bound," could be had for 3s. 4d., whilst inferior copies were sold for 1s. 6d., and some even as low as 4d. These prices caused a demand for literature even in the provinces, and the younger Pliny was agreeably surprised to find a booksel-

ler's shop at Lugdunum, and, no doubt, still more gratified at seeing his own works among the books which had most recently arrived from Rome. The influence of philosophy over a people who have not received the light of revelation, is always a deeply interesting study; and, in this branch of literature one name stands prominently forward at this period: it is that of Seneca. No writings, perhaps, of a heathen author breathe a more genuine spirit of philanthropy; no others, perhaps, can be found to contain like indications of a political liberality and largeness of view. "*Virtue*," he says in one place, "*embraces all men together—freed-men, slaves, and kings. We are born to a common inheritance; wisdom invites the human race to live together in amity.*" But his practice was strangely inconsistent with his principles. Although the clemency of Nero, at the outset of his reign, is generally attributed to the influence of the philosopher, it would have been well for Seneca's reputation if he had never been associated with the imperial court. It is, indeed, impossible fairly to balance all the difficulties by which he was beset; we can never know how great was the danger that Agrippina would recover her sway over the mind of her son, or how far the disposition of the prince rendered compliance to some extent with his vices the only means of maintaining any hold upon him. But we are unable to trace in Seneca any high objects, to attain which he might have deceived himself into the necessity for doing evil that good might come. He supported, indeed, the authority of the Senate, as a counterfoil to the intrigues of Agrippina; but not with the intention of raising up a firm and legitimate check on the power of the Emperor. We are hardly able to reconcile Mr. Merivale's estimate of his character with the accounts which he has given us of his conduct.

"The only mode," says our author, "in Seneca's view, of tempering tyranny is to educate the tyrant himself in virtue. His was the self-denial of the Christians, but without their anticipated compensation. It seems impossible to doubt that in his highest flights of rhetoric—and no man ever recommended the unattainable with a finer grace—Seneca must have felt that he was laboring to build up a house without foundations; that his system, as Caius said of his style, was sand without lime. He was surely not unconscious of the inconsistency of his own position, as a public man and a minister,

with the theories to which he had wedded himself; and of the impossibility of preserving in it the purity of his character as a philosopher or a man. He was aware that, in the existing state of society at Rome, wealth was necessary to men high in station; wealth alone could retain influence, and a poor minister became at once contemptible. The distributor of the imperial favors must have his banquets, his receptions, his slaves and freedmen; he must possess the means of attracting, if not of bribing; he must not seem too virtuous, too austere, among an evil generation; in order to do good at all, he must swim with the stream, however polluted it might be. All this inconsistency Seneca must have contemplated without blenching; and there is something touching in the serenity he preserved amidst the conflict that must have perpetually raged between his natural sense and his acquired principles. Both Cicero and Seneca were men of many weaknesses, and we remark them the more because both were pretenders to unusual strength of character: but while Cicero lapsed into political errors, Seneca can not be absolved of actual crime. Nevertheless, if we may compare the greatest masters of Roman wisdom together, the Stoic will appear, I think, the more earnest of the two, the more anxious to do his duty for its own sake, the more sensible of the claims of mankind upon him for such precepts of virtuous living as he had to give. In an age of unbelief and compromise, he taught that truth was positive, and virtue objective. He conceived, what never entered Cicero's mind, the idea of improving his fellow-creatures: he had, what Cicero had not, a heart for conversion to Christianity."—Pp. 293, 294.

Now we are obliged to admit that none of Mr. Merivale's decisions have puzzled us so much as that just quoted. It should be remembered that he believes Seneca to have been privy to some of Nero's most unnatural crimes—to have approved of the murder of Agrippina by her own child—to have not only approved but even planned the viler enormity of giving poison to the youthful Britannicus, and the detestable hypocrisy with which upon his brother's death Nero claimed the sympathy of the Senate as the sole remaining offspring of the Cæsars. In all this Mr. Merivale traces the hand of a master in state-craft, and can only ascribe it to one man. Nor was Seneca's character free from disgraceful stains in a private capacity: and the revolt in Britain is said to have been due to his rapacity, and to his sudden calling in of the sums which he had put out at an enormous rate of interest. In these respects, at any rate, Cicero will contrast favorably with the

Stoic philosopher. And even if he had a clearer conception of what was true, to what purpose was it to proclaim that virtue was objective, except that he might be the better able to comprehend and obey its demands? By all the greater amount of conviction with which he was endued, the heavier should be our condemnation of Seneca's crimes. Nor can we comprehend in what sense he can be said to have had "a heart for conversion to Christianity." There have been men amongst the Heathen who seemed to desire, above all things, the knowledge of truth, and to have hearts to follow it, when known, at all risks: to such men these words might be applied—but such was not Seneca.

Whilst it was becoming more and more manifest that the heathen philosophy was powerless to regenerate mankind, the providence of God was preparing the soil of Rome for the reception of the seed of Divine truth. An elaborate account of the state of religion at Rome, exhibiting combined research and accuracy, is a feature of the present volume. There is a masterly sketch of the growing influence of the Jewish residents. We seem to see their marked features, their strong national enthusiasm contrasting strangely with the prevailing indifference, their proud exclusiveness in a land where they were regarded as inferiors, forming a large and widely mixed, but still a separate, element in Roman society. "They thronged together in particular quarters of the city, which they almost made their own; their numbers soon amounted to many thousands; and the turbulence which was early remarked as characteristic of them, caused the Senate to regard them with jealousy, its orators to denounce them as dangerous subjects." But they secured the patronage of Julius and Augustus; they were permitted to exercise their own form of worship; and the mysteriousness of their faith, and the earnestness of its followers, made a great impression upon the Roman mind. To dally with Judaism became a fashionable excitement; "the Emperor's palace itself seems to have been a nursery of Jewish usages and opinions. The *Columbaria* of Claudius, recently discovered, reveal a number of Hebrew names among the imperial freedmen." We may be sure that those who compassed sea and land to make one proselyte did not neglect the oppor-

tunities which were thus afforded them, to tell to listening ears the wonders of Sinai, or to dilate upon the glories yet to be revealed at the coming of Messiah. But at length the "strangers of Rome," on returning from the Penecostal feast at Jerusalem, proclaimed that Messiah is already come, has suffered for sin and risen again; that the long line of prophecies has been fulfilled in a Child of the house of David; and they found those who were prepared to believe the testimony, and to rejoice in an inward witness vouchsafed to them of its truth.

Most interesting is it to be able to trace in the remote past any point in which the lines of civil and religious history cut one another, or are for a time united. Such a point of contact we have in St. Paul's journey to Rome. With our knowledge of the eventual success of his mission, what a profound importance attaches to the visit of the Apostle of the Gentiles to the capital of the Roman world! And yet the wildest dreamer could not have pictured a conqueror in more unlikely guise than that of the Jewish prisoner. But contrast him for an instant with the master of heathen philosophy of whom we have spoken above. None knew better than St. Paul—witness the opening of his Epistle to the Romans—how widely the flood-gates of iniquity had been opened, and how universal was the spread of the contamination; but no thought of the least compromise with evil ever influenced his mind: none knew better than he—for he was well acquainted with heathen learning—what difficulties beset the introduction of Christianity; but he was confident that it would yet prevail. If we can trace in his words, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel," a sense of the contumely by which it would be met, his conduct proved the full conviction that it was the power of God unto salvation. But we must not linger over a tempting theme. Some acute remarks will be found in the work before us on the character of the Church in Rome, as gathered from St. Paul's letter addressed to it. We pass by with the remark, that if [the logical and argumentative form into which it is cast proves that it was intended for well-educated readers, the whole line of argument, and the numerous allusions to Jewish customs, proved that, if not mainly of Hebrew extraction, the Church at Rome was at least composed

of persons who were fully instructed in the system of the law.

The persecution of the Christians in the reign of Nero has long been a subject of difficulty to historians. That the sect was deemed to be inoffensive, is proved by the release of St. Paul after an imprisonment of two years' duration: and the suddenness of the storm which broke over them the year following is unaccounted for by any historical facts. We are told, indeed, in the well-known words of Tacitus, that the Emperor denounced them as the authors of the fire which consumed the city, "in order to propitiate the popular feeling; for none others were so detested for their strange and mischievous superstition, or so generally held guilty of the most abominable crimes, of the crime, indeed, of hatred towards the whole human race;" but no facts are alleged to account for this hatred. Nor is there any thing in the known habits and teaching of early Christianity which can explain the existence of such a disposition. On the contrary, it is matter of history that the first converts quietly pursued their customary avocations, that their teachers carefully inculcated obedience to the existing authorities, and that in all external rites, not involving the worship of idols, they followed the customs of the people amongst whom they dwelt. Christianity, indeed, up to a later period, attracted but little attention at Rome; and when "the offense of the cross" began to be experienced, and the lives of the disciples were felt to be a reproach to those who came into contact with them, their antipathy found its vent in far milder language than that which Tacitus and Suetonius employ. Such being the case, it was suggested by Gibbon that the Roman authors were mistaken in applying the name of Christians to the sufferers, and that the fury of the populace and the Emperor fell, not upon the Church, but upon the Jews. We know not how much weight should be attached to the supposition of Dr. Milman, "that the popular fury against the Christians, and the belief in their guilt, were caused by their vaunts of an impending conflagration of the world." Mr. Merivale has started a theory which fairly meets the necessities of the case, and may at least lay claim to much ingenuity.

"For myself," he says, "perplexed by the received accounts, yet scrupling to admit such entire misapprehension on the part of our au-

thorities, I crave a fair consideration for another suggestion: that the suspicions of the Roman mob were directed against the turbulent Jews, notorious for their appeal to the name of Christ, as an expected prince or leader: that these fanatics, arrested and questioned, not so much of the burning as of their political creed, sought to implicate the true disciples, known to them and hated by them, however obscure and inoffensive in Roman eyes, in the same charge: that the true Christians, thus associated in the charge of Christ-worship, avowed the fact in their own sense, a sense which their judges did not care to discriminate: that the believers became thus more or less sufferers, though doubly innocent, both of the fire and of political disaffection: finally, that our historians, misled by this false information, finding that the name of Christ was the common shibboleth of the victims, too readily imagined that the persecution was directed against Christians only."—Pp. 280, 281.

It was in vain, however, that Nero endeavored to divert the suspicion that he had himself caused the destruction of the ancient city. It had been the boast of Augustus, that he had found Rome of brick, and left it of marble; but Nero was anxious still further to beautify the city, and dignify it with his own name. It must be confessed that the plans of the government for the rebuilding were carried out with a vigor and decision that are to us amazing. The construction of the destroyed portions of the metropolis, including the enormous palace of the prince, seems to have been completed in four years. The whole appearance of Rome was changed. The long, narrow, tortuous streets disappeared, the old Italian architecture was every where supplanted by the Grecian style, marble and stone took the place of brick or wood, at least in the basement stories, even of the dwellings of the Subura, whilst open colonnades round every block of the new houses completed the alteration. We may suppose that the new city was more convenient and sightly than that which it replaced; yet the praisers of the good old times naturally lamented the loss of the shade which the high, narrow lanes had afforded against the blaze of an Italian sun. But all these improvements were eclipsed by the magnificence with which the palace was rebuilt. Mr. Merivale shows, indeed, a natural suspicion of the exaggerated statements about the golden house; he believes that whilst the palace of the Cæsars on the Palatine, and the villa of Mæcenas on the Esquiline, re-

mained comparatively uninjured, the *Domus Transitoria* by which they were connected fell a prey to the flames. This building seems to have been composed of a series of galleries built upon open arches, which allowed a free circulation of the traffic below them: the new colonnades are said to have been three in number, and each of them a mile in length.

"But the epithet of 'golden,' which this palace obtained, was derived from the splendid decorations which distinguished it. Externally it was adorned with all the luxury of art and taste at their highest eminence, with gilded roofs and sculptured friezes, and panels of many-colored marble. Within, it was a rich museum of painting, precious stones, and statuary; amidst the rubbish of its long-ruined chambers some of the choicest works of ancient art have been discovered, and the modern frescoes which we most admire seem to have been copied by stolen glimpses from walls unveiled for a moment and again shrouded in darkness. The grand entrance from the Forum and the Sacred Way was adorned with a marble statue of the Emperor, one hundred and twenty feet in height, the colossus which afterwards gave its name to the amphitheater of Vespasian. When Nero at last took possession of this gorgeous habitation, he remarked complacently that now he was lodged as a man should be."—Pp. 175, 176.

Had the despot, however, been possessed of foresight, he might have seen the natural result of his extravagance. To carry out such huge undertakings, vast sums of money were required, and the provinces groaned under the weight of taxes, although disguised with the name of free gifts. A deeper wound still was inflicted by the violent seizure of works of art which had long been the pride of the subject States, and were the last mementoes of more glorious days, whose memory was pleasant, though their fruits were lost; and they had hitherto been spared or even restored to them by former Emperors. When once the storm began to gather, there was but little power in the government to allay or to resist it; and although the reign of Nero lasted yet a few years, its ultimate overthrow might probably be traced to the Golden House, as that of the Bourbons to the building of Versailles.

We must refer our readers to Mr. Merivale's pages for an account of the closing years of Nero's reign. At his death the sacred family of Julius, the god-sprung race of Venus and Anchises, was extinct: but the character of his suc-

cessor seemed to promise the vigor which might be anticipated with the infusion of new blood. Galba, with many sterling good qualities, was wanting in the tact that was necessary to secure his seat on the throne. His first care should have been to gain the army; but he refused the expected donative, when a trifling largess would have sufficed to conciliate their favor. Instances, too, of his parsimony—and no vice is more hateful to the common people—were reported, and no doubt by his foes studiously exaggerated. "He had groaned aloud when a rich banquet was served him. He had rewarded the diligence of his chamberlain with a dish of lentils. He had marked his content with a distinguished flutist by presenting him with five *denarii*, drawn deliberately from his own pocket. Such was the successor of the refined Augustus, and of the magnificent Nero." The stern soldier passes away from the scene without having lost our respect, even though we hesitate to admit the dictum of Tacitus, that "if he had never reigned, all men would have deemed him fit to bear rule."

The period from the fall of Galba to the firm establishment of Vespasian on the imperial throne lacks that unity of interest which has hitherto been a marked feature of the empire. The mind is distracted by accounts of pretenders in different parts of the Roman world, and the scale seems for some time to tremble in the balance. No sooner has Otho removed Galba than he has to contend against the claims of Vitellius, and the latter finds that to dethrone the reigning monarch is not to secure an undisputed title to the sovereignty of the world. Through all these disturbances, the Senate, whose best members had fallen victims to Nero's cruelties, plays a most undignified part, hastening with eager adulations to vote all the imperial honors to the victor for the time being, and as rapidly transferring their allegiance when fortune leaves the man whom they have sworn to obey. A whole chapter is devoted to the narration of the successive stages by which Vespasian raised himself from the obscurity of his birth to the high place in public esteem which he enjoyed when appointed to the scepter of the Cæsars. Another chapter is occupied with the suppression of the revolt of the Germans and Gauls, who took advantage of the ex-

isting disturbances to raise the standard of rebellion. So subtle was the conspiracy to attempt—under pretense of siding with Vespasian—to shake off altogether the Roman yoke, so wide-spread was the combination amongst those who had long been hostile to one another against the common enemy, and so critical was the position of the legions, that the expectations of a Gallo-Germanic empire seemed on the point of fulfillment. Rarely had such terrible reverses befallen the Roman arms. The dismemberment of the empire appeared inevitable, but the old fortune of the State prevailed.

The last division of this volume embraces the wars in Judæa and the final destruction of Jerusalem. The prophecies which had prefigured this event—the portents which are said to have heralded its coming—the warning which enabled the Christians to withdraw—the unabated enthusiasm of the people in a hopeless struggle—the confident expectation of a Divine Deliverer even in the moment of defeat—the terrible scenes of internal dissension and violence which aggravated the horrors of a starving population—the repeated refusals of proffered mercy, and the stern doom which finally overwhelmed the unhappy people—the measure of their iniquities now full, and the vengeance of Heaven so unsparingly inflicted on the chosen race of Abraham—all these circumstances have combined to cast an interest about the destruction of Jerusalem, which does not flag because we know all its details, and which makes us turn eagerly to the terms in which it is described by a fresh narrator. We confess to feeling a something like disappointment in the perusal of Mr. Merivale's account. The circumstances are fully detailed, due prominence being given to events of importance, and proper subordination to less weighty items; but the power of expression hardly rises to the thrilling effect which the hand of genius would produce out of such materials.

We have passed the contents of this volume rapidly in review, and have occasionally drawn in nearer to examine its details with minute particularity.

In no age, perhaps, of the world's history has it been so necessary that men should turn at times from the cares of the present to meditation on the past. Never has the activity of the human mind been

advanced to such a pitch; never have the events which are passing before our eyes been more engrossing than in the present day. We all feel that the progress of civilization has produced an almost unhealthy rapidity of growth; that we are under a system of forcing which hurries us onwards without sufficient time for reflection. To the evils which are likely to be engendered from this cause, we have a kind of antidote in turning back to by-gone ages. The stream of history flows in circles, which are so vast that we do not comprehend their circuit; but which are circles still, and find their completion when the period of decay is reached. And if we dare not but expect that, in its course, our own season of decline will come, we may hope, by learning from the experience of others, and by avoiding mistakes which were fatal to those who

went before us, to extend the radius, and so increase the space embraced in the circumference of our own era. To trace the hidden influences by which other empires have been founded or overthrown, to investigate the secret causes of palpable effects, and thus to learn the principles by which nations are established, is the lesson taught to statesmen by the study of history: to see in all the hand of God, guiding the world to accomplish the purposes of his grace, is the delight of the Christian in the same pursuit. In no case are the characters written so plainly and intelligibly as in that of Rome; in none are there such broad and marked features as are stamped indelibly in the iron empire; nor do we recollect many instances in the whole range of modern historians in which they have been traced with an abler and firmer hand than that of Mr. Merivale.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

BABY VERNER; OR, A BLOW TO THE FEELINGS.

I.

It was the hight of the London season: not now, but years ago: and a drawing-room, all sun and light and heat, looked out on a fashionable square in an exceedingly fashionable locality. At the extreme end of the room, away from the sun's rays, a yet young and very lovely lady reclined in any easy-chair, a feverish flush was on her cheeks, but otherwise her features were white as the pillow on which they rested. The house was the residence of Mr. Verner: this lady was his wife, and she was dying.

It was said of spinal complaint—of general debility—of a sort of decline: friends and doctors equally differed as to the exact malady. None hinted that care

—disappointment—crushed feelings—could have any thing to do with her sinking: yet it is probable they had had more, by far, than all the other ailments ascribed to her. Somewhat of remorse may have been added also.

Once, when very young, she was engaged to be married to a Mr. Mair. She thought she liked him; she did like him; but one, higher in the world's favor, came across her path. His dashing appearance dazzled her eyes, like the baron dazzled fair Imogene, in the old song; his position dazzled her judgment; and Maria Raby would have discarded Arthur Mair for him. Her parents said No; common justice said No; but Mr. Verner exerted his powers of persuasion, and Maria yielded to her own will, and clandestinely left

her father's house to become his wife. Very, very soon was her illusion dissolved, and she found she had thrown away the substance to grasp the shadow. Mr. Verner had speedily tired of his new toy, and she lapsed into a neglected, almost a deserted wife. He lived a wild life, dissipating his fortune, tinging his character, and wasting his talents. Meanwhile, the despised Arthur Mair, through the unexpected death of a man younger than himself, had risen to affluence and rank, and was winning his way to the approbation of good men. He had probably forgotten Maria Raby. It is certain that his marriage had speedily followed upon her own: perhaps he wished to prove to the world that her inexcusable conduct had not told irretrievably upon him. Thus, Mrs. Verner had lived for many years, bearing her wrongs in silence, and battling with her remorseful feelings. But nature gave way at last, and her health left her: a few months of resigned suffering, and the grave drew very near. She was conscious of it: more conscious, this afternoon, than she had yet been. Her first child, a girl, had died at its birth; several years afterwards, a boy was born, and as she lay, now, sadly thinking of him, her husband entered. He had come home to dress for an early dinner engagement.

"How hot you look!" was his remark, his eye carelessly noting the unusual hectic on her cheeks.

"Things are troubling me," she answered, her breathing more labored than common. "Alfred, I want to talk to you."

"Make haste, then," he replied, impatiently pulling out his watch. "I have not much time to waste."

To waste! On his dying wife!

"Oh! yes, you have if you like, Alfred. And, if not, you must make it. Other engagements may give way to me to-day, for I think it will be my last."

"Nonsense, Maria! You are nervous. Shake it off. What have you to say?"

"I think it will be," she repeated.

"At any rate, it can be but a question of a few days now, a week or two at most. Alfred, do you believe you could ever break an oath?"

"Break an oath!" he echoed in surprise.

"You are careless as to keeping your word; promises you forget as soon as made; but an oath imposes a solemn ob-

ligation, and must be binding on the conscience. I want you to take one."

"That I will not marry again," he responded, in a tone of suppressed mockery. "Calm yourself: it is not my intention to do so."

"Not so," she sadly uttered; "that would be an obligation I have no right to lay upon you: my death will leave you free. I want you to undertake to be a good father to the child."

"And you would impose such obligation by oath!" cried Mr. Verner. "It is scarcely necessary. Of course I shall be good to him. What is running in your head, Maria?—that I shall beat him, or turn him adrift? The boy shall go to Eton, and thence to college."

She put out her fevered hands and clasped him, with the excitable, earnest emotion of a dying spirit.

"O Alfred! when you are as near death as I am, you will know that there are other and higher interests than even the better interests of this world. If the knowledge never comes to you before, it will too surely come then. It is for those I wish you to train him."

"My dear," she rejoined, the mocking tone returning to his voice, and this time it was not disguised, "I will engage a curate at a yearly stipend, and he shall cram Raby with religion."

A cloud of pain passed across her brow: then she looked pleadingly up again to urge her wish.

"There is no earthly interest can be compared with that: we live here for a moment, in eternity forever. I want you to undertake that he shall be trained for it."

"So far as my will is good, he is welcome to grow up an angel," observed Mr. Verner, "but as to my taking an oath that he shall, you must excuse me. We will leave the topic: it is one that we shall do no good at, together. The boy will do well enough; what is there to hinder it? And do you get out of this desponding fit, Maria, and let me find you better when I come home at night."

He turned, and was gone from the room, like a shot. She called to him in an imploring voice, but he did not, or would not hear her, and just then her little boy peeped in.

"Raby, dear, you may come."

Raby Verner, a child of seven, who had inherited his mother's beauty, drew to-

wards her on tiptoe. He was too intelligent for his years, too sensitive, too thoughtful. His large and brilliant brown eyes were raised to hers with a sweet, sad expression of inquiry. Then the long, dark eyelashes fell over them, and he laid his head on her bosom, and threw up his arm lovingly to clasp her neck.

"Raby, I was just thinking of you. I must tell you something."

As if he had a dread presentiment of what was coming, he did not speak, but bent his face where she could not see it, and slightly shivered.

"Raby, darling, do you know that I am going to leave you—that I am going to heaven?"

The child had known it some time, for he had been alive to the gossiping of the servants, but, true to his shy and sensitive nature, he had buried the knowledge and the misery within his poor little heart. True to it now, he would not give vent to his emotion, but his mother felt that he shivered from head to foot, as his clasp tightened upon her.

"I read a pretty book, Raby, once. It told of the creed of some people, far, far away from our own land, who believe that when they die—if they die in God's love—they are permitted to become ministering spirits to some one whom they leave here—to hover invisibly round them, and direct their thoughts and steps away from harm. My dearest, how I should like to find this to be really the case! I would come and watch over you."

His sobs could no longer be suppressed, though he strove still, and they broke out into a wail.

"Raby, dear, you have heard this is a world of care: all people find it so: though some more than others. When it shall fall upon you hereafter—as it is sure to do—remember God sends it, only to fit you for a better world."

The child looked up, his large eyes swimming. "Mamma, have you had much care?"

"A great deal; more than many have. But, Raby, that care has taken me home, it has shown me the way to get there. It will show you, I shall be there waiting for you. Carry always with you, through life, the hope to come there, and you will be sure to come."

What more she would have said is uncertain. Probably much. The child was

not like a child of seven, he was more like one of fourteen, and he understood well. It was Mr. Verner who interrupted them.

"Raby! crying, sir! What for? Has your mamma been talking gloomy stuff to you, or saying that she fears she is worse? It is not true boy, either of it: dry up that face of yours. Maria, you are *not* worse: if you were, I should see it. Run away into the nursery, sir."

The boy drew away choking, and Mr. Verner continued:

"It is not judicious of you, Maria, to alarm the boy. I can not think what has put these ideas into your head. He will be in tears for the rest of the day."

"He is so sensitive," she whispered. "Alfred, something seems to tell me he will be destined to sorrow. It is an impression I have always felt, but never so forcibly as now. Shield him from it wherever you can. Oh! that I could take him with me!"

"You are growing fanciful," answered Mr. Verner. "Destined to sorrow, indeed! Is there nothing else you fancy him destined to? Whence draw you your deduction?"

"I do not know. But a timid, sensitive, refined nature, such as his, with its unusual gift of genius, is always destined to what the world looks upon as adverse fate. It may be deep sorrow, or it may be an early death."

"All mothers think their child a genius," interrupted Mr. Verner, in his slighting tone.

"Well—if he lives, time will prove," she panted. "I fear you will find my words true. When the mind is about to separate from the body, I believe that it sees things with unusual clearness; that it can sometimes read the future, almost with a spirit of prophecy."

"I am not given to metaphysics," remarked Mr. Verner, as he again escaped from the room.

Mrs. Verner died. Raby, in due course, went to Eton, and afterwards to college. A shy, proud young man—at least, his reserved manners and his refined appearance and habits gave a stranger the idea that he was proud. He kept one term at Oxford, and had returned to keep a second, when a telegraphic dispatch summoned him to London. Mr. Verner had died a sudden death.

When Raby went back to Oxford, it

was only to take his name off the college books, for Mr. Verner had eaten up all he possessed, had died in debt, and Raby must no longer be a gentleman. A "rentier" the French would say, which is a much more suitable term: we have no word that answers to it. Raby Verner must struggle now to get a living. How will he be able to do it? His mother had said he possessed genius, and he undoubtedly did, a genius for painting. He had loved the art all his life, but his father had been against his pursuing it, even as an amateur—had obstinately set his face and interposed his veto against it. Raby determined to turn to it, with a will, now.

II.

A GENTLEMAN stood one morning in the studio of a far-famed painter, the Great Coram, as the world called him. The visitor was Sir Arthur Saxonbury, one of those warm patrons of art, all too few in England. Rich, liberal, and enthusiastic, his name was a welcome sound, not only to the successful but to the struggling artist. The painter was out; but, in a second room, seated before an easel, underneath the softened light of the green blind, was a young man, working assiduously. Sir Arthur took little notice of him at first; he supposed him to be an humble assistant, or color-mixer of the great man's; but, upon drawing nearer, he was struck with the exceeding and rare beauty of the face that was raised to look at him. But for the remarkable intellect of the high, broad brow, and the flashing light of the luminous eye, the face, in its sweet and delicate symmetry, in its transparency of complexion, might have been taken for a woman's. Sir Arthur, a passionate admirer of beauty, wherever he saw it, forgot the pictures of still life around him, and gazed at the living one. Gazed until he heard the painter enter.

"Who is that in the other room?" inquired Sir Arthur, when greetings were over.

"Ah! poor fellow, his is a sad history. When did you return to England, Sir Arthur?"

"But last week. Lady Saxonbury is tired of France and Germany, and her health seems to get no better. I must look at your new works, Coram: I sup-

pose you have many to show me, finished or unfinished."

"Ay. It must be three years since you were here, Sir Arthur."

"Nearly." They proceeded round the rooms, when Sir Arthur's eye once more fell on the young man.

"He has genius, that young fellow, has he not?" he whispered.

"Very great genius."

"I could have told it," returned Sir Arthur. "What a countenance it is! Transformed to canvas, its beauty alone would render the painter immortal. I presume he is an aspirant for fame. Will he get on?"

"No," said Mr. Coram.

Sir Arthur Saxonbury looked surprised.

"It is the old tale," proceeded the painter. "Poverty, friendlessness, and overwhelming talent."

"Talent has struggled through mountains before now, Coram," significantly observed the baronet.

"Yes. But Verner's enemy lies *here*," touching his own breast. "He is inclined to consumption, and these ultra refined natures can not battle against bodily weakness. His sensitiveness is something marvelous. A rude blow to his feelings would do for him."

Sir Arthur had looked up at the sound of the name. "What did you call him? Verner?"

"Raby Verner."

Raby Verner! Middle-aged as he was, years as it was ago, now, since his dream of love with Maria Raby had come to an abrupt ending, Sir Arthur Saxonbury, once Arthur Mair, positively felt his cheeks blush through his gray whiskers. He glanced eagerly at Raby's face, and memory carried him back to its spring-time, for those were her very eyes, with their sweet, melancholy expression, and those were her chiseled features.

"I saw Verner's death in the papers," said Sir Arthur, rousing himself, "two—three years ago, it seems to me. What is the son doing here?"

"Verner felt nothing behind him, but debts: the son sold off all, and paid them, leaving himself, I believe, about half sufficient for the bare necessities of life. So he turned to what he loved best, painting, and has been working hard ever since. He expects to make a good thing of it. I let him come here to copy, for he has no convenience at his lodgings. Poor

fellow! better that he had been a painter of coach-panels."

"Why do you say that, Coram?"

"A man, whose genius goes no higher than coach-painting, can bear rubs and crosses. We can't. And Verner is so sanguine! Thinks he is going to be a second Claude Lorraine. He *is* great in landscapes."

At that moment they were interrupted by Verner. He came into the room in search of something wanted in his work, and Sir Arthur Saxonbury saw that the beauty of the face was not extended to the form. Not more than the middle height, and slender, his long arms and legs looked too long for his body. He stooped in the shoulders, he had a sensitive look of physical weakness, and his gait was uncertain and timid. Coram laid his hand on his shoulder.

"This is Sir Arthur Saxonbury, of whom you have heard so much," he said.

Raby Verner was unacquainted with the episode in his mother's early life, therefore the flush that rose to, and dyed, his face, was caused only by the greeting of a stranger: with these sensitive natures, it is sure to do so, whether they be man or woman. The bright color only served to render him more like Maria Raby, and Sir Arthur, in spite of the sore feeling her treatment had left, felt his heart warm to her son. A wish half crossed his mind that that son was his—heir; he had no son, only daughters. Verner was astonished at the warmth of his greeting: Sir Arthur clasped and held his hand; he turned with him to inspect the painting he was engaged on. It was a self-created landscape, betraying great imaginative power and genius; but genius, as yet, only half-cultivated.

"You have your work cut out for you," observed Sir Arthur, who was an excellent judge of art, and its indispensable toil.

"I know it, Sir Arthur. I ought to have begun the study earlier, but during my father's lifetime the opportunity was not afforded me. It is all I have to depend on now, for, with him, died my wealth and my prospects."

"He had great wealth once. How could he have been so reprehensible as to dissipate it all, knowing there was one to come after him?"

"These are thoughts that I avoid," replied Raby. "He was my father."

"Do you remember much of your mother?"

"I remember her very well indeed. She died when I was seven. All the good that is in me, I owe to her: I have never forgotten her early lessons. Did you know her, Sir Arthur?"

"Once, when she was Miss Raby," answered the baronet, in an indifferent tone, as he turned again to the painting. "Where do you live?" he suddenly asked.

"I give my address here," answered the young man. "Mr. Coram allows me: though indeed it is never asked for. I have only a room in an obscure neighborhood. I can not afford any thing better."

Sir Arthur Saxonbury smiled. "You are not like most people," he said: "they generally strive to hide their fallen fortunes: you make no secret of yours."

"There is no disgrace in being poor," answered Raby: "the disgrace lies in paltry attempts to conceal that we are so."

"Have you retained your former friends?"

"Not one. Perhaps it is, in some degree, my own fault, for my entire time is given to painting. Few would care to know or recognize me now: Raby Verner, the son and heir of the rich and extravagant Verner, who made some noise in the London world; and Raby Verner, the poor art-student, are two people. None have sought me since the change. Not one has addressed me with the kindness and sympathy that you have now Sir Arthur."

In the evening, Raby Verner returned to his home—if the garret he occupied could be called such. Coram had spoken accurately: not half sufficient, for what would generally be called the bare necessities of life, remained from the wreck of his father's property; but it was made to suffice for his wants. It would seem that surely his clothes must take it all, and none could conjecture how he contrived to eke it out. He was often cold, often hungry, always weary; yet his hopeful spirit buoyed him up, and pictured visions of future greatness. He never, for one moment, doubted that he was destined to become a world's fame: those who possess true genius are invariably conscious of it in their inmost heart: and he would repeat over and over again to himself the words he felt must some time be applied

to him — "The great painter, the painter Verner."

He sat down that evening to his dinner-supper of bread and cheese. It tasted less dry than usual, for his thoughts were absorbed by the chief event of the day, the meeting Sir Arthur Saxonbury. He attributed, in his unconsciousness, the interest which Sir Arthur had betrayed in him, to admiration of his genius: he knew how warm a supporter of rising artists Sir Arthur was, and he deemed the introduction the very happiest circumstance that could have befallen him. Could he but have foreseen what that introduction was to bring forth!

III.

The golden light of the setting sun was falling on a golden room. It is scarcely wrong to call it such, for the color prevailing in it was that of gold. Gold-colored satin curtains and cushioned chairs, gilt cornices, mirrors in gilded frames, gilded consoles whose slabs of the richest lapis lazuli shone with costly toys; altogether the room looked a blaze of gold. The large window opened upon a terrace, where rose an ornamental fountain, its glittering spray dancing in the sunlight, and beyond that terrace was a fair domain, stretched out far and wide, the domain of Sir Arthur Saxonbury.

Swinging her pretty foot to and fro, and leaning back in one of the gay chairs, was a lovely girl budding into womanhood, with bright features and a laughing eye, the youngest, the most indulged, and the vainest daughter of Sir Arthur. She was in a white lace evening dress, and wore a pearl necklace and bracelet on her fair neck and arms. They had recently come home after the short London season, which had been half over when they returned from the Continent, and were as yet free from visitors. Lady Saxonbury was in ill-health, and Mrs. Ashton, the eldest married daughter, was staying with them while her husband was abroad.

In a chair, a little behind Miss Saxonbury, as if conscious of the distance between them—for there *was* a distance—sat Raby Verner. We have said the house was free from visitors, but he was scarcely regarded as such. Sir Arthur, in the plenitude of his heart, had invited him to come and stay a couple of months

at Saxonbury; the country air would renovate him; he could have the run of the picture-gallery and copy some of its *chefs d'œuvre*. And Raby came. Sir Arthur's early secret was safe with himself, and he could only explain that his interest in Verner was but that which he would take in any rising artist. So the family, even the servants, looked upon him with a patronizing eye, as one who had "come to paint." Raby had accepted Sir Arthur's invitation with a glow of gratification—the far-famed Saxonbury gallery was anticipation enough for him. He forgot to think where the funds could come from, to make a suitable appearance as Sir Arthur Saxonbury's guest; but these the painter Coram delicately furnished. "It is but a loan," said he: "you can repay me with the first proceeds that your pencil shall receive."

Thus Raby Verner went to Saxonbury, and there had he been for half his allotted time, drinking in the wondrous beauties of the place and scenery—and other wondrous beauties which he ought not to have done. The elegance that surrounded him, and to which he had been latterly a stranger, the charms of the society he was thrown amongst, once again, as an equal for the time being, the gratification of the eye and mind, and the pomp and pride of courtly life; all this was but too congenial to the exalted taste of Raby Verner, and he was in danger of forgetting the stern realities of life, to become lost in a fool's Elysium.

He was thrown much with Maria Saxonbury—far more than he need have been. The fault was hers. A great admirer of beauty, like her father, and possessing a high reverence for genius, the exquisite face of Raby Verner attracted her admiration as it had never yet been attracted; whilst his eager aspirations, and love for the fine arts, were perfectly consonant to her own mind. His companionship soon grew dangerously pleasing, and she gave her days up to it without restraint, absorbed in the pleasure of the moment: nothing more: of all people in the world, Maria Saxonbury was the last to think seriously of one beneath her. So, leaving consequences to take care of themselves, or be remedied by time, she dwelt only on the present. She would flit about him when he was at work in the picture-gallery, she would linger by his side in the gardens one or other of

the little Ashtons generally being their companion: in short, it seemed that the object of Maria's life, just now, was to be with the artist-visitor. Even this night, when her father and sister had gone out to dinner, she had excused herself: she would stay at home with her mother, she said: but Lady Saxonbury was in her chamber, and Maria remained in the drawing-room with Mr. Verner. It is probable that Lady Saxonbury, if she thought of him at all, believed him to be painting then. Was it in remembrance of some one else that Sir Arthur had named his youngest child "Maria"?

"Do you admire this purse?" she suddenly inquired, holding out one of grass-green silk, with gold beads, tassels, and slides; a marvel of prettiness.

Raby rose and took it from her, and turned it about in his white and slender hands; those remarkable hands, feeble to look at, elegant in structure, always restless; so strongly characteristic of delicacy of constitution and of genius.

"It is quite a gem," he said, in answer.

"You may have it in place of your ugly one," continued Miss Saxonbury: "that frightful porte-monnaie, of grim leather, I saw you with, the other day. I made this for some body else, who does not seem in a hurry to come for it; so I will give it to you."

A rush of suspicious emotion flew to his face, and her eyes fell beneath the eloquent gaze of his. "How shall I thank you?" was all he said. "It shall be to me an everlasting remembrance."

"That's in return for the pretty sketch you gave me yesterday," she went on. "One you took at Rome, and filled in from memory."

"You mistake, Miss Saxonbury. I said I drew it from description. I have never been to Rome. That is a pleasure to come."

"As it is for me," observed Maria. "I was there once, when a little girl, but I remember nothing of it. A cross woman, half-governess, half-maid, who was hired to talk Italian to us, is all my recollection of the place. Last year and the year before, when we were wasting our time in Paris and at the baths of Germany, doing manna more harm than good, I urged them to go on to Rome, but nobody listened to me. I have an idea that I shall be disappointed whenever I do go; we always are, when we expect so much."

"Always, always," murmured Raby Verner.

"I long to see some of those features I am familiar with from paintings," added Miss Saxonbury. "The remains of the Cæsars' palaces; the real grand St. Peter; the beautiful Alban Hills, and all Rome's other glories. I grow impatient sometimes, and tell papa there will be nothing left for me to see: that Sallust's garden will be a heap of stinging-nettles—I dare say it is nothing else; and Cecilia Metella's tomb destroyed."

And thus they conversed till it grew dark, and the servants came in to light the chandeliers. Miss Saxonbury remembered her mother then, and rose to go to her; to see why she had not come down.

When Maria returned, the room was empty, and she stood in the bow of the window and looked out. It was the custom at Saxonbury House to leave the curtains of this window open on a favorable night, for the moonlight landscape, outside, was indeed fair to look upon. Mr. Verner was then walking on the terrace: his step was firm and self-possessed, his head raised: it was only in the presence of his fellow-creatures that Raby Verner was a shy and awkward man. He saw her, and approached the window.

"I have been studying the Folly all this time," he said; "fancying it must look like those ruined Roman temples we have been speaking of; as they must look in the light and shade of the moonlight."

"Does it?" she answered laughingly. "I will go and look too."

Miss Saxonbury stepped on to the terrace, and he gave her his arm. Did she feel the violent beating of his heart, as her bracelet lay against it? They walked, in the shade cast by the house, to the railings at the end of the terrace, and there came in view of the fanciful building in question, "Lady Saxonbury's Folly." It rose, high and white, on the opposite hills, amidst a grove of dark trees.

"I do not like the building by day," he observed; "but, as it looks now, I can not fancy any thing more classically beautiful in the Eternal City, even when it was in its zenith."

"It does look beautiful," she mused. "And the landscape, as it lies around, is equally so: look at its different points showing out. You have not seen many scenes more gratifying to the imaginative eye than this, Mr. Verner."

"I shall never see a second Saxonbury," was the impulsive answer. "Take it for all in all, I shall never see—— But look at this side," he abruptly broke off, turning in the opposite direction.

"Oh! I don't care to look there. It is all dark. I only like the bright side of things."

"Has it never struck you that these two aspects, the light and the dark of a moonlight night, are a type of human fortunes? While some favored spirits bask in brightness, others must be cast, and remain, in the depths of shade."

"No. I never thought about it. My life has been all brightness."

"May it ever remain so!" he whispered, with a deep sigh: but Miss Saxonbury turned to the pleasant side again.

"What a fine painting this view would make!" she exclaimed. "I wonder papa has never had it done. One of *your* favorite scenes, Mr. Verner, all poetry and moonlight, interspersed with a dash of melancholy. Some of you artists are too fond of depicting melancholy scenes."

"We depict scenes as we find them. You know the eye sees with its own hue, and there may be a gangrene over the gladdest sunshine."

"Artists ought to be always glad: living, as they do, amidst ideal beauties; nay, creating them."

"Ideal! O Miss Saxonbury! that was a fitting word. We live in the toil and drudgery of the work; others, who but see the picture when it is completed, in the ideal. When you stand and admire some favorite painting, do you ever cast a thought to the weary hours of labor which created it?"

"No doubt the pursuit of art has its inconveniences, but you great painters must bear with you your own recompense."

"In a degree, yes," answered Verner, the expression "you great painters" echoing joyfully on his ear. "The consciousness of possessing that rare gift, genius, is ample recompense—save in moments of despondency."

"And yet you talk of melancholy and gangrene, Mr. Verner, and such like unpleasant topics!"

"The lives of great men are frequently marked by unhappiness," observed Raby. "In saying 'great men,' I mean men inwardly great, men of genius, of imaginative intellect. Look at some of our dead poets; at what is said of them."

"I think their fault lay in looking at the dark side of things, instead of the bright," laughed Maria. "Like yourself at present; you will keep turning to that gloomy point, where the scenery is all obscure, and nothing bright but the great moon itself, and that shines right in your face."

"They could not look otherwise than they did," he argued, his own tone sounding melancholy enough.

"Well, well, I suppose it is the fate of genius," returned Maria. "I was reading lately, in a French work, some account of the life of Leonardo da Vinci; he was not a happy man."

"He was called Da Vinci the Unhappy. And too many of his brethren might also have been called so."

"Were I you, I should not make up my mind to be one of them, but just the contrary," cried Maria gayly. "Fancy goes a great way in this life. And so," she added, after a pause, "you think some of the queer old temples in Italy must look like that?" pointing to the Folly. "How I wish I could see them!"

"How I wish *we* could see them!" he murmured—"that we could see them together."

Perhaps he wondered whether he had said too much. She did not check him, only turned, and began to move back towards the drawing-room, her arm within his.

"We may see them together," she said, at length. "You will, of necessity, visit Italy; I, of inclination, and we may meet there. I hope we shall know you in after-life, Mr. Verner: but of that there will be little doubt. Every body will know you, for you will be one of England's famous painters."

They reached the window, and he took her hand in his, though there was no necessity, to assist her over the low step; he kept it longer than he need have done. Not for the first time, by several, had he thus clasped it in the little courtesies of life. O Raby Verner! can you not see that it had been better for you to clasp some poisonous old serpent? He did not enter, but turned away.

Lady Saxonbury was in the room then, in her easy-chair, which had its back to the window. The tea was on the table, and Miss Saxonbury began to pour it out.

"My dear," cried Lady Saxonbury, a

simple-hearted, kind woman, "where's that poor painter? I dare say he would like some tea."

"He was on the terrace just now," replied Maria.

"He must feel very dull," resumed Lady Saxonbury. "I fear, child, we neglect him. Send one of the servants to ask him to come in."

The "poor painter," lost in anticipations of the time when he should be a rich one, was leaning against the railings, whence he had stood and gazed abroad with Miss Saxonbury, the purse she had given him lying in his bosom. In the last few weeks his whole existence had changed, for he had learnt to love Maria Saxonbury with a wild, passionate love. To be near her, was bliss, even to agitation; to hear her speak, set his frame trembling; to touch her hand, sent his heart's-blood thrilling through his veins. It is only these imaginative, unearthly natures, too sensitive and refined for the uses of common life, that can tell of this intense, pure, etherealized passion, which certainly partakes more of heaven than of earth. He stood there, indulging a vision of hope; a deceitful, glowing vision. He saw not himself as he was, but as he should be—the glorious painter, to whose genius the whole world would bow. Surely there was no such impassable barrier between that worshiped painter and the daughter of Sir Arthur Saxonbury!

Alas! for the improbable dream he was suffering himself to nourish—alas! for its fatal ending! Three or four weeks more of its sweet delusion, and then it was rudely broken. Arthur Mair, the nephew and heir of Sir Arthur, arrived at Saxonbury. Raby Verner recognized him, for they had been at Christ Church together, but he had not recalled him to his memory since, and had never known him as the relative of Sir Arthur Saxonbury. He was a tall, handsome, empty-headed young fellow: but ere he had been two days at Saxonbury, a rumor, or suspicion, (in the agitation of Raby's feelings he hardly knew which,) reached the artist that his visit was to Maria, that she was intended for her cousin's wife. That same evening, calm and lovely as the one when they had looked forth together at the Folly, the truth became clear to Raby Verner.

They were seated in the drawing-room, all the family, when Maria stepped on to the terrace, and the artist followed her.

Presently Arthur Mair saw them pacing it together, Verner having given her his arm. Mr. Mair drew down the corners of his lips, and stalked out.

"Thank you," he said to Raby, with freezing politeness, as he authoritatively drew away Maria's arm and placed it within his own, "I will take charge of Miss Saxonbury if she wishes to walk."

He strode away with her, and Verner, with a drooping head and sinking heart, descended the middle steps of the terrace. He stole along under cover of its high wall—any where to hide himself and his outraged feelings. That action, those words of Arthur Mair's, had but too surely betrayed his interest in Maria. He came to the end of the terrace, and found they had halted there, right above him. He was to hear worse words now, and he could not help himself.

"Then you had no business to do it, you had no right to do it," Maria was saying, in a petulant tone. "He was not going to eat me, if I did walk with him."

"Excuse me, Maria, I am the best judge: Verner was in the position of a gentleman once, but things have changed with him."

"Rubbish!" retorted Miss Saxonbury. "He is papa's guest: and he is as good as you."

"Well—I don't care then to put my objection on that score. But it is not agreeable to me to see you walking and talking so familiarly with any one."

"Just say you are jealous at once, Arthur. If you think to control me, I can tell you——"

"Hullo, Arthur! Step here a moment."

The voice was Sir Arthur Saxonbury's. Maria paused in her speech, and Mr. Mair unwillingly retired towards the drawing-room. Raby Verner, in the frenzy of the moment, darted up the end-steps and joined her.

"Miss Saxonbury! will you answer me?—Forgive me," he panted, as he laid his hand upon her arm, in his painful eagerness—"forgive me that I must ask the question! Has Arthur Mair a *right* to take you from me, as he did but now?"

"Of course he has not, Mr. Verner. How can he have?"

"I mean—pray forgive me—the right of more than cousinship?"

She was half-terrified at his parted lips, his labored breathing, his ghastly face

from which suspense took every vestige of color, and she saw that she might not dare to tamper with him: that the kinder course, now, was to set his ambitious dream at rest.

"Well, then," she whispered, "though of course he had not the right to interfere now, and it was very bad taste, and I will not submit to his whims, yet, yet—the time may come when he will be to me more than a cousin."

His hand unloosed its clasp of her arm, and Maria Saxonbury hastened towards the drawing-room. He watched her in, and then, when no human eye or ear was near, his head sunk upon the cold railings, and a low wail of anguish went forth on the quiet evening air. Too surely, though Maria Saxonbury might never know it, had the iron entered into his soul.

CHAPTER IV.

IN December, business took Sir Arthur Saxonbury to London. He paid a visit to the artist Coram, but he did not see Raby Verner. His easel and chair were there, but the former had no work in its frame, and the chair was empty.

"Has he abjured the art, or found another studio?" inquired Sir Arthur.

The great painter shook his head. "He has not abjured it, but a different art—or power—is claiming him now, one to which we must all succumb—Death."

"Death!" echoed Sir Arthur.

"He has gone off very rapidly, in a decline, or something of the sort; I saw him two days ago, and I did not think, then, he would last till now. I wonder I have not heard of his death."

"What can be the cause of its coming on so suddenly? He was remarkably well when at Saxonbury. I saw no symptom of decline, or any other illness, about him then."

"Do you remember my telling you, Sir Arthur, that a blow to the feelings would kill him?"

Sir Arthur considered. "I think I do."

"He has had it, unless I am mistaken. He got it at Saxonbury."

"What do you mean?" inquired the baronet.

"I do not understand it, and indeed it is no business of mine; but when he came up from Saxonbury, he had certainly received his death-blow. A suspicion has

crossed me whether your lovely daughter had any thing to do with it. Pardon me, Sir Arthur, we are old friends: it is a thought mentioned only to you."

"I should like to see him," said Sir Arthur. "Will you go with me?"

They went. Raby Verner was still alive, but it was his last day of life. He lay panting on his humble bed, *alone*. A hectic flush, even then, lighted up his wasted cheek at sight of *her* father. Sir Arthur, inexpressibly shocked, sat down by him, and took his poor damp hand.

"What can you have been doing to yourself," he asked, "to get into this state?"

"I think it was inherent," he murmured. "My mother died in a decline."

"You have had the best advice, I hope?"

Raby made a movement of dissent. "A medical student, whom I know, has come in sometimes. I could not call in good advice, for I had not the means to pay for it."

"O my boy!" uttered Sir Arthur, in a tone of anguish, as he leaned over him, "why did you not let me know this? Half my purse should have been yours, for your mother's sake."

"All the skill in England would not have availed me," he earnestly said. "Sir Arthur, it is best as it is, for I am going to her. She has been waiting for me all these years. She told me my lot would not be a happy one! But it will soon be over now," he added, his voice growing fainter, "for earthly pain of all kinds has nearly passed away."

Curious thoughts were perplexing Sir Arthur Saxonbury as he quitted the scene. If a rude blow to his feelings had indeed caused Verner to sink into bodily illness, and thence to death, and that blow had been dealt by Maria Saxonbury, how very like it was to retribution for the blow Maria Raby had dealt out to him! He was a strong man, and had weathered it, but it had left more permanent traces on his heart than he had suffered the world to know. Sir Arthur lost himself in these thoughts, and then shook them off, as a disagreeable and unsatisfactory theme.

On Christmas-eve he returned to Saxonbury. After dinner, his two daughters only being at table, he told them of the death of the artist, Raby Verner. Mrs. Ashton expressed sorrow and surprise.

Maria said nothing, but her face drooped, and a burning color overspread it. Sir Arthur looked sternly at her. Her head only drooped the lower.

"It has been hinted to me that you tampered with his feelings," he said, in a severely reproachful tone. "Let me tell you, Maria, that the vain habit of encouraging admiration, whence it can not legally be received, always tends to ill: and

no right-minded girl would condescend to it."

"I thought Maria talked a great deal with young Verner," remarked Mrs. Ashton. "Had he been of our own order I should have interfered; but I knew she could not be serious. He was only a painter."

"She killed him," was the significant answer of Sir Arthur. And Maria Sax-onbury burst into tears.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

LEGEND OF THE FATAL RING.

A GERMAN STORY.

WE were three friends—Ferdinand W—, a celebrated lawyer; Auerbach, the court-physician; and myself.

Having no particular calling, I spent most of my time in reading the various publications that issued from the German press. I became of opinion that there was hardly one that made an effort to raise the public taste. With the intention of fulfilling, in a more effectual manner, the duties required of a journal, my friends and I established a periodical. Whether we ever realized our fond hopes, is not for me to say. Ferdinand was to contribute the learned leaves, Auerbach the elegant, and I, who could not boast of either learning or elegance, to attend to the minor departments.

We had our meetings as our more advanced cotemporaries. As soon as my companions had finished their professional avocations—one in distracting the minds of his clients, while the other performed the same charitable function to their bodies—they usually met at my house; and with our tobacco-pipes, and over our glass of good Rhenish wine, we made our criticisms.

One evening, when Ferdinand was more than usually late, and had wearied our patience waiting, we resolved to commence proceedings without him. The two newest publications lay on the table—*Freidenker*, a favorite German periodical, and *Wöchentliche Zeitung*, then in its zenith. With the uncut leaves of these before us, we had no time to lose. I seized *Die Wöchentliche Zeitung*. The first few pages contained an unfavorable review of a story in the *Freidenker*, called the "Gray Room." I read it with pleasure, as this very subject had been the cause of more than one dispute between me and my friend Auerbach; and I now hoped, with this ally, to shake his firm-rooted belief in the appearance of spirits. I commenced with the remark, "That of all the periodicals, I had the greatest respect for the *Freidenker*, and could not imagine how they had given their pages to such incredible stories as the 'Gray Room.' I was curious to see how they answered the objections, to my mind most reasonably urged against them, by the *Wöchentliche Zeitung*."

"How will they answer them?" cried

from which suspense took every vestige of color, and she saw that she might not dare to tamper with him: that the kinder course, now, was to set his ambitious dream at rest,

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no right-minded girl would condescend to it."

"I thought Maria talked a great deal with young Verner," remarked Mrs. Ashton. "Had he been of our own order I should have interfered; but I knew she could not be serious. He was only a painter."

"She killed him," was the significant answer of Sir Arthur. And Maria Sax-onbury burst into tears.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

LEGEND OF THE FATAL RING.

A GERMAN STORY.

WE were three friends—Ferdinand W—, a celebrated lawyer; Auerbach, the court-physician; and myself.

Having no particular calling, I spent most of my time in reading the various publications that issued from the German press. I became of opinion that there was hardly one that made an effort to raise the public taste. With the intention of fulfilling, in a more effectual manner, the duties required of a journal, my friends and I established a periodical. Whether we ever realized our fond hopes, is not for me to say. Ferdinand was to contribute the learned leaves, Auerbach the elegant, and I, who could not boast of either learning or elegance, to attend to the minor departments.

We had our meetings as our more advanced cotemporaries. As soon as my companions had finished their professional avocations—one in distracting the minds of his clients, while the other performed the same charitable function to their bodies—they usually met at my house; and with our tobacco-pipes, and over our glass of good Rhenish wine, we made our criticisms.

One evening, when Ferdinand was more than usually late, and had wearied our patience waiting, we resolved to commence proceedings without him. The two newest publications lay on the table—*Freidenker*, a favorite German periodical, and *Wöchentliche Zeitung*, then in its zenith. With the uncut leaves of these before us, we had no time to lose. I seized *Die Wöchentliche Zeitung*. The first few pages contained an unfavorable review of a story in the *Freidenker*, called the "Gray Room." I read it with pleasure, as this very subject had been the cause of more than one dispute between me and my friend Auerbach; and I now hoped, with this ally, to shake his firm-rooted belief in the appearance of spirits. I commenced with the remark, "That of all the periodicals, I had the greatest respect for the *Freidenker*, and could not imagine how they had given their pages to such incredible stories as the 'Gray Room.' I was curious to see how they answered the objections, to my mind most reasonably urged against them, by the *Wöchentliche Zeitung*."

"How will they answer them?" cried

Auerbach. "With contemptuous silence, as they deserve."

I can see him now, with his head resting on the back of his chair, his pipe in his hands, his hair thrown back, and his deep-loving eyes looking fixedly before him, as if he was then holding communion with the invisible. "But," said I, "who can believe the nonsense that is put forward in that paper about the appearance of Gertrude?"

"Only account, then, for all that is related," said my friend eagerly. "Either the facts have taken place, or the author is guilty of falsehood; and I think even you would be slow to acknowledge that Gualfredo would state a thing for a fact that had not occurred. Believe me, you can not know, and have not the opportunity of knowing what we medical men learn, coming in contact as we do with the caprices of nature. What she can or can not do, is not for us to say."

"I never met with any one," said I, "who had *himself* seen a spirit; and though, as you say, I have every confidence in Gualfredo, still he does not say that Gertrude ever *appeared* to him. It seems, from the whole tenor of the story, to have been *related* to him; neither does he pledge himself for its veracity, except in the negative way of repeating the story. Now, be honest," I continued: "have you ever spoken, face to face, with any one who saw a spirit?"

He remained silent for a time; and at last, having taken a turn up and down the room, and drawn a whiff from his pipe, and a sip from his glass, he turned full upon me, and said: "I *have* seen a spirit. Mind, I don't pass for a Geisterseher; but I have indeed seen a spirit *once*—a time never to be forgotten, for it made a change in me that I have never recovered. And, strange enough, the room with which it was connected was called the 'black chamber.'"

Much as I had vaunted my disbelief of ghost stories, I must confess that as we were then sitting in the dim twilight in that still summer evening, with the shadows lengthening through the deep recesses of the window, my companion's enthusiastic nature quite carried me with him; and with rapt attention, and an undefined feeling of pleasure mingled with fear, I prepared to hear the horrors of the "black chamber," which I now relate in his own words.

I had concluded my university education, and to finish my studies in medicine, became, for some years, the in-door pupil of the famous Dr. W —, who at that time enjoyed the most extensive practice in Blenheim. My progress in my profession was so great, that in a few years my old master made over a number of his remote country patients to my care, his advanced age rendering it impossible for him to take long journeys. One evening I was hastily summoned to the country residence of the Count Albrecht Von Silberstein, who had lately returned from Italy, with his second wife, a beautiful young heiress, whom he had just married: his first, it was said, had died at Milan, only a few months before the second marriage. It was, however, to attend the Count's sister that I was summoned; she was dying of nervous fever. I could render but little assistance, as I saw she was beyond earthly help; but I ordered some sedatives, and left written directions, to be followed till my return next day. I was preparing to take leave, when the Count rushed in, and begged of me, as I valued his friendship, not to leave the house that night. He was devotedly attached to his sister; and, as I had no particular engagement, I consented to remain. The Lady Von Silberstein gave orders to have a room prepared for me, and begged me to take rest while my patient slept, as she knew the Count would require my attendance the moment the Lady Theresa awoke. Saying, this, she wished me good night, and left the room.

When left alone, I could not help reflecting on the aspect of that gloomy castle, with its dark heavy towers, frowning, as if in anger with its inmates. It had not even a cheerful prospect, situated, as it was, in a barren flat country, more like the stronghold of a tribe of banditti than what one would expect to see as the dwelling of a nobleman. The interior was not one whit more inviting or cheerful. The room I was in was fearfully somber; it was a long narrow chamber, only half-lighted by the small loop-hole windows; the furniture and drapery old and faded.

What could have induced the Countess to marry that man, thought I—she so young and lovely, he so dark and gloomy. I also noticed, during the short time I saw them together, a shadow pass over her, whenever her husband addressed her,

indicative more of fear or dislike than love. In the midst of my reflections I was interrupted by the servant, announcing that my apartment was ready. Conducted to it, I found it even more dismal than that which I had just left. It was spacious: the old-fashioned heavy doors were of massive oak; the tables were covered with dark cloth; the hangings and curtains were black as ebony, as also all the wood-work in the room. I lighted two pair of candles to chase the gloom; but it was like the mere illumination of a vault, the narrow circles of radiance only making the darkness more visible.

I sat down at a small table near the fire, and placed my candles upon it, to impart some air of comfort to my black palace—but even that failed. I had determined at once to write down the particulars of the case I was attending, and get to bed. I must mention, that one particularity of Dr. W——'s was, that each of his pupils should give him in writing, a most circumstantial account of every case they attended; to accomplish this now, and resign myself to sleep, was all my desire.

I had just finished my medical technicalities, when I was called to attend Lady Theresa; she had awakened much worse, and the Count sent to beg that I would go to her without delay. I dressed, and hastened after my attendant. We arrived, through various winding passages, at the chamber of the young lady. Never shall I forget the scene that there presented itself.

No one could doubt the Count's affection for his sister; yet now he seemed to be perfectly unconscious of her bodily sufferings, and only stood near her bed to listen with eagerness to the words she occasionally uttered. She herself, wretched creature, was sitting upright, staring as if her eyes would start from their sockets. I approached her: she turned from me, sheltering herself beside her brother, and pointing wildly at me, she whispered.

"Did he see it?" "Did he hear it cry?" "Did he see the ring?"

I sought to calm her, having often seen people affected by visions in similar circumstances, but there was no quieting her. She sprang from her bed, and clung to her brother, still uttering incoherent sentences till at length she cried out:

"I feel its little arms; there—there—it is clinging to me to save it. I can not

bear the glare of its eye. I can not—I dare not touch it. That fatal ring."

Then, exhausted, she fell senseless on the floor. I called the Count to assist me in replacing her in bed; but when I looked round he was leaning against the wall, pale and motionless.

I rang the bell violently. As footsteps approached, he started. "For Heaven's sake," cried he, "let not mortal enter here."

"I must have assistance," I said.

"I can do any thing you require," replied he, making an effort that I saw cost him a great deal. But his will seemed, nevertheless, so strong, that, when he walked to the door and gave some orders, to account for the bell having been rung, I looked in astonishment. Turning to me he said: "Doctor, it is so strange and fearful to hear the ravings of delirium. How invariably they led the poor sufferer to imagine scenes they never witnessed. A medical man of great eminence told me that this was always the case."

After a short interval, Lady Theresa revived; but no longer in her former state of excitement. She lay quiet, with her eyes closed. I tried to smooth her pillow, and bathed her hands. On a sudden she looked up, with a bright smile, and said softly, two or three times, "Rudolph." Then wandering among scenes afar off, gently fell asleep, and from that passed into the sleep from which there is no awaking.

I turned to the Count and said: "Lady Theresa is dead."

"Dead!" he cried; "dead; she can not, she must not die, and leave me. I had but her in the world; she would not leave me alone."

"It is no use," said I, drawing him from the body.

Sobbing like a child, he caught her beautiful golden tresses, in a vain attempt to sever a lock; but his trembling fingers refused their office, and again sinking beside her lifeless body, her fair hair covering him as a veil, he lay motionless. Much as I disliked the Count, this outburst of genuine feeling completely overcame me, and with tears I looked at the heart-broken man, all his hardness and repulsiveness quite forgotten. He seemed as if clinging to the fair angel whose bright spirit had fled.

After some little time he recovered himself, and rose to leave the room. I

was only too glad to follow. I felt sick at heart. The wretched death-bed I had witnessed, and the feeling of dislike I had felt to the Count, combined to make me long for a quiet hour in my own room.

We descended to the saloon; the Count, making some apology that he had letters to write, left me. I hastened back to my own chamber, but not to sleep. I piled wood on the fire, and sat down in a large chair opposite to it, recalling minutely every word that Lady Theresa had uttered. I could think of nothing else—what could have befallen that young girl? That she was implicated in some dark deed there could be no doubt; the awful visions that haunted her were not the raving fancies of delirium. Her brother—he too shared her secret. I had a dim recollection of a tale that I had heard when a child, of some heavy curse which hung over the Count's house. One of his ancestors had treated his wife with cruelty, and she on her death-bed left their wedding-ring, with a bitter curse attached to it, and that it should cling to the family till a dead bride claimed a husband with it; but what could that poor girl have to do with a child and a ring? It was all mystery, and the incoherent story furnished little solution to the problem. I thought again and again of all that I had ever heard about Lady Theresa, but that was not much. She was very young, had latterly not appeared abroad in the world. Some said her engagement to an officer had been suddenly broken off; others that she had become ascetic. Be this as it may, she certainly shunned all society, even her sister's; her only companion was her brother.

I tried to turn my thoughts into other channels, but to no purpose. I felt a great wish to see her again, and yielding to the temptation, crept back to her room and gazed once more on those features which had made so deep an impression upon me. All was hushed; every thing had been arranged. Morning had just dawned, and the gray light streamed through the open casement. I turned to look on the beautiful creature before me. There she lay in the stillness of death; a smile seemed to rest on her features. It may be that the recollection of some happy hour of childhood had visited her wearied spirit before it went forth on its solitary journey. I felt I was polluting a sanctuary by harboring for a moment the

thought that *she* could be implicated in any crime, and pressing a kiss on her cold cheek, I took away one of her bright curls.

The next day Lady Theresa was buried. The Count asked me to stay that night, which I gladly did, as I was worn out with my vigil of the night before. Just as I was about to consign myself to rest, I was interrupted by the jager, who knocked at my door to inquire if I had any commands. He was a lively, pleasant fellow, and inclined to be communicative. We sat talking for awhile, when he rose to leave the room, he looked around with a shudder, and asked, "If I felt lonely, or would wish him to remain all night."

I smiled at the idea, for he seemed really afraid; and although I did not think the place cheerful, yet I had no fear. I was as skeptical then as you are now. My talkative companion related many stories connected with the chamber, to which I eagerly listened, in hopes I might find a clue to Lady Theresa's ravings, but all were connected with events that had occurred years before. However inclined I might have been to have kept this young man with me, I now determined to place no obstacle to my spending a night in a haunted chamber. The very idea gave me a thrill of pleasure. I left no portion of my apartment unsearched, so that I could not by possibility be played upon. I secured the door and the windows, and having made all my arrangements with the view of practically overthrowing the theory of apparitions, I went to bed, and much sooner than I expected fell asleep.

After some time I was aroused by hearing a sound like the dropping of a heavy weight, as it fell step by step. I could not account for the noise, for it seemed to proceed from the other side of the wall, which I knew was an outside wall, and there was neither room nor stairs beyond. I looked around, but all was dark. Thinking I must have been mistaken, I settled to sleep again, when the sound was repeated even more distinctly than before. I began now, indeed, to feel nervous, and sat up. A slight wind, like a breath, passed over me, but still I saw nothing. I strained my eyes as though I could penetrate the darkness. The sound had greatly decreased, yet I was conscious there was something, be it mortal or spirit, in the room with me. After watch-

ing with a beating heart, I argued myself into the idea that the noise must have been at the other side of the *inside* wall, and that it was occasioned by some of the servants who had perhaps been up late, and so, turning on my side, tried again to compose myself. I had not been settled many minutes, however, when I perceived a faint light, coming from the same direction in which I had heard the sound. I looked up, when, to my horror, I saw a tall female figure advancing steadily towards me. She had long bright hair, falling over her shoulders, and her drapery was pure as snow. She stood still in the center of the room, gazing about her. I was paralyzed with terror; I held my breath, dreading to make the least movement, lest I should attract her attention, but I could not for one moment withdraw my eyes from the figure. At last it perceived me, for it hastily advanced towards me, and extending its long icy arm, seized my hand.

I fell back insensible. How long I remained in this state I don't know; but I awoke before it was light. I sprang from my bed, lighted a candle, and looked every where to see had my supernatural visitor left any trace behind, but I could find no clue to the mystery. I thought I must have had a frightful dream, till my eye fell on a ring upon my finger that I had never seen before. What could this mean? Who could that mysterious being have been? I tried to recall the features. They seemed familiar to me. I had seen them previously, but when or where? Yes—yes—I remembered they were none other than those of the Lady Theresa. Now it was, too, that I recollected distinctly the same beautiful hair. The eyes, though wild, still had the same loving, melancholy expression. That look that none but she could have! Could her troubled spirit have come to reveal to me the secret of her dying agony? Perhaps it was to ask me to bear a message. Oh! that I had been able to question her! how I cursed my trembling timidity, that had prevented me from speaking to her!

In this excited state of mind I sat down, listening intensely in fear of hearing her footsteps. I took off the ring to look at the gift of the dead, when oh! horror more terrible than words can express—too terrible even for imagination—I saw engraved upon it the heraldic bearings of Count Von Silberstein's family.

The Legend of the Fatal Ring burst, as it were, upon my mind; the whole thing seemed only too clear. It had been the Lady Theresa, but not come for sympathy—no. She had removed the fatal curse hanging over her brother's house—that brother she loved so dearly—and I was selected out of the whole world to carry the dreadful weight with me to the grave. I clasped my hand over my eyes, for it seemed to be written in blazing characters round the walls that I was wedded to a dead bride! I felt as if voices of thunder were shrieking the fearful secret into my ears. I flung myself on the floor, howling in the madness of despair, and calling down fearful imprecations on the head of the being whom a moment before I almost revered as an angel of light. At length nature exhausted itself, and I fell into a deep sleep, from which I did not awake till the bright beams of the sun showed me that the morning was far advanced. I looked round in surprise at finding myself stretched on the ground, though an indescribable weight pressed me down. I could not at first recollect what had occurred. By degrees the truth flashed across me. I sprang on my feet, examined the door to learn whether any one had entered the room and seen my delirious frenzy. All was as I had left it, doors and windows barred fast. My secret was my own. No mortal knew what had happened, and no one should ever know.

I dressed myself with scrupulous care, arranged the furniture, so that no trace was left of my impotent fury; and the ring—the hateful ring—should I fling it out of the window, or bury it deep in the earth? No, I dare not part with it; throw it where I would, send it to the most distant part of the world, it would still come back to me, and perhaps in a way that would expose me to the whole world. I knew its power; it fixed itself on its possessor. Had I not but now seen the truth of this; for years, it may be for centuries, it had clung to Count Von Silberstein's name; and now by *her* means, I dare not mention her name, fulfilling the prediction, it would cling, fasten, eat into my very life; and for how long? There was no second removal, no hope, no dawning of morning in that black *forever*.

I seized the ring and hid it in my bosom. Why should I indulge the feeling,

it was a childish fancy? I would never think of it again. I ought to marry; I had no worldly cares, and my mind was liable to be infected with strange delusions. In this way I argued to myself, knowing, ay! feeling from the bottom of my heart, bound body and soul to a spirit. I hastened to the saloon—none of the family had made their appearance. Again I was alone; the solitude I had fled from above, pursued me here. I examined the pictures, which I had seen many times before; wondered who they represented; had they a secret to hide; were they pursued by a specter, to whom they belonged without hope of release. Again, at that terrible thought, I turned from them, and reckoned the panes of glass in each window. Did *she*, the Countess, who left that fearful legacy, ever stand here where I was standing. Perhaps it was in this spot that thought first presented itself to her mind.

I looked at the breakfast-table, it was laid for four, the Count, his wife, and myself: who could the fourth be? the Countess' sister? ah! here was a chance, I would marry her! I walked to the mirrors, thought I was good enough looking. I was in good practice, and very highly educated; many a girl would be only too glad to have me; but I had not money enough. In the midst of these reflections a pretty young woman with a child passed the window, just opposite to me; they stopped, and she gathered flowers and played with the little boy; I watched her for some time; oh! that I knew who she was—that I could get acquainted with her. She seemed an upper servant; what matter, I would marry her; yes, she should be my wife. I would love and protect her; she was poor, I would make her rich, I would make her a lady. She would never refuse me; and once married, I should be safe, and could defy the spirit. Without a moment's hesitation I hurried along the corridor and down the terrace; a turn in the path suddenly brought me before the girl. I knelt at her feet, caught her dress, told her I adored her, would live but for her, would guard her as a tender flower, if *she* would but unite her fate to mine. The poor creature thought I was mad; she screamed, caught the child in her arms and ran into the castle. I saw what I had done, she would give the alarm, they would all consider me insane; I should be shunned

by every one, and left alone with my dreadful secret. Fearful of meeting any one, I left the terrace and hurried down the steps into the thicket. I saw servants out looking for me, and the young woman I had been speaking to pointing out to them the direction I must have taken. I lay hid under a bush, not moving a limb lest they should see me, and when they had returned, I left my retreat and ran, almost flew home. Those I met on the way looked at me with a vague glance that might have been sympathy. My first thought was to secrete the ring; this accomplished, I lay down and longed, oh! how earnestly, for death! From that hour I was ill three months of the very same disease that Lady Theresa had died of. When I left my sick-bed I was another creature; I no longer strove to shut out the hateful truth from myself, but humbly submitted to my fate.

"Now, what do you say to this; for I can testify on oath all I have stated?"

"I can not but allow it is most strange," said I; "and had you not assured me you had examined every part of your room so carefully, I should have had some doubts."

"As I stated," replied Auerbach, "deception here was impossible. I was as wide awake as you are now. And, besides, the fatal ring; what else could that mean?" And he relapsed into a state of abstraction.

"Well," said I, more with the idea of rousing him, than for any real obstacle it presented to my mind; "the ring is the stumbling-block to me. If the appearance was not a deception, it must have been a spirit; but I can not understand a spirit having any thing to do with the fading things of this world. It leaves all that behind."

He interrupted me:

"You first deny the existence of spirits; then you must define the exact way they ought to appear; such inconsistency! But perhaps you will not be so skeptical if I show you the ring. I have never worn it since that fatal night, now years gone by; but something urges me to look at it to-night. Who knows but it may be a warning that I am soon to join my spirit-bride?"

Saying this, he took from his breast a curious-looking box, and handed it to me to open.

I can hardly describe the sensation with

which I raised the lid, and took out a very old-fashioned ring, with strange characters engraved on it; and, true enough, the heraldic bearings of the Count Albrecht Von Silberstein's family. I felt a nervous, creeping sensation; the perspiration hung in drops on my forehead. As to Auerbach, he seemed ready to fall.

Just then I heard a footstep; trembling, I let the ring fall on the floor, and ran to assist Auerbach, who had fainted, crying out:

"I come—I come."

Immediately I heard a voice, exclaiming:

"Where in the world are you? What is the matter?"

To my infinite relief, I recognized Ferdinand's voice, and calling him to my aid, we got poor Auerbach to bed, where, after administering some remedies, we succeeded in restoring consciousness.

When I related to Ferdinand what had passed, he started convulsively.

"I have been," he broke forth, "kept at court all day, on account of that identical Black Chamber."

I urged him to relate *his* story, and he began:

"You both know Fritag," said he. "Count Von Silberstein lately invited him to a large ball at the Castle of Silberstein. The night proved a tempestuous one; thunder and lightning, and torrents of rain; so they pressed Fritag to remain. He said he would willingly, save that he had an appointment early the next morning in town. The Count said that he also had an early engagement, and that they could go together. Under these circumstances, Fritag was very glad to remain beneath so good a shelter. The next morning, it seems, the jager knocked at his door to tell him the Count was waiting; but receiving no answer, concluded he had left the Castle. So the Count departed without him. When the party assembled at breakfast, one of the domestics announced to the Countess that Herr Fritag had not gone with the Count. She immediately sent to let him know they were waiting breakfast; but there was no answer. After a delay of a couple of hours, they broke open the door, when they found poor Fritag insensible, lying across the bed. They thought at first he was dead; but perceiving he still breathed, they used the usual remedies, and he soon showed signs of returning conscious-

ness. They then entreated him to say what had happened, when he stated that the night before he noticed the gloomy appearance of the room to his attendant, who said it had hardly been used since the late Countess' death. It was the room that she and the Count had occupied; and since her demise it had the reputation of being haunted.

"Fritag was not afraid of spirits, and settled himself for the night without any apprehension. He had been in bed about a couple of hours, when he was awakened by a noise proceeding from the further extremity of the room; he sat up, and was terrified by seeing a tall female clad in white, with glaring eyes, and bright golden hair hanging over her shoulders. Stalking up to the bed, she silently beckoned to him, and he mechanically rose and followed her through a long narrow passage, when she turned aside into a room, quite brightened by the moonlight streaming through the window, but so covered with dust that it seemed as if no mortal had been in it for years. She raised the lid of a chest, and with a wild scream, held towards him the skeleton of a child. At this moment he descried all changing and becoming black as pitch. The next thing he was conscious of, was the buzz of voices round his bed.

"All the listeners to this mysterious story were struck with amazement. The old housekeeper said the room was frequented by a spirit, and so said all the credulous. The skeptical portions of the household tried to persuade Fritag that he must have had a bad dream.

"The Countess, a woman of strong mind, insisted on sending for the magistrate, and having a thorough inspection of the room. Accordingly a carriage was dispatched for that functionary without delay. It was some time before he arrived, as the distance from the castle to his residence is about ten miles. The Countess resolved not to leave the room for one moment till he came.

"Herr Saltag was only too glad to undertake the commission of investigation. He had often pressed the Count to allow him to inspect the apartment, and so put a stop to the reports circulated about its being 'haunted'; but somehow the Count always contrived to put it off. His absence now prevented any further obstacle, and without delay Herr Saltag, accompanied by the Countess and Fritag, search-

ed every part of the room, but without any result. It was all in vain that they shifted the bed, took down the curtains, changed the position of the furniture—there was no trace. Fritag showed the exact place of the spirit's entrance and exit. The wall was next sounded—it was solid masonry. There was not a panel that could slide up or down. The Countess declared there was no passage connecting that room with any other in the tower. Still Fritag persisted in his story; and the magistrate said he would not leave the place till he could account satisfactorily for it.

"Accordingly he ordered a ladder, and mounting it, passed his hand carefully over the wall, if by chance he might discover a hidden spring. After about an hour spent in this way, he exclaimed suddenly, 'I have it, I have it!' and by pressing hard with his finger, he moved a heavy door sliding into the wall, so as not to be perceptible outside. This led to a flight of steps also made in the wall; then another spring-door opened into a set of rooms in the tower that belonged to a superannuated nurse of the family who lived in these apartments. The room into which Fritag had been led the night before was to the left of this narrow passage, before coming to the steps. Into this the magistrate went. It was as Fritag described, covered thick with dust; but they perceived the trace of a naked foot. Following this foot-print they came to the window-sill, but no chest was visible. After examining all around, the Countess suggested that the window-sill itself might be raised; but there neither seemed hinge or lock. However, the planks were lifted, and awful to relate, the skeleton was found there.

"Herr Saltag would not allow the Countess to proceed any further; and giving the body of the child to one of his attendants, he proceeded with Fritag. They descended the steps, and going to the door which was easily opened, there they saw the identical white figure crouched in a corner, her beautiful golden hair hanging disheveled over her; and the witch-like nurse, with her arm raised about to strike her wretched victim. Fritag caught the woman's arm before it fell, when, to his utter consternation, he beheld in the ghastly misery of madness, the Count's first wife!"

This fearful tragedy is soon elucidated.

Count Von Silberstein and his wife, a beautiful but portionless girl, whom he had married, were traveling abroad, when they met with Mademoiselle Clara Dugué, the daughter and only child of a wealthy merchant.

The Countess was near her confinement, and the Count saw, if he could only get her out of the way, he might easily obtain the hand and fortune of Mademoiselle Clara. The fiendish thought no sooner presented itself to his mind than he hastened to put it in execution. He traveled back in disguise to his Castle of Silberstein, near Blenheim, carrying his wife with him; but causing it to be reported in Rome, that they had gone to Milan. Shortly after the birth of his child, he himself strangled the new-born babe in the mother's presence: the sight of her murdered infant deprived the poor Countess of reason. He then placed her under the care of the old hag with whom she was found, thinking, perhaps, she was as safe there as in her grave; and by this means tried to quiet his conscience by not having deprived her of life. The only being to whom he confided his secret was his sister, but she was in no way partaker of the deed, not having heard of it till after his second marriage. The weight of this dreadful secret broke her heart.

Count Von Silberstein hastened back after this foul deed to Rome, and there caused it to be circulated that his wife and child were dead. A few months after he sought from Monsieur Dugué the hand of his fair daughter; the ambitious old merchant was dazzled by a glittering coronet, and forced his reluctant child to marry the Count. The poor maniac had always occupied "the Black Chamber." The first night I have introduced her as making her appearance there, her nurse had gone to a feast in the lower stories, and thinking she had left her charge asleep, ventured down the private passage I have described, the existence of which was only known to herself. The wretched creature missing her guardian, and seeing the door open, hastened down the steps; pushing the other door back, she instantly recognized her own room; and, thinking she saw her husband in bed, in the frenzy of the moment, put the fated ring on his finger, and then returned, before she was detected, into her own apartment. The next time she was not so fortunate. The second visit was when her

nurse was engaged in a similar manner as before, and she gave, as she thought, to her husband his murdered child. It was just then the woman discovered her, and bore her away.

My poor friend Auerbach's health improved only for a short time; the solution

of the mystery came too late. The shock his constitution had received from that strange visitant, and the indissoluble contract by which he had supposed himself to be bound to a supernatural being, were too much for his strength, which gradually gave way, and in less than a year he died.

From the National Review.

FALSE MORALITY OF LADY NOVELISTS.*

It is not easy to over-estimate the importance of novels, whether we regard the influence they exercise upon an age, or the indications they afford of its characteristic tendencies and features. They come, indeed, under the denomination of "light literature;" but this literature is effective by reason of its very lightness: it spreads, penetrates, and permeates where weightier matter would lie merely on the outside of the mind, *rudis indigestaque moles*. We are by no means sure that, with reference to the sphere and nature of the impressions they produce, prose works of fiction do not constitute precisely that branch of the intellectual activity of a nation which a far-seeing moralist would watch with the most vigilant concern and supervise with the most anxious and unceasing care. The highest productions of genius, it is true—great national epics or lyrics, works of pure reason that revolutionize a philosophy or found a school, histories that become classical and permanent—the writings of the Shakspeares, Bacons,

Descartes, Lessings, Dantes, Voltaires, and Goethes of all lands—have unquestionably a wider and a grander range of operation, and leave more profound and enduring traces of their influence: but their effects are less immediate and less direct; they work deeper, but they work slower; they work upon the few first, and afterwards through these upon the many; they affect the present age probably much less, but future ages infinitely more.

There are many reasons why we should look upon novels in this serious point of view. They are the sole or the chief reading of numbers; and these numbers are mainly to be found among the rich and idle, whose wealth, leisure, and social position combine to give to their tastes and example an influence wholly out of proportion either to their mental activity or to their mental powers. They are the reading of most men in their idler and more impressionable hours, when the fatigued mind requires rest and recreation; when the brain, therefore, is comparatively passive; and when, the critical and combative faculties being laid to sleep, the pabulum offered is imbibed without being judged or sifted. They form, too, an unfortunately large proportion of the habitual reading of the young at the exact crisis of life when the spirit is at once most susceptible and most tenacious—

"Wax to receive, and marble to retain;"

* *Mildred Vernon: a Tale of Parisian Life in the last days of the Monarchy.* Colburn. 1848.

Lionie Vermont: a Scene of our Time. Bentley. 1849.

Kathie Brande. By HOLME LEE. Smith and Elder. 1850.

Ruth: a Novel. By the Author of *Mary Barton.* Chapman and Hall. 1853.

Framleigh Hall. Hurst and Blackett. 1859.

when the memory is fresh, and has a greedy and by no means discriminating appetite; when the moral standard is for the most part fluctuating or unformed; when experience affords no criterion whereby to separate the true from the false in the delineations of life, and the degree of culture is as yet insufficient to distinguish the pure from the meretricious, the sound from the unsound, in taste; and when whatever keenly interests and deeply moves is accepted and laid to heart, without much questioning whether the emotion is genuine and virtuous, or whether the interest is not aroused by unsafe and unwarrantable means. Finally, novels constitute a principal part of the reading of women, who are always impressionable, in whom at all times the emotional element is more awake and more powerful than the critical, whose feelings are more easily aroused and whose estimates are more easily influenced than ours, while at the same time the correctness of their feelings and the justice of their estimates are matters of the most special and preëminent concern.

There are peculiarities, again, in works of fiction which must always secure them a vast influence on all classes of societies and all sorts of minds. They are read without effort, and remembered without trouble. We have to chain down our attention to read other books with profit; these enchain our attention of themselves. Other books often leave no impression on the mind at all; these, for good or evil, for a while or for long, always produce *some* impression. Other books are effective only when digested and assimilated; novels either need no digestion, or rather present their matter to us in an already digested form. Histories, philosophies, political treatises, to a certain extent even first-class poetry, are solid and often tough food, which requires laborious and slow mastication. Novels are like soup or jelly; they may be drunk off at a draught or swallowed whole, certain of being easily and rapidly absorbed into the system.

A branch of literature which exercises an influence so considerable on men of leisure at all times, on men of business in their hours of relaxation, on the young of both sexes, and on the female sex at every age, assuredly demands the most thorough study and the closest censorship on the part of those who wish to compre-

hend, or who aspire to modify, the causes which mold humanity. We incline to think that a far larger number of persons receive the bias of their course and the complexion of their character from reading novels than from hearing sermons. We do not, indeed, hear of sudden conversions and entire and enduring changes of life and temper consequent on the perusal of romances, such as are occasionally said to follow the stirring eloquence of some great divine; though we believe that more analogous cases might be found than is usually supposed, were there any missionary enthusiasts to chronicle them, and were the recipients of the new spirit skillful and careful to trace back the healing influence to its source. But we are convinced that the instances are numerous beyond conception in which souls trembling and hesitating on the verge of good and evil have been determined towards the former by some scene of fiction falling in their way at the critical moment of their mental history; in which minds have been sustained in hours of weakness and strengthened in hours of temptation by life-like pictures of sorrows endured and trials surmounted in virtue of some great principle or some true sentiment; and in which sinners, fallen indeed, but not lost, have been induced to pause, to recoil, and to recover, by seeing in some work which they had opened only for amusement the hideousness of a crime whose revolting features they could not recognize except when reflected in a mirror. Numbers have first, not *learned* perhaps, but been actually brought to perceive and realize with practical result, the attractions of "whatsoever things are pure, holy, lovely, and of good report," by seeing their vivid delineations in the pages of "an owre true tale." Numbers who *might* no doubt have acquired their estimates of the relative gravity or excellence of favorite faults or difficult virtues from authorized Bibles or accredited moralists, have in reality learned them—often, alas! blended with a fearful degree of error—from fictitious histories; and seek their personal code of laws in Scott, or Bulwer, or Victor Hugo, or George Sand, or the Countess Hahn-Hahn, or Manzoni, in place of drawing it direct and pure from the Catechism or the Gospel. And far larger numbers still, as we may all of us be conscious from our own experience, owe it to the novels with

which they occasionally refresh their way-worn spirits along the world's hot and dusty thoroughfare, that the perception of the beautiful, the enthusiasm for the grand, and all the finer sentiments and gentler and tenderer emotions which soften and embellish life, are not utterly dried up, or crusted over, or trodden out, amid the fatigues and conflicts and turmoil of this arid and weary existence.

There is yet another consideration which points in the same direction. Prose fiction furnishes not only the favorite reading of the young; it is also the line in which young writers most incline to try their powers. A few of the more enthusiastic make their first essay in verse, but the large majority prefer novels. These are easier, they require less sustained effort, and they are incomparably more certain of an audience. Again, women, as we have said above, are the chief readers of novels; they are also, of late at least, the chief writers of them. A great proportion of these authoresses too are *young ladies*. There are vast numbers of lady novelists, for much the same reason that there are vast numbers of seamstresses. Thousands of women have nothing to do, and yet are under the necessity of doing something. Every woman can handle a needle *tant bien que mal*: every unemployed woman, therefore, takes to sewing. Hundreds of educated ladies have nothing to do, and yet are tormented with a most natural desire, nay, are often under a positive obligation, to do something. Every educated lady can handle a pen *tant bien que mal*: all such, therefore, take to writing—and to novel-writing, both as the kind which requires the least special qualification and the least severe study, and also as the only kind which will sell. The number of youthful novelists, and of young-lady novelists, extant at this moment passes calculation, and was unparalleled at any former epoch. Indeed, the supply of the fiction-market has mainly fallen into their hands; and it speaks well for the general taste and cultivation of the age, that, under such circumstances, so many of the new novels that pour forth weekly from the press should be really interesting and clever, and that so few should be utterly poor or bad. But it is in the nature of things impossible that productions of such a character, from such a source, however able or however

captivating, should not be radically and inherently defective. The plot may be exciting, the style may be flowing, the sentiments may be pleasing and even stirring, and the characters may be natural, interesting, and well sustained; but the views of life and the judgments of conduct must be imperfect and superficial, and will often be thoroughly unsound. These things can not be surely deduced, as is too often fancied, from certain fixed rules and principles which may be learned *à priori*; they depend in a great measure on observation and experience, on knowledge of the world and of the characters that move and act there, and on the ascertained consequences of actions and influences of qualities. Now here the young are necessarily wanting. If the writer be a young man, his experience of life must be brief, imperfect, and inadequate. If the writer be a young lady, her experience must be not only all this, but must be partial in addition. Whole spheres of observation, whole branches of character and conduct, are almost inevitably closed to her. Nay, even with respect to the one topic which forms the staple of most novels, and a main ingredient in all, namely, love, and its various phases, varieties, and developments—her means of judgment and of delineation must be always scanty and generally superficial. She may have felt the passion, it is true; but she will have felt it only in one form—the form congenial to her own nature; she will be able, therefore, in all likelihood, to depict it only under one aspect, and will estimate its character and consequences from a personal point of view. She may possibly have enjoyed (or suffered) opportunities of observing the workings of the sentiment in some one of her friends; but its wilder issues and its fiercer crises are necessarily and righteously hidden from her sight. She may, by dint of that marvelous faculty of sympathy and intuition which is given to those who have felt profoundly and suffered long, be able to divine much which she can not discover, and to conceive much which she has never seen or heard; and the pure and God-given instincts which some women possess in so rare a measure may enable her to distinguish between the genuine and the false, the noble and the low; but many of the saddest and deepest truths in the strange science of sexual affection are to her mysteriously and mercifully veiled;

and the knowledge of them can only be purchased at such a fearful cost, that we can not wish it otherwise. The inevitable consequence, however, is, that in treating of that science she labors under all the disadvantages of partial study and superficial insight. She is describing a country of which she knows only the more frequented and the safer roads, with a few of the sweeter scenes and the prettier by-paths and more picturesque *détours* which lie not far from the broad and beaten thoroughfares; while the rockier and loftier mountains, the more rugged tracks, the more sombre valleys, and the darker and more dangerous chasms, are never trodden by her feet and scarcely ever dreamed of by her fancy.

In youth, moreover, and in the youth of women more especially, there is a degree of exaltation of mind and temper which—beautiful as it is, and deeply as we should grieve over its absence—partakes of, or at least has a strong tendency to degenerate into, the morbid and unsound. It may add to the interest of a tale, but it renders it unfaithful as a picture of life, unsafe as a guide to the judgment, and often noxious in its influence on the feelings. In short—and to sum up in a single sentence the gist of all that we have said—that branch of the literature of our day which exercises the widest and most penetrating influence on the age—from which the young and the impressionable (nearly all of us, in short, at one period or other) chiefly draw their notions of life, their canons of judgment, their habitual sentiments and feelings, (so far as these are drawn from literature at all,) and their impressions as to what is admirable and right and what is detestable and wrong—is in the hands of writers whose experience of life is seldom wide and never deep, whose sympathies have not yet been chastened or corrected, whose philosophy is inevitably superficial, whose judgment can not possibly be matured, and is not very likely to be sound. The result is, that we are constantly gazing on inaccurate pictures, constantly sympathizing with artificial or reprehensible emotions, constantly admiring culpable conduct, constantly imbibing false morality.

It is chiefly with reference to this last point that we are moved at present to bear testimony. A large proportion of the novels we have recently perused appear to us to inculcate principles so

essentially erroneous, and to hold up to admiration characters and actions so intrinsically culpable and mistaken, that we should consider ourselves wanting in the discharge of our duty as ethical critics if we neglected to enter our protest, and to record the grounds of our dissent. The unsound and immoral doctrines which we wish especially to signalize, may be classed under four heads: false notions of honor; egotistical notions of self-sacrifice; sinful notions of compassion; and distorted notions of the relative enormity of various failings and offenses. And we propose to draw our illustrations from tales, all of which are remarkable for merits of no trivial order, and are written with the best intentions.

Mildred Vernon is a novel of more than ordinary excellence. It is unusually well written; the characters are well sustained; the conversations are natural and lively; the plot is one of great interest and is skillfully developed: and although much of the society into which we are introduced is, both socially and politically, as bad as need be—the scene being laid among the higher ranks in Paris towards the close of Louis Philippe's reign—yet the tone and feeling of the book are good throughout, and the morality, while neither narrow nor severe, is on the whole pure, correct, and even high-minded. The life painted is corrupt and profligate to a startling degree; but the author steers perfectly clear of the too common and most heinous faults of exciting dangerous passions by delineating scenes of temptation and of sin, or of enlisting the special interest of the reader on behalf of the splendid or voluptuous sinner. But this prevalent healthiness of sentiment and *justesse d'esprit* throw into still stronger relief the false notions of honor which are described and inculcated in the main *dénoûment* of the story.

Mildred Vernon is the beautiful, proud, pure, but somewhat puritanical and rigid wife of a baronet of strong passions, weak principles, ample wealth, and deep-rooted but not ostentatious selfishness. She loves him as an ordinary English wife loves an ordinary English husband—that is, it was a love-match—and she is most dutifully devoted to him in all points; but her deeper feelings have never been awakened, and she has no more notion that she could ever be tempted than that she could

ever sin. Sir Edward brings her to Paris, finds access into one of the best circles of the Faubourg St. Germain, and establishes his wife therein; and then himself falls under the influence of one of the most fascinating and vicious of the *lionnes* who infested the higher ranks in that profligate capital at that most profligate epoch. He becomes utterly bewitched, and all his bad qualities are brought out by the corrupting and degrading connection. He neglects Mildred, insults her, outrages all her sensibility of feeling, and all her ideas of virtue and decorum, unpardonably offends her dignity as a wife, and as she is very strict and very proud, irretrievably alienates her affections. She had loved him for being what she had believed him; she now despises and dislikes him, because she sees him as he really is. During the whole of this period she is constantly with the Duchesse de Montévreux and her family. The son, Gaston de Montévreux, a cultivated and superior man, with all the French agreeable politeness and too much of the French laxity of morals, becomes ardently attached to her, sees her daily, and shields her as much as he can from a knowledge of her husband's misbehavior. She, who is innocence itself, and cold not from nature but from habit and education, is for long wholly unconscious both of his devotion and of the degree in which her own feelings have become involved; but as soon as the truth flashes upon her, she acts as an English matron should and will. She has never the least notion of weakly yielding; but she perceives that her sentiments towards the young duke are such as ought not to be indulged, and that deserted as she is by her husband, she would be more fitly and safely situated among her friends in England. Thither accordingly she returns—learning too plainly from the separation that Gaston has now become all in all to her. After an interval of some months he follows her; circumstances bring about a mutual *délaireissement*; she does not deceive him as to the state of her affections, but compels him to be generous and to respect her. His love and character become purified by the purity and elevation of hers; she reminds him of all he owes to his family and his country, and at length induces him to show himself worthy of a love of which neither need be ashamed, instead of hankering after one which could only be successful by becoming sinful, and to return to

France, and seek in the noble duties and excitements of public life either strength to forget or patience to await. In consequence, contrary to all the principles and traditions of his family, who had hitherto held scrupulously aloof from the Orleans régime, he enters the Chamber, and becomes a distinguished senator and speaker.

Meanwhile Sir Edward Vernon is pursuing in Paris and at Baden a course of dissipation which is rapidly wasting his fortune and undermining his health, already shattered by a wound received in a disreputable duel. His wife's generosity, and the aid of her friends, rescue him from prison; but he declines to reunite their lives, and leaves her formally and finally. Mildred, who has returned to Paris in order to make her benevolent arrangements for Sir Edward, is now daily in Gaston's company: all that is innocent in their love is gratified—all that would be culpable and unworthy is banished, even in thought, far from them; and both, though in different measure, grow wiser, nobler, tenderer, and stronger, alike from the permitted happiness and the enforced control. All this is beautifully painted. But now comes the crisis of the story, and the occasion of the false morality. Gaston had been betrothed, as is customary in France, to a young cousin of his, Olympe, then only about fifteen and in a convent. He had scarcely seen her; he had no feeling for her: the affair was a contract, a plan, a family arrangement. She was very pretty and very rich. The idea of marrying her was of course, in Gaston's new circumstances and under his new and purer notions of morality, rendered simply impossible to him by his absorbing and resolute attachment to Lady Vernon; and on one pretext or another, all consideration of the affair had been postponed. Gaston waited for some occurrence or reason which should avowedly release him from his engagement. While matters were in this position, near the whole of Olympe's fortune was invested by a speculative guardian in the scrip of a railway, the bill for authorizing which (the *concession*, as it is there called) was then passing through the Chamber. The success of this bill would double Olympe's dowry; the rejection of it would sweep it nearly all away. Gaston, wholly unconscious of this complication, carefully examines the railway project on its merits, decides against them,

and makes so convincing a speech in the Chamber, that the *concession* is refused. (All this, be it said, is absurdly improbable in France at such a time. But let that pass.) That very day he had written to the mother of his cousin, to decline fulfilling his engagement with her; but Madame de Montévieux had intercepted and delayed the letter, and Olympe's ruin, caused by Gaston's speech, made it apparently *impossible* to send it now. The painful and difficult character of the dilemma is visible at a glance, especially when we add that, to complete it, and before the sacrifice is consummated, Sir Edward Vernon dies suddenly and as disreputably as he had lived, and leaves Mildred free.

The solution of a difficulty such as this is as good a test as could well be devised of the soundness of the moral philosophy of the author, and the principles and resolution of the actors involved. In this case, it is solved according to the radically immoral notions of "honor" prevalent in the highest ranks of most countries. Gaston at first is determined to be true to his instincts and his love; but his mother and the pious and holy confessor (the Abbé de Nangis) and poor Mildred—whose somewhat *exalté* disinterestedness and generous concern for Gaston's reputation Madame de Montévieux is cruel enough to enlist for her purposes—all decide against him; and he yields. He marries his cousin, whom he does not love; and sacrifices Mildred, whom he does love, and whose devoted fondness he has gained by years of passionate promises and vows, and more recently by daily intercourse of the most intimate and confiding sort. And all parties concerned are regarded as having done not only what was right, but what was most eminently and sublimely virtuous. Now what are the motives which decide them, and the arguments to which Gaston yields? That "the world" will attribute Gaston's breaking off the match to the loss of Olympe's fortune, and that the irreproachable good fame and sacred "honor of an ancient and noble family" will be in consequence irreparably tarnished. "The Duc de Montévieux" will be *thought* to have acted meanly. It is true, the mother urges both to Mildred and to her son that Lady Vernon's reputation would be in danger of being compromised—(again the eyes of "the world")—as she would be considered the cause of Gaston's hav-

ing taken such a step; but this is only thrown in as a make-weight, and is clearly of little real influence, inasmuch as if the first explanation would be so sure of adoption by the censorious public, the second need not have been sought for. What, then, is the plain English of the whole? Gaston commits a *lâcheté* and a crime to avoid *being thought* guilty of a baseness. He behaves cruelly to Mildred lest the world should believe he has acted shabbily to Olympe. He breaks his faith, lest he should be supposed to have stained his honor. With his whole heart and soul bound up in one woman, he goes to the altar with another, and plights to her his exclusive devotion and his eternal tenderness. He prefers the reality to the appearance of doing wrong and acting falsely. A saintly priest blesses and applauds the hideous falsehood and the barbarous sacrifice; and all the four participants in this sin fancy they have risen to the very zenith of martyred virtue.

This error is the more to be deplored because, in one most touching episode in these volumes, the writer has instinctively seized upon the true moral view, where merely conventional thinkers would have missed it. The story of Madame de Bois-lambert is one of the most touching we ever read. Pure, noble, and tender, with all the mingled softness and intensity of feeling due to her Spanish and Moorish origin, and brought up by her mother in the doctrine that a promise, to whomsoever and under whatsoever circumstances given, is to be sacredly fulfilled, she in early youth yields her affections and plights her troth to a remarkable young man named Lionel Chavigny. He is *bourgeois*; and her family, therefore, would forbid the match had they ever dreamed of its possibility, and had they not designed their daughter for the Marquis de Bois-lambert, a fine dignified general, but now in middle life. The poor girl consults her confessor, the Abbé de Nangis, who, finding how irrevocably her heart is fixed, at last consents to aid her so far as to persuade her mother to postpone the proposed marriage with the general for a year or two. Lionel is summoned to Spain: in about six months a report of his marriage, false, but so corroborated as to leave no room for question, reaches her; and in the revulsion of grief and despair, she consents to marry M. de Bois-lambert whenever her parents wish it.

With him she enjoys seven years of such modified happiness as a heart so deeply wounded can obtain; for her husband, though somewhat formal, and too dignified to manifest the true and deep affection which he feels, is an excellent and noble friend, full of kindness and indulgence; and she has two sweet children, on whom she lavishes all the boundless tenderness of her nature. Suddenly Chavigny reappears; she learns the mistake which has lost her to him forever, and sees how fearfully the bitterness of her supposed faithlessness has changed him. Her self-reproach is deep and dangerous; she mourns over and would fain redeem the moral ruin she has wrought. Lionel, whose knowledge of the world and cool consummate science make him one of the most formidable of men, takes advantage of her mood, and in a moment of wild and passing delirium she is lost. It was but a moment; the revulsion was immediate; her shame and grief were overwhelming. She leaves her husband's house, *alone*; for Chavigny declines to ruin her reputation as well as her peace by accepting the sacrifice she offers; but she will not deceive the husband she has betrayed, and refuses to return home. The story soon becomes known, and even in Paris excites deep regret and sympathy; for Louise is universally worshiped and beloved. Every one—even her husband—feels it impossible to attach the idea of *guilt* to the momentary frenzy of one so pure; and M. de Bois Lambert, when, after the lapse of a year, he has discovered her retreat, allows her to see her children, and, conquered by his own love and her deep contrition and intrinsic excellence, offers pardon and reconciliation. The scene which ensues is one of the most affecting in any work of fiction. The poor, afflicted, humbled wife, overcome by her husband's attachment and generosity, and yearning more than words can tell to be back with him and with her children, yet fears that she ought not to accept a forgiveness of which few could comprehend the grandeur or the beauty, and which, therefore, would expose him to ridicule and evil tongues. So far all is sound and genuine feeling. But now comes in that fascinating notion of self-sacrifice, so fatal when perverted and *sentimental*; and Louise, feeling that she has "no right" to be so happy, determines that duty compels her to make all connected with

her as unhappy as she can. Two considerations finally, after a fearful struggle, decide her to decline her husband's love, and to leave him forever because she had left him for an hour. *First*, she says that she has "the sins of two souls upon her conscience," and her life must henceforth be devoted to an expiation for them both; so she becomes a *Sœur de Charité*, and deserts the duty of consoling and cheering the husband and the children whom God has given her, for that of consoling and cheering the miscellaneous poor whom she may find in hospitals! And *secondly*, she argues that she must not expose her husband to the ridicule which "the world" attaches to the husband who forgives; and, to clench the argument, when one of the most outrageous *lorettes* of Paris, in passing her, lets fall a remark about "improper persons," she turns to M. de Bois Lambert, and says, (as if this practical proof admitted no rejoinder,) "You see, Ferdinand, it *can not* be!" If this be not deplorable weakness and distortion, our notions of right and wrong must be far astray.

Léonie Vermont is, like *Mildred Vernon*, a picture of love abandoned and happiness trampled under foot in obedience to misty and crooked notions of what honor and dignity enjoin. The Comte de Briancour, a legitimist noble of the true old incurable type, adopts and brings up with his own children the son and daughter of a comrade of inferior rank—in fact, a sergeant of his regiment—who had saved his life in battle. The brother and sister receive a good education, but grow up as different as it is possible to conceive. Philippe Vermont, who proves to have considerable talents as an artist, is a type of every thing that is mean and revolting in the French character. Ambitious, envious, treacherous, and malignant, without principles as without convictions, an admirer of sensual beauty and caring only for sensual enjoyment, he adopts republican views in their worst and lowest form, goes to the metropolis, and there leads a life of alternate political intrigue, profligate pleasure, and pictorial success. His sister Léonie—an ardent and enthusiastic republican; a true daughter of "the People," and believing above all things in the people's nobleness; grand, beautiful, and haughty, full of elevated sentiments and commanding courage—reads her brother's

character to its very depths, and distrusts, despises, and dislikes him. Ferdinand de Briancour, the only son of the Count, is a young poet of honorable and refined sentiments, considerable ability, and liberal though decidedly monarchical in his political opinions. Brought up with Léonie in the retirement of a country-house, he, as might be expected, falls in love with her; and she after a while returns his affection, with all the concentrated strength of her vigorous and unsophisticated nature. But she is too proud to dream of marrying Ferdinand without the Count's consent, and the Count's consent both the lovers well know will never be given to a *mésalliance*. So they resolve to love on, and wait patiently for better days. In the mean time the whole family go to Paris, and the Revolution of 1848 breaks out. Philippe Vermont, who has been a leading member of those secret societies where socialism was preached as a creed and assassination enjoined as a duty, and which so largely contributed to the fatal success of that most deplorable outbreak, becomes a great man, and is represented as holding the position actually assigned to Louis Blanc. He revels in all the joys of luxury and power; his selfishness, meanness, and the utter insincerity of all his ultra-liberal professions, become daily more manifest; and ever fresh instances of his profligacy unvail his character more and more to his disgusted connections. With the establishment of regular government his post is taken from him; he fails (while Ferdinand succeeds) in being elected a member of the Chamber, and sinks down into one of the most desperate and dishonest of the insurgent conspirators of June. The dreadful scenes of that three-days conflict are well described. Philippe is there, but in safety, and adds cowardice to his other vices. He is on the barricades at last; and when the gallant and saintly Archbishop of Paris appeared amid the combatants, cross in hand, towards the end of the third day, to prevent further bloodshed, Philippe's was supposed to be the hand which fired the fatal shot which slew that venerated prelate, whose death struck both parties with horror. Philippe escapes to England; but is burnt in effigy by the populace, and condemned *par contumace* by the authorities.

And now comes into play the paltry, distorted, fanciful morality which we de-

nounce. As soon as this catastrophe and Philippe's reported share in it become known, Léonie, though heart-broken by the conviction, determines that her engagement with Ferdinand must be broken off; that their union thenceforth would be a crime in her and an infamy to him; and not only his saintly sister, Madame Isabelle, and the saintly priest, the Abbé de Lavergne, but Ferdinand himself, while wild with grief at the decision, at once accept it as obviously and indisputably inevitable. The marriage from that moment becomes in the eyes of all a guilty *impossibility*. The author's mind here seems to grow as muddy as those of her heroines and heroes; and her development of this, the *dénouement* of her story, is singularly weak and inconclusive. Observe: The engagement between Ferdinand and Léonie was entered into with the full knowledge on the part of both of Philippe's utter lowness and unworthiness of nature; neither of them dreamed that the brother's vice could tarnish or obscure the sister's inherent nobleness, or render her union with a high-minded and long-descended gentleman other than an equal and a righteous match; and both Madame Isabelle and the Abbé sanctioned and blessed the project. They subsequently discover that Philippe's seduction has ruined a poor girl in whom they were deeply interested, and that his desertion has driven her to suicide; but their pain and indignation lead to no ideas menacing their love. They learn that he is the leader of a band of secret conspirators, whose object is anarchy and pillage, and among whose means is murder; yet this even raises no barrier between the lovers. They know him to be infamous in every way and by every title; yet never dream that the infamy of the brother disgraces or implicates the sister, or makes her a thing whom an honorable man may not take to his bosom and cover with his name. But no sooner do they see him burnt in effigy amid the curses of the mob whom he had abandoned and misled—no sooner do they learn that he (like so many other insurgents) has been condemned to the galleys *he had all along deserved*—no sooner do they hear that his is said to have been the hand which slew the Archbishop (though no evidence of the fact can be obtained, and though the tenor of the narrative implies that the fatal shot, if fired by him at all, was not designed for

the martyred prelate, but for a personal antagonist with whom he was struggling in a mortal conflict)—than the mask falls from their eyes at once, and they perceive, as by a flash of lightning that “a name” so infamous as that of Vermont can never mingle with a name so noble as that of Briancour! What hollow selfishness, what cruel pride, are here decked out in the rich plumes of “Honor!” What a poor and unreal passion comes in to claim the crown of martyrdom, and calls upon Religion to cast her halo round the shallow fallacy! For, of course, the abbé applauds, and even urges the self-sacrifice; and sends Léonie, with “up-turned eyes” and broken heart, into a convent. Observe once more, (that we may tear away the veil completely from this *exalté* and high-sounding sophistry :) Philippe Vermont has committed crimes and meannesses *worthy* of the galleys, yet Léonie, indignant and disgusted as she is, feels no dishonor recoiling upon her, nor does Ferdinand shrink from the sister on account of the brother’s abject and alien nature; but as soon as he receives (though in his absence) the legal recompense of his deeds, *then* all must be ended between them. He is already so infamous, that no condemnation, however public, can make him more so: his condemnation teaches *them* nothing new, but it proclaims all to the world; and herein lies the sting, the difference, the damning and deciding fact! Léonie renounces her affianced husband, and Ferdinand accepts the renunciation, not because Philippe is a cowardly and blood-stained ruffian, with whom the remotest connection is inherent shame, but because he has been discovered and denounced as such. And finally, to complete the distortion of view manifest throughout: All the blood which Philippe has indirectly shed, all the ignorant assassins whose hands he has armed and whose fury he has whetted, raise no dividing cloud between Léonie and her betrothed; but in a civil conflict he *accidentally* slays an archbishop who is bearing the emblem of peace to the insurgents, he is believed to have undesignedly imbrued his hands in the blood of a venerated prelate; and forthwith the avenging angel, who has connived at all the *lay* slaughter for which the same criminal is accountable, stands with his flaming sword between the innocent lovers, and drives them from their common paradise!

Once for all—on this subject of “self-sacrifice,” we would exhort sentimental and ethical romance-writers to clear and purify their fantastic and flatulent morality, and substitute healthy strength for morbid and unnatural excitement. The power of surrendering and renouncing the dearest hopes and happiness of life at the clear command of duty, whether that duty be religious, political, or linked with the affections, is the divinest of human faculties, and its exercise affords the sublimest spectacle that can be witnessed on this earth; but to make this sacrifice to family pride, to the world’s breath, to the wrong passions or the shallow prejudices of others, is a spurious and histrionic imitation. It is building an altar to a false god; it is endowing with your dearest wealth the shrine of a mistaken faith; it is enthroning and worshipping a weakness which, however amiable and unselfish, is a weakness still. And when, as in almost all these instances is the case, the sacrifice made involves the happiness of another person as well as our own, and entails, as usually happens, deception practiced on a third, the deed becomes a wrong and a cruelty as well as a mistake. And considering the tendency, so prevalent among all moralists and most scrupulous and sincere minds, to imagine a course of conduct to be especially virtuous simply because it is especially difficult and painful; and the probability therefore that these heroic sacrifices of ourselves and others will generally be made in those moods of exaggerated generosity and feverish enthusiasm which are always dangerous, often artificial, and almost inevitably transient—it is especially incumbent on all who venture to paint such scenes and describe the feelings they excite, to beware lest they confound and misapply the fundamental principles of duty and of *justice*, and lead those who are guided by them to mistake idolatry for piety, and rush into misery at the dictate of an unsound and inflated sentiment when they fancy they are obeying the solemn voice of a divine decree. Frequent errors on this subject bring discredit on the grandest virtue possible to man. We ought to be able to admire not only the courage of martyrs, but their wisdom likewise, and not be perpetually condemned to the demoralizing task of lamenting that the power of acting right should be so often divorced from the faculty of seeing straight.

That "diversity of gifts," which assigns strong sense and sagacity to one man, and purity and disinterested purpose to another; that apparent poverty of the moral nature, which seems as if it could not afford to endow the same person with excellence and talent, which makes the good so often feeble in intellect and the sensible so often frail in conscience—is one of the gravest trials to our faith; and novelists have done much to make it heavier still.

Kathie Brande is another tale of injudicious and unkind, because self-considering, self-sacrifice. The story is one of uncommon beauty, full of exquisite and gentle sentiment simply and charmingly expressed, and distinguished by a sustained elevation wholly free from exaggeration. Kathie's mother is a widow, in narrow but not uncomfortable circumstances, with four or five children, of whom Kathie is the eldest and the most important. She is betrothed to a sensible and exemplary young curate, and they are to be married in the spring. But her only brother, Stephen, is an idle, selfish, and utterly ignoble creature, caring for nothing but his own pleasures, and careless of his family, of which he is the chief burden, instead of being its chief support. He has plenty of ability; but he has no sense of decency, duty, or affection; and he will not work. His mother strains her slender means to send him to the university; where he disgraces himself, incurs debts to the amount of more than a thousand pounds in two years, and ends by getting himself expelled. In addition to this, he is mean enough to sponge upon his sister, whom he has impoverished, to supply his own luxuries and fancies. His family, in place of letting him meet the penalty of his wickedness and cruel folly, and forcing him to support himself, submit to the greatest privations to satisfy his creditors, and allow him, without a word of reproach or exhortation—without even pointing out to him his obvious duty, which he does not even think of seeing—to remain idly and expensively at home. Here was the first moral error; any one so selfish, insensible, and abject, could obviously be brought round only by the heavy pressure of personal suffering, and should have been forced to meet his own difficulties and atone for his own sins. But this was not all. In order to pay Stephen's debts and support Stephen's

idleness, the small dowry which was to have enabled Kathie to marry Felix Mayne had to be surrendered, and the marriage had to be indefinitely postponed. Here was the second error—one more serious and patent than the first. This was not self-sacrifice alone; it was sacrificing the happiness of *another*, who ought to have been and was dearer than herself, to her own views of what was right and fitting. It was sacrificing a noble lover, whom she might have blessed, to a wretched brother whom her generosity could not redeem, but could only harden and confirm in his evil ways. Still, something might be said in defense of her disinterested error, for she was her brother's main stay; and when once the resolution to pay Stephen's debts had reduced them to poverty, her presence at home could scarcely have been dispensed with.

A few years pass on. Stephen, for whom so much had been endured and foregone, pursues a course of worthlessness ill-fitted to recompense those who had so loved and served him; Kathie grows thin and worn with toil, waiting, and soreness of heart; and Felix Mayne becomes soured and saddened by his loveless and solitary life. At last Kathie sees that it is wrong and selfish to retain a love which it may be years before she is able to reward, so she absolves Felix from his engagement. But Felix has become prosperous and famous. He refuses to be set free, declares he has enough for all, and urges her to bring her mother to live with them; for to this mother the family is now reduced. It is impossible to assign any sober or valid grounds for her refusal. But she *does* refuse: given over to this distorted notion of self-sacrifice, she is deaf to his entreaties, cruel to his enduring love, tells him that her mother could not bear dependence, sends him empty away; and then sinks back broken-hearted upon her desolate and darkened life. Now we do not say that a woman—and a noble and tender-hearted woman too—might not have acted thus; but we do say that the author ought to have represented this refusal as a deplorable error and not a sublime virtue, and to have pointed out how far the want of sound judgment detracted from the value of the noble impulse. The grander the moral faculty, the more important is it that it should be enlisted in a righteous cause.

Framleigh Hall is a novel of much interest and of many faults; but of great promise also. It is evidently the production of a lady, and of a young lady, who has read and thought more than she has seen or felt; but of whose powers, when they have been developed and enriched by the experience of life and a more wide and varied knowledge of the world, we are inclined to augur very highly. The characters are all distinctly conceived, and their individuality is preserved throughout the tale—a sure sign of clear thought and careful workmanship. The writer is evidently worthy of guidance and of warning, and we feel certain will take neither ill; and therefore we have selected her romance as an example of wrong notions on a subject on which it is peculiarly important for women to have right ones. Her two heroines—one singularly attractive, and the other singularly excellent—set about committing a great sin under the delusion that they are obeying a solemn duty, and exercising a most virtuous and generous self-denial; and the authoress seems almost wholly unconscious what an ethical enormity she is holding up to admiration.

Grenville is a young man of good property and considerable talents, handsome and elegant in his person, and, when he pleases, agreeable in society; but without one single amiable or estimable quality. A tyrant at home and at school; cruel, passionate, and brutal while a child, and through all subsequent stages up to finished manhood; utterly selfish, and incapable of affection, tenderness, gratitude, or any generous and gentlemanly sentiment, though sometimes putting on an external varnish of good manners; rude and even ruffianly, not only to his school-mates, but to his mother, his sister, and his betrothed—he is about the most unredeemably bad and detestable character ever drawn. Maurice Delamere is just the reverse of all this: of a delicate, nervous, and susceptible organization, physically timid, though morally and conscientiously courageous; refined, cultivated, generous, and affectionate, but too irresolute to make his way in the world, and too shrinking and too conscious of his own defects ever to do himself justice in the eyes of others; not fitted to win the hearts of ordinary women, but sure to make any woman happy who could understand and appreciate him, and sure to

be eternally grateful for such appreciation exactly because he felt it was what he could expect from few; just the man also to be Grenville's victim; as accordingly he is, from infancy to death. Grenville has a sister, Isabella, in all respects his opposite—somewhat sickly and not at all attractive, but a woman of strong principles and warm affections, thoroughly amiable, and attached even to her brother, though painfully and reluctantly conscious of his unworthiness, and long a sufferer from his hard and brutal selfishness. With her and her mother lives the heroine, Eugenia, a portionless cousin, beautiful, vivacious, uncultivated, and untamed; but with all a woman's best instincts native and unspoiled within her. While very young, and incapable of estimating character, she attracted the fancy of her cousin Grenville, who was charmed by her grace and beauty, and longed for her as a plaything and an ornament; and, pleased with his attentions and ignorant of his vice, she thoughtlessly consented to engage herself to him. He entered the army, and was some time absent. Even when at home he paid her scarcely any attention, yet exacted from her the amplest devotion and incessant compliance with his whims. She had no real affection for him, and began to weary of his selfishness; but still continued to consider herself as pledged some day or other to become his wife. Meanwhile she met Maurice in society, and gradually grew intimate with him. His conversation and character opened a new world to her. She grew to be conscious of her want of culture, and to be anxious to supply the want. Maurice aided her; not only developed and aroused her dormant sensibilities of mind and spirit, but supplied from the riches of his own nature the pabulum needed by the newly-awakened want. There is no influence so profound or irresistible as that exercised over an intellectual woman by the man who first stirs that intellect into conscious life, and can lead it to the treasures which it longs to rifle, and guide it through the flowery and starry pathways which it yearns to tread. Eugenia—whose heart has never been touched—becomes unwittingly attached to Maurice; and Maurice, who is quite unaware of her engagement to his enemy and evil genius, loves her with intensest fervor. She soon becomes aware of this; and a visit which Grenville pays

to his home, wherein he displays all the coarseness and violence of his bad and ungovernable nature, makes her feel forcibly the contrast of the two men, and determine that she can never give herself to so unbearable a master.

But Isabella, the suffering and affectionate sister of this domestic wretch, perceives the growing attachment; and aware how fatal it will be to her brother's hopes and happiness, sets resolutely to work to counteract it. She knows that her brother is wholly unworthy of a heart like Eugenia's; she is *dimly*, but refuses to be *clearly*, conscious that he will maltreat her and make her miserable; yet still she believes that the loss of his betrothed will not only disappoint him into fury, but drive him irretrievably into evil courses: for though as incapable of appreciating Eugenia as of deserving her, he undoubtedly loves her with a passion which is compounded of artist admiration and animal desire. Accordingly Miss Grenville, though cognizant of the true and faithful mutual tenderness of Maurice and Eugenia, forgetting how sacred such affection is, determines to make these two wretched that she may make one man imperfectly and transiently happy, and to immolate two noble and loving hearts to the pleasure of gratifying and the hope of redeeming her bad brother. She will blight their lives and mar their souls rather than that he should lose his plaything and his sweetmeat. She persuades and almost compels Eugenia into the conspiracy against herself, by representing to her what she owes to Grenville's father, to her own youthful promise, and to the prospect of reclaiming the irreclaimable; and, strange to say, her cousin yields to these wretched arguments, and consents to abandon Maurice, whom she loves, and to marry Grenville, whom she dreads, despises, and is fast learning to abhor.

Now, according to our reading of the moral law, such conduct is foolishly and scandalously wicked; and no self-suffering involved in it can make it otherwise. To marry one man while loving and loved by another, is about the most grievous fault that a decent woman can commit. It is a sin against delicacy—against purity even—against justice, against kindness, against truth. It involves giving that to legal right which is guilty and shameful when given to any thing but reciprocal affection. It involves a double treachery

and a double cruelty. It involves wounding the spirit, withering the heart, perhaps blighting the life and soiling the soul, of the one who is abandoned and betrayed. It involves the speedy disenchantment and the bitter disappointment of the one who is mocked by the shadow where he was promised the substance, and who grasps only the phantom of a soulless beauty, and the husk, the shell, the skeleton of a dead affection. It entails ceaseless deception, at home and abroad, by day and night, at our down-sitting and our uprising; deception in every relation—deception in the tenderest and most out-speaking moments of existence. It makes the whole of life a weary, difficult, degrading, unrewarded lie. A right-minded woman could scarcely lay a deeper sin upon her soul, or one more certain to bring down a fearful expiation. For Woman, in very truth, this is the sin against the Holy Ghost—the “sin unto death”—the sin which casts a terrible darkness over both worlds. Yet here are two pure and virtuous maidens preparing and persuading to commit it out of mere disinterested tenderness; and a third describing the Sutte, and, with applauding gestures though with streaming eyes, encouraging the human sacrifice.

Novelists err grievously and habitually in their estimates of the relative culpability of certain sins, failings, and backslidings. It must be admitted that the church and the world too generally err as grievously, and in the same direction. Frailties, which often indicate nothing worse than too much tenderness and too little strength, are spoken of and treated with a cruel harshness which should be reserved for, and might fitly be lavished on, the bitter, selfish, or malignant passions. The grasping and cruel man is gravely rebuked; on the feeble and erring woman is poured forth a flood of virtuous indignation. The weak flesh is beaten with many stripes; the wicked spirit is gently told to go and sin no more. The tyrannical and selfish temper, that makes every one around it miserable, is blamed as an unamiable fault; the yielding folly, which can refuse nothing to one it loves, is denounced as an unpardonable sin. Provided a man is strictly honest, decorous in demeanor, and what we call “moral”—that is, not impure—in conduct, he is accepted by the novelist, he passes current in the world, he appears unre-

buked before the altar; though he be a tyrannical husband and a brutal father, though he be an abject flatterer, a cold hypocrite, or a haughty Pharisee; though he never hesitates for an instant either to gratify his own feelings or to trample on those of others. But provided a woman, however young, however ignorant in the world's ways, however desolate and sorely tried, has unloosed for one moment the girdle of her maiden innocence—though the lapse may have been instantaneous, delirious, instantly repented and resolutely retrieved—though in her essential nature she may still be all that is noble, affectionate, devoted, womanly, and unstained—she is punished without discrimination as the most sunk of sinners; and, what is more especially to our present purpose, all writers of fiction represent her as acquiescing in the justice of the sentence.

Now we say unhesitatingly that these are not righteous, as most assuredly they are not Christian, judgments. Far be it from us to say one word calculated to render less strong, less lofty, less thorny, or less insurmountable, the barrier which protects female chastity in our land, or to palliate untruly that frailty which is always a deplorable weakness, and often a heinous sin. Its gravity can not easily be overstated; and, God knows, the penalty exacted is always most terrifically adequate. But we do say that truth and justice are both violated by those writers who persist in representing sins of frailty *in all instances* as either inherently so grave in their consequences to happiness, or so surely indicative of lost or absent excellence—and therefore calling for such fierce denunciation—as those sins of malignant passion, selfish spirit, and bitter temper, which are so usually accepted as natural, venial, and normal. The indulgence of the bad passions is surely worse than the indulgence of the soft ones; though it is guilty, because weak, in both cases. Yielding to temptation must be always sinful; but yielding to wishes not in themselves nor at all times wrong, can not justly be condemned so sternly as yielding to passions inherently and invariably violent and criminal. In this direction, at least, lay the judgment and the sympathies of Jesus, as the whole tenor of his words and deeds proclaims; for while he denounced the hard and cruel rulers of the land, the grasping lawyer and the supercilious Pharisee, with

an indignation that is refreshingly human, he comforted and pardoned the frail wife and the weeping Magdalen with a grave tenderness that is unmistakably divine. He who spake as never man spake, he who saw what few other men could see, knew that, in the woman who has gone astray through the weakness of an ill-placed or thirsting affection, there might yet lie untouched depths of purity, self-devotion, and capacity for the loftiest virtue, which it would be vain to look for in the man whose cold and selfish bosom no tender or generous emotion had ever thawed, or in the man “who trusted in himself that he was righteous, and despised others.”

These remarks have been suggested to us by the re-perusal of a most beautiful and touching tale, wherein the erroneous moral estimate we are signalizing appears in a very mild form; and which, indeed, would appear to have been written with the design of modifying and correcting it, though the author's ideas were not quite clear or positive enough to enable her to carry out boldly or develop fully the conception she had formed. Mrs. Gaskell's novel of *Ruth* is too well known to lay us under the necessity of narrating the story in detail. Ruth, innocent and beautiful, left an orphan and without connections, is turned out of doors at sixteen by a harsh and hasty mistress, in whose establishment she had been placed to learn dress-making; and not knowing whither to turn in her despair, is persuaded by a gentleman, who had already half-engaged her youthful fancy, to accept shelter and assistance from him. She goes astray, scarcely, if at all, knowing that she is doing wrong, but from a gentleness of nature that never dreams of resisting the influence or the persuasions of those she loves. After a while her lover deserts her; and the remarks and behavior of the world, and the teachings of an excellent dissenting minister and his sister, awaken her to a perception of the error she has committed and the light in which that error is regarded. The process by which her character is purified and elevated, and her fault redeemed, through the influence of Mr. Benson and her passionate attachment to her child, is described with a fidelity to the deeper and truer secrets of our nature which is as beautiful as it is unique. Among the members of Mr. Benson's congregation is a wealthy and

influential merchant, Mr. Bradshaw—the very distilled essence of a disagreeable Pharisee; ostentatious, patronizing, self-confident, and self-worshipping; rigidly righteous according to his own notion, but in our eyes a heinous and habitual offender; a harsh and oppressive tyrant in his own family without perceiving it, or rather without admitting that his harshness and oppression is other than a sublime virtue, yet driving by it one child into rebellion and another into hypocrisy and crime, and arousing the angry passions of every one with whom he comes in contact; having no notion of what temptation is, either as a thing to be resisted or succumbed to, for the simple reason that all his temptations, which are those of pride, selfishness, and temper, are yielded to and defended as virtuous impulses; prone to trample, and ignorant of the very meaning of tenderness and mercy. This man, reeking with the sins Christ most abhorred, turns upon the unhappy Ruth, (who after six years of exemplary life, has become a governess in his house,) as soon as he accidentally learns her history, with a brutal savage violence and a coarse unfeeling cruelty which we need not scruple to affirm constituted a far greater sin than poor Ruth had committed, or would have committed had her lapse from chastity been willful and persistent instead of unconscious, transient, and bitterly and nobly atoned for. Something of this very conviction was evidently in Mrs. Gaskell's mind; and we can scarcely doubt that she placed Mr. Bradshaw's hard and aggressive Pharisaism in such strong relief and contrast by way of insinuating the comparative moral we have boldly stated. In any case, such is the resulting impression which must be left upon the reader's mind. But what we object to in her book is

this: that the tone and language habitually adopted throughout, both by Ruth herself and by her friends when alluding to her fault, is at war with this impression and with the true tenor of the facts recorded. Mrs. Gaskell scarcely seems at one with herself in this matter. Anxious above all things to arouse a kinder feeling in the uncharitable and bitter world towards offenders of Ruth's sort, to show how thoughtless and almost unconscious such offenses sometimes are, and how slightly, after all, they may affect real purity of nature and piety of spirit, and how truly they may be redeemed when treated with wisdom and with gentleness—she has first imagined a character as pure, pious, and unselfish as poet ever fancied, and described a lapse from chastity as faultless as such a fault can be; and then, with damaging and unfaithful inconsistency, has given in to the world's estimate in such matters, by assuming that the sin committed was of so deep a dye that only a life of atoning and enduring penitence could wipe it out. If she designed to awaken the world's compassion for the ordinary class of betrayed and deserted Magdalenes, the circumstances of Ruth's error should not have been made so innocent, nor should Ruth herself have been painted as so perfect. If she intended to describe a saint, (as she has done,) she should not have held conventional and mysterious language about her as a grievous sinner.

We have more to say upon this subject, for it is a very wide and a very grave one; but our space is exhausted, and we have probably drawn as largely as is wise upon our readers' attention. But the faulty religion, which disfigures modern novels nearly as much as false morality, may perhaps tempt us to take up the subject once more on some other occasion.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

GEORGE SAND ON PRINCE TALLEYRAND.*

A GRAPHIC AND POWERFUL PORTRAITURE.

Two names more thoroughly antipathetic to each other than those which stand at the head of this article could not be brought together. But as it is from antipathies or sympathies that characters are almost invariably drawn, there is not, perhaps—according to this rule—very much more than the usual exaggeration in the picture we are about to exhibit of Prince Talleyrand, sketched, colored, and set in a rich background, by George Sand. What surplus exaggeration there is, may be attributed to the fact, that the renowned diplomatist portrayed, was one of the very few—thank God—illustrious men filling the historic portrait-gallery, who excite no sympathy. Had he even been a Machiavel, a Rochefoucauld, or a Montaigne, the case would have been different. However our most cherished opinions and feelings might be outraged, we should then see, at least, the intellect at work, the mind strongly moved by questions which agitate or have agitated at one time or other, all who think: some human entrails within him; in doubt, there would be earnest thought—in the conclusions which most revolt us, curious and profound investigation; and we should feel attracted towards him by the very vehemence with which we should oppose his doctrines. But we never get a glimpse at all of the inner man of the Voltarian expriest, and consequently fairly presume that he had none that was not intensely and exclusively diplomatic. If he had, he contrived to shroud it so carefully in silence and in mystery—his ways were so subterranean—his tread so stealthy and noiseless—his agency so potent, and his means

so invisible—if we saw his hand, we saw nothing but his hand—that what appears of his character is, to say the best of it, enigmatical, and forms a background (as acts which shun the light, we very naturally conclude belong to darkness) from which only a dark portrait can fittingly stand out. Such at least was the opinion Frenchmen entertained of the Prince whilst he was alive. Owing to the secret and unaccountable influence he was supposed every where to exert, a sort of superstition was attached to his name, and the mingled dread, respect, and abhorrence it was wont to inspire in France, especially after the downfall of Napoleon, are well depicted in the brilliant little fragment we are now about to translate, that is, to transfuse, if possible, into English.

The preceding remarks having prepared our readers for the strain in which the supposed dialogue which follows is written, we have only further to say, by way of preface, that it was originally published in a newspaper, and has never yet been inserted, we believe, among the collected works of its highly gifted but very graceless authoress. Its opening passages put one in mind, by their tone of sensitive and thoughtful morality, of the two shepherds in Virgil musing and moralizing on the manners of the great city, Rome. As to the vials of burning wrath which the fair lady has thought proper to pour on the head of the hoary diplomatist—that certainly is in another spirit. But to commence just as abruptly as she commences.

"Wherefore, then, do we live?" exclaimed he, seating himself, with a sudden movement, on the stone bench in front of the chateau. "What profit is there in our lives? What noble use do we make of our faculties? What, then, is virtue? Is it a stagnant marsh or an impetuous river: the buried diamond, or the bursting lava, shrouding its brilliancy from the light, or

* We once stood near this renowned man, and gazed with intense interest at his white hair, swarthy face, piercing, dazzling, diamond-like, snake-like eyes, club-footed, short statured, leaning on the arms of two attendants—the great diplomatist of Napoleon.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

shedding intolerable splendor over the world?"

"In none of these things is virtue imaged," I replied; "I would rather liken it to a little rivulet, proceeding from the peaceful grotto, giving moisture to verdant meadows, to plants which embalm the air, and to flowers which enamel the earth. Virtue, mind you, is not genius, it is goodness. You who are so ambitious, look at that palace, think of him who inhabits it, and tell me, are you not reconciled to your lot?"

"Hideous consolation!" responded my friend.

"Patience, patience," I resumed, "do not believe it is apathy which makes me counsel contentment. When one can prevent crime, it is mean and cowardly to wash one's hands like Pilate. But, tell me are you not seized with an invincible disgust, a secret horror for active life in front of that chateau, where so many unclean projects, so many compact scoundrelisms, brood and germinate in the silence of the night? Know you not that the man resides there who, for sixty years, has been playing with crowns and nations, as at a game of chess? Who knows but that this man, the first time he sat before a table in the public service, had an honest resolution in his head, and a noble sentiment in his heart?"

"Never," cried my friend; "profane not integrity by such a thought. That lip, like a cat's, drawn up, and clinging to the gums, that other lip, like a satyr's, large and falling: a mixture of dissimulation and lasciviousness; those soft and well-rounded lineaments, marking suppleness of character; that dangerous fold on a prominent forehead; that arrogant nose, with that reptile look; so many contrasts on a human physiognomy, reveal a man born for great vice and little actions. Never has the heart of this man felt the warmth of a generous emotion; never has a frank idea traversed his laborious head; that man is an exception in nature, a monstrosity so rare, that the human race, even in despising him, has contemplated him with a stupid admiration. I will defy you to abase yourself even to the most extraordinary of his talents."

Here my friend stopped with an air ironically joyous, and after a few moments' silence, resumed:

"Contemplate a moment the pale, immovable face of this old palace! Listen

and look; all is somber and silent. It seems as if we were in a burying-ground; yet fifty persons at least inhabit that wing. There are but some few of its windows barely lighted. Not the slightest noise betrays the whereabouts of the master, his society, or his suite. What order, what respect, what gloom presides over his little empire! The doors open and shut without noise. The valets come and go without awakening an echo by their tread under these mysterious arches. Their service seems to be done by enchantment. Look at that window, a little better lighted than the others, through which you may see the uncertain specter of a white statue: that is the dining-room. There are assembled sportsmen, artists, brilliant women, men of fashion, and all which France possesses, the most exquisite in elegance and grace. But do you hear from this assembly a song, a laugh, or the raised sound of a single voice, attesting the presence of man! I would wager even that they avoid each other's looks, lest a thought should circulate under ceilings which canopy silence, mystery, and secret dread. Not a valet dares sneeze, not a dog dares to bark, in this place. Does it not seem to you that the air around these Moorish towers is more sonorous than in any other spot of the earth? But hark! I think I hear the roll of a carriage over the fine sand of the court. It is the master returning. Eleven o'clock has just struck. It is impossible to conceive a life more regular, a diet more strictly observed, an existence more avariciously distributed, than that of this octogenarian fox. Go and ask him if he believes himself so necessary to the conservation of the human race, that he so anxiously watches over his own. Go and tell him that twenty times a day you are on the verge of despair, from the fear of remaining unprofitable to your fellow-creatures, and that you are alarmed and care-stricken at the idea of living without virtue, and you will see him smile like one abandoned, to whom a pious virgin might confess the languidness of her prayer, or her inattention during the divine service. Ask by what occupations, by what good actions, his day is filled up? His people will tell you that he rises at eleven o'clock, and gives four hours to his toilet, in the vain attempt to impart some appearance of life to his marble face, which dissimulation has petrified even more than age. At

three o'clock you will be told he takes the air in his carriage, attended by his physician, driving up and down the solitary alleys of his immense park. At five o'clock the most scientific and succulent dinner which can be prepared in France, is served up to him; and his cook is, in his own sphere, a personage as rare, as profound, and as much admired as himself. After the repast, of which every course is announced by a flourish of trumpets, the Prince gives a few minutes to his family and his little court. Every exquisite word, emanating in pity from his lips, has the effect of bending the person to whom it is addressed double. A canonized saint would not inspire more veneration in a community of *devots*. As the night falls the Prince again enters his carriage with his physician, for a second promenade. He has just now returned; you see the light just appearing in his window in that retired apartment, which is guarded by his lackey in his absence, with an affectation of mystery as solemn as it is ridiculous. He will now be deeply at work till five o'clock in the morning. At work! Oh! moon, rise not yet, hide thy timid ray behind the black horizon of the forest; river, suspend thy course, slow and feeble as it is; leaves, tremble not on the foreheads of the trees; all nature, be mute and motionless, like the stone of a sepulchre, for the genius of man awakes; the most skillful and important of the princes of the earth is about to bend over a table, and, by the light of his lamp, in the depths of his cabinet, like Jupiter, from the height of Olympus, to move the world by the contraction of his brows!

"But what, then, has this astonishing man produced by sixty years of assiduous vigils and unremitting labors! What has brought the representatives of all the powers of the earth into his cabinet? What important services have all the sovereigns who have possessed and lost the crown of France, for half a century, received from him! Wherefore that unaccountable terror on which he walks, as on a soft carpet, through a host of difficulties and dangers? What revolutions has he effected or paralyzed? What sanguinary wars, what public calamities, what scandalous exactions, has he hindered? How has he been so necessary, this voluptuous hypocrite, to all our kings, from the haughty conqueror to the bigoted *devot*, that they have imposed upon us the shame and the

disgrace of his elevation? Napoleon, in his contempt, branded him with a soldier's metaphor, full of energetic cynicism; and Charles X., in the days of his orthodoxy, said—in a whisper be it understood—'*After all, he is a married priest!*' But has he staid them in their terrible falls, these masters whom he has alternately flattered and betrayed? Where are his benefits? Where are his works? No one knows. No one can, will, or dare, declare what titles this inevitable statesman possesses to power and glory: his most brilliant actions are enveloped in impenetrable clouds. His genius exists only in silence and imposture."

"And what do you say," cried I, "to the imbecility of the nation which suffers this infamy, and allows its name, its honor, and its blood, to be apposed to shameful contracts which it is completely ignorant of? Do you still desire to act a part on the political theater?"

"The more my fellow-men are abased," replied my friend, "the greater desire I feel to exalt them. I am not discouraged. But let me indulge in my indignation against this impenetrable man, who has moved us all about at his will, like pawns upon his chess-board, and would not devote the great power he has possessed to our advancement; who has had possession of the world only to heap up a fortune, satisfy his vices, and impose upon his despoiled dupes the debasing esteem of his iniquitous talents. The benefactors of humanity die in exile and on the cross, but thou, old vulture, bald and gorged, wilt die in the nest slowly and unwillingly; and, as death crowns all men with a mild, forgiving halo, thy vices and basenesses will be quickly forgotten, and thy talents and seductions alone remembered."

"But see! a window is opening; it is the Prince's."

"How," said my friend, lowering his voice, "do corpses feel too warm? Do marbles need to respire the evening air? What are those two white heads which advance, as if to regard the moon? It is the Prince and his—how shall I call him? for I will not profane the name of friend on which M. de M. prides himself before servants and subalterns. Besides, it is a title which he would not permit himself to assume in the presence of his master; for he would sneer at all expressions which represent sentiments. To make use, then, of a term of their calling, I will denomi-

nate M. de M. an *attaché* of the Prince, although his functions consist merely in admiring and writing down in an album all the *bon mots* which for forty years have issued from that incomparable mouth. I will give you one as an example: *Distrust always a first impulse, and never yield to it, for it is almost always good.* But listen to that sepulchral note! Which, then, of the two philosophers has spoken? But, no; I am wrong: it is the cry of the screech-owl flying from the forest. Good! Scream louder, bird of ill omen, proclaimer of funerals. . . . Ah! Monseigneur, there is a voice which you can not frighten back into the throat of the insulter. Do you hear that brutal burthen of churchyards, which respects nothing, and which dares to tell such a man as you that all men die, without adding the *almost* of the court preacher?"

"Your indignation is bitter," said I, "and your anger cruel. If this man could hear us, this is the way in which I would address him: May God prolong your days, unfortunate old man! Meteor on the point of returning to eternal night, light which fate has launched over the world, not to conduct men to good, but to lead them astray in an endless labyrinth of intrigue and ambition! In impenetrable designs, the Almighty has even refused you that mysterious ray which men call the soul: that pale but pure reflection of the Divinity; that lightning which brightens at times before our eyes, and gives us intimation of immortal hopes; that soft and penetrating warmth which reanimates from time to time our flagging spirits; that vague and sublime love; that holy emotion which melts with delicious tears; that religious terror which makes us hate evil with all the energies of our nature. Being without a name, thou wert furnished with an immense brain, and with senses greedy and delicate; the absence of something unknown and divine which makes us men, made thee greater than the first among us, and more little than the lowest of us all. Infirm, thou hast trampled upon men healthy and robust; the most vigorous virtue, the strongest organization, were before thee only as a fragile reed; thou hast domineered over beings more noble than thyself: that which failed thee of their grandeur made thine own, and now thou art upon the border of the tomb, which will be as hollow and cold as thy petrified heart. Be-

yond this gaping sepulcher there is nothing for thee, not the hope, nor perhaps the desire, of another life. Unhappy old man! thine approach was fatal, thy look fascinated, it was said, like that of the viper. Thy breath was like the breeze of an April morning, which withers buds and flowers, and scatters them at the feet of the attrited trees. Thy words beshamed hope and innocence from the foreheads of the men who approached thee. How many spring promises hast thou blasted; how many holy confidences and lovely chimeras hast thou trodden under foot? How many honest men hast thou depraved? How many consciences vitiated or destroyed? Well then! If the pleasures of thine old age are confined to the satisfactions of vanity, or to the rarest enjoyments of a pallid epicurism, eat, eat, old man, and respire the incense of flattery with the odor of thy repasts! Who can envy thee thy lot, or wish thee a worse? For our parts, we pity thee as much for having lived as for having to die: and we pray that on thy bed of death the farewells of thy family, or the tears of some faithful servant awaken not, at the last moment, a movement of sensibility, and that no spark of affection, till then unfelt, be struck from that stone which has served thee for an heart. We pray that thine eye moisten not, nor thy pulse beat quick; that love, hope, regret, or grief, may not impart a first and last flutter to thy frame; and that thou mayest be consigned to the humid bowels of the earth, without having felt on its surface the warmth of sensibility, or the inspiration of life."

We shall neither attempt to censure nor to justify, more than we have already done, the above rather bitter invectives against one who was certainly perfectly insensible to them himself. We have, however, formed a somewhat different appreciation of Monsieur de Talleyrand's character from Madame Dudevant. To us there appears in it nothing mysterious and unaccountable. Brought up to a calling in which forms are essentials, and in which the art of imposing stands in the place of truth, thence plunged into a revolution which professed to tear away all imposition and disguises, and to bring naked realities alone into action—and finding this also illusion, it is no matter of wonder that he should have come to the conclusion, that what men call truth and virtue

are mere phantoms, and exist not; that life is a great game, and that the best player is the best man. Thinking thus of him, we think M. de Talleyrand holds a high place only in a very second-rate order of mind. He had sagacity enough not to be deceived by the sanguine credulity and generous hopes which delude others. He saw through these, and saw them to be vain. And this exemption from the influences which move the multitude, gave him his superiority over them. This impassibility was the secret source of his clear-sightedness and his power. But he had *not* sagacity to perceive that shows and illusions of good, the wildest and most extravagant that ever made men act like madmen or idiots, could not exist if they had not their deep sources in truths which agitate before they are apprehended. These are the indicators of truth's whereabouts, and vibrate, like the diviner's rod, over the spot where the secret treasure lies buried. Thus the absurdities and horrors of superstition proved the existence of religious verity, and preceded its manifestation. To be arrested, however, by such a consideration as this, supposes in the mind an abstract love of

truth; and this M. de Talleyrand had not. He saw only, and that with the acutest perspicacity, what was palpable and above ground, and denied the rest: but denied it with so perfect a faith, that he became a privileged being, out of the influence of delusion, and also out of the sphere of truth, duping others, yet still more deeply duped himself, by denying the *ultimate* aim and tendency of those very delusions which enable him to dupe them. Such characters as his are the natural product of a revolution, which put all crude, but in a metaphysical sense true, ideas, rudely to a violent test. The experiment failing, men inevitably fell into unbelief, and became cold, selfish, disenchanted beings, regarding nothing as important but their own personal interests, because believing in nothing but material existence. Of all the effects such a revolution accomplished, this, perhaps, is the worst—that it blasts hope, and meets every moral and spiritual truth with constant negation. Out of it arises the denying friend, "*der Geist der stets verneinet*." It makes Talleyrands of every grade of intellect, and calls forth such indignant invectives as proceed from outraged believers in virtue.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE YOUNG QUEEN-WIFE.

HOW MARGARET OF NAVARRE DISPORTED IN THE LOUVRE GARDENS.

THE fountain-gods in marble strength,
Struggle through mists of silvery water;
All round the yellow blossoms press,
Turning the crystal gold. O daughter
Of France, the darling of the sun,
Thou Valois, royal, proud, and fair,
See how the swan, with arching neck,
Casts snowy shadows every where.

Ha! when they hear her satin rustle,
The golden shoals of Indian fish
Leap to the surface, lover-like,
Anticipating beauty's wish.
She shakes her jewel-glittering fan,
They disappear beneath the lilies,
Turning as quick as dragon-flies,
As fickle-swift as Arab fillies.

To see with what a sweet caprice
 Queen Margaret runs to race the swallow,
 By courtly nodding poplar-trees,
 Or through the laurels in the hollow;
 And now with pretty angry haste
 She flies her little Persian hawk,
 Gold jesses on, at butterflies
 That skim the level terrace-walk.

Then throws herself with witching grace
 Upon the mossy violet bank,
 And laughs to swooning at the page
 Claiming the jester's bells and rank;
 Now mounts her dappled palfrey, which
 She governs with a silver thread,
 A rope of pearls about her breast,
 A Venice tiring on her head.

A flight with rushes! How she swerves
 In madcap caracoles, and turns
 Around the pompous Chamberlain,
 Until his flap-ear tingling burns;
 Then strikes, with wanton page's whip,
 The piebald jester Bobinel,
 Or at the snowy rings of doves
 Fires off her Milan petronel.

The fair young wife! her merry blood
 Rose effervescing like champagne;
 She laughed when sullen Coligny
 Told her how hard it was to reign—
 How hard to share a monarch's joys,
 And yet escape a monarch's sins;
 She, mocking says: "Our Admiral
 Thinks much too crabbedly of things.

"Be this Queen Margaret's decree:
 I will, throughout our sunny France,
 In every pot a capon boil,
 To light the fire break pike and lance—
 I banish ever sullen face—
 Let all who love their Margot smile—
 Perpetual sunshine I command,
 Believing melancholy guile."

To humor her, a herald page
 Blew three times on a silver horn;
 And all cried, "Viva Marguerite!
The Rose, the Rose without a thorn!"
 She, laughing, bowing, stroked her hawk,
 And bade them saddle for the chase,
 Tying her crossbow lock—serene
 Her candid brow, her happy face.

She was the gayest, maddest thing,
 As full of gambols as a fawn—
 Born some May morn, and sunbeam fed,
 Child of the sunshine and the dawn.
 To see her, when the poet took
 His pen to write a canzonet,
 Lean languidly against the vase,
 Over the Psyche grandly set!

Even the Chancellor grew glad
 When she would call him to the dance,
 Or with a blossom, playful tossed,
 Awoke him from a moody trance.
 Her laugh was good as book and bell
 To scare all evil things away;
 Whene'er she came, she seemed to chase
 One half the shadows from the day.

A living carmine dyed her cheek—
 Her bosom was the sunniest snow—
 A lily, summer-tinged, her neck—
 Ivory white her swelling brow.
 Oh! she was beautiful!—her skin
 Was soft as rose-leaves—fie! her hand
 Was white as April's purest cloud—
 She was fit queen for Dian's band!

Blue eyes she had, so soft, and filled
 With such a swimming, dancing light,
 They shed a glory when they beamed,
 Starlike and excellently bright.
 A Venice tiring, edged with pearls,
 Arched o'er her forehead like a wreath;
 What lapidary's angled stone
 Could match the eyes that shone beneath?

Just now—eyes sparkling with fun—
 She bade them shower the flower-leaves
 o'er her;
 A Flora crowned, she stood to hear
 Old Ronsard touch his mandagora—
 The *Sleep Song*, that he made to lull
 His mistress, whom his serenade
 Had woke too rudely—sweet it was
 To hear a lute so deftly played.

And now this Juno, still in bud,
 Proud gathers up her satin train,
 Laughing to scorn old Coligny
 Telling a Valois how to reign;
 Maulevrier passing through an arch
 Of flowers still dripping with the dew,
 Whispers, "*The Admiral will know more
 By next year's St. Bartholomew.*"

From Sharpe's London Magazine.

M Y G H O S T .

A BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE STORY.

I AM not superstitious. Whatever leanings I may have had in the days of my youth towards spiritualities and mysticalities, and absurdities of that nature, I am now practical enough—a man of middle-age, a married man. Still, as I write the heading of this page, a thrill shivers through me; and, as my wife (bending over me) reads the same, I feel her little hand tremble sympathetically upon my shoulder. She knows the story, and I know the story; and the story is *true*!

On this cold winter night, when the wind is rushing with shrieks against the window, like some homeless ghost begging to be let in; when the snow stands adrift under the hedge where the dead child was found, and under the church-yard-wall, where the vagrant who died in the work-house was buried yesterday, stands adrift like a specter—the more horrible that it is motionless; when the furniture is cracking in the room, and the curtains stir tremulously about the window, and the whole house shakes, and the latchless attic-door creaks continuously on its rusty hinge—to-night, though my wife is beside me, and I can almost hear the low breathing of our baby in the room above, and can catch sounds of Christmas merriment from my household servants in the kitchen—to-night I will tell you this said *true* story of my earlier life, the history of “My Ghost!”

I was scarcely nineteen; I was reading for Cambridge. These were the circumstances: The place was Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight. At Ventnor I fell in love—this confession is foolish, no doubt. All boys of scarcely nineteen do fall in love, reading diligently in the pages of fair living faces some scraps of knowledge whereby they matriculate as sons of the universal *Alma Mater*. “The hard-grained Muses of the cube and square” hold Aphrodite (the Uranian particularly) in

holy horror; but, nevertheless, she *will* rise from the troubled seas of young souls: the Muses have no chance against her. One day, according to my custom, I sauntered into the Landslip—that curious little bit of chaos which, if it were only on a larger scale, would be sublime. I had with me a volume of Shelley, (I liked Shelley in those unpractical days, and thought I understood him,) my pipe, and my sketch-book—pleasant companions all, on a glorious July morning; there being a cool, steady breeze out, and above a blue sky, looking bluer by contrast against a flock of fleecy clouds which pastured on it far over the sea. Through the hazel thicket by a tangled path, jumping a mimic ravine, climbing a few rock-steps, and so to a higher level—a little terrace of emerald velvet-grass, shut in on one side by overhanging rocks; open on the other, and overlooking a gradual declivity bristling with miniature crags and precipices, waving and rustling with tiny forests of hazel. Beyond a distant hillock which rose again from the bottom of this declivity gleamed the Channel. As I threw myself upon the grass, its level cut against the sea, emerald-green against steel-blue. I never saw such green grass any where else: it looked as if it were a special dancing-place of the fairies, whether they flocked in such multitudes that their rings were inscribed one within the other, and so covered the whole turf. I lighted my pipe; Shelley opened of himself at the “Witch of Atlas;” and I lay gazing idly on the emerald-green and the flashing steel-blue, and the sheep-clouds sleeping on the steep of the sky, with the line running in my head:

“And universal Pan, ’tis said, was there;”
“And universal Pan, ’tis said, was there.”

I was too idle to think of sketching, I was too idle to read. Oh! that luxurious

idleness of the days before I became practical! What can be the good of staring up into a void of sky? Do you suppose it was made to be looked at? I watched a hawk quivering on such rapid wings that he seemed motionless: he swooped half down to earth, and then rose again, poising over exactly the same spot. Three rooks crossed the sky, and forthwith proclaimed battle with the hawk, chasing him hither and thither with hoarse warcries. A steamer came in sight on the strip of sea, casting a long horizontal line of smoke behind it, as straight as if it had been ruled. There was a rustle in the grass close to me: a golden, dark-spotted snake glided along, leaving the grass-blades trembling in his wake. My pipe was out: I turned for my tobacco-pouch to refill it, when there was a voice—"Oh! don't move, please!"

I thought the snake had spoken: but no, it was not the serpent; it was Eve. There, seated in the hollow between two of the over-slanting rocks, "half-light, half-shade," like Tennyson's "Gardener's Daughter," was a lady—no, not a lady; a little girl—no, scarcely that: a young lady, we will say. She was drawing, and had evidently been quietly putting me in as a fore-ground figure to her sketch when I had moved, and thus interrupted the sketch, and startled the sketcher into that strange exclamation: "Oh! don't move, please!"

She instantly apologized—"I beg your pardon, I am sure!" and then laughed a little laugh at the absurdity of the scene. She half-rose, blushing, and smiling, and apologizing; while I with bashful volubility besought that she would continue her sketch, resuming my former position as nearly as I could.

"Is that right?"

"Your head a little higher, if you please. Thank you."

There was silence again. My back was towards the lady, as it had been at first. I felt uncomfortably angular, and had a nervous twitching in my legs. I longed to look over my shoulder, that I might realize and verify my momentary vision. A tiny figure dressed in white; a small, thin face, almost lost between two torrents of brown hair which swept down from a brown gipsy hat; eyes of the first magnitude, and a blush rose-red. The moments passed slowly by. My vision was getting more and more indistinct.

Was the hair brown? What was the expression of the eyes? Was she a girl or a woman? This last question puzzled me the most. She was too self-possessed for the one, too frank for the other. She was very quiet. Why should we not talk? She had seemed to have a pleasant voice; I was not sure that she had; but I could satisfy myself on that point; I would speak to her.

"I hope I have not spoiled your drawing." No answer. "Tell me when I may move." No answer.

I was silent, having some misgivings. There was no sound but the saving of the grasshoppers, and the faint rustling of the hazel-bushes lower down.

"May I move now?" I asked, waited a moment, and then sprang to my feet. The little lady had disappeared. The grass was slightly pressed where she had sat; other sign of her there was none!

This was my first sight of Daisy Mainwaring. Of this little flower, whom I thus saw bedded in the emerald-grass, I soon learned more, much more than was good for my subsequent peace of mind. Three days after, she and her father came to call on the clergyman with whom I was reading. I recognized her at once, chiefly by her luxuriant hair. She evidently recognized me too, but would not acknowledge that she did so. Impelled by that bashful impudence which often dares more than settled *nonchalance*, I said suddenly as I stood beside her: "Did you finish your sketch?"

The blush rushed to her face; she trilled out a treble laugh, and answered: "I was ashamed of myself, and so I ran away."

A strange little person was this Daisy Mainwaring: not a child, and yet scarcely a woman, having all the frank innocence and unspoiled originality of the child, with the gravity and self-possession of the matron. I learned what she was, little by little. She startled me often, outraged all my pre-conceptions, following an orbit of her own which I could not at all calculate. Her inexplicability lay in this: that she was *herself*. She had not been molded into the conventional pattern: her natural angles and erratic curves had not been pressed and tortured into the conventional line of beauty. It takes one's breath when untaught nature dares to appear openly in the midst of this artistic world. She was not beautiful:

thin and small, with a child-face, always drooping, it seemed, under the weight of her brown hair; eyes which defied you, their language was one that had died out of the earth long ago; but this language I learned, and could at length read them. She was as variable as an April day, abandoning herself to joy or grief like a child, and for causes unimaginable to any but herself. She always needed a strong, tender hand to guide and quiet her. This need endeared her to me most. Her education and manner of life had been unlike that of girls generally. Her mother died when she was very young, and she was an only child. Her father was a literary man—a laborious student, shut up always in a fog of psychological problems and metaphysical enigmas. Margaret had never left him; had never been to school, had never had any feminine home-companionship except that of the one servant. Her father had educated her: and this education had been a kind of compromise between coming out of his fog to her and taking her into the fog to himself. He had experimentalized on her as psychologists must, and where he should have taught had often questioned, guessing at the riddles of human nature in her as if she had been a Sphinx. The effect of this education was that she was ignorant of most things which girls usually know, and had acquired an amount of heterogeneous erudition which would have puzzled most men. She had read numberless strange, heavy, antique books which seemed to lie as a weight upon her, and from which she had gathered dialectical subtleties and mystical beliefs which frightened one. Ever since she was a child she had begun to be her father's amanuensis, and now this labor of love had increased until it fell somewhat heavily on her. It was not the brown hair alone that weighed down the weary little head.

Some such anomaly as I have tried to sketch was this Daisy Mainwaring, and with her I fell in love. We soon became great friends. One good influence at least of her education was that she had none of that silly prudery which most young ladies affect towards young gentlemen. She liked me, and, when I used to go into their lodgings towards the afternoon, to drag out the old man and her for a walk, would rise from her writing, run to me, and put her little ink-stained

fingers in mine, saying: "Oh! I am so glad you have come!" Then, her father would take the spectacles from his dim abstracted eyes, and put his book under his arm: her brown hat was in a moment tied over her brown hair, and we sallied forth for the Landslip. Arrived there, the old man was soon absorbed in his book; and Margaret and I, having chosen an effective "bit" of scenery, sat down to sketch. She drew very incorrectly, but had an eye for color and an intuitive perception of the *spirit* of nature, which was marvelous. Solemnly the little face used to peer over my shoulder as I altered her outlines; and then she would dash away at the color with a success of effect which made me half-envious. Our sketch finished, we talked—in what manner rested with her. Sometimes she was so childishly wild and mischievous that she had made me angry. She teased "papa" until he came out of his fog; she teased me, blurred my wet sketch, hid my pipe; then climbed up inaccessible rocks, or crept through the hazel-thickets which closed behind her and swallowed her up. At other times she would be silent and grave, and then pour out a torrent of small imaginary troubles, looking most disconsolately at the past and the future, prophesying evils and wretchedness, accusing herself of unheard-of crimes and selfishness. Again, she would start some airy supernatural theory, enforcing it by keen arrows of borrowed dialectic which sounded strangely enough in her treble voice. Thus she would talk of preëxistence, and argue that in dreams came our reminiscences thereof; that sleep was the intermediate state between life and death; that birth and death were the same—mere gate-ways leading into a new state of life, and so would fall to wondering how far it was possible to retroject ourselves again through these gates, to re-enter the world before this life, to re-enter this world after death. Thus again, she would retail to me Berkeley's doctrine of Idealism colored by her own poetic imagination, and would prove that I who sat beside her did not exist, save as an impression on her mind; that the grass around us was not really emerald-green, did not wave and tremble in the wind, was not grass at all: in fact, was nothing. In the truth of which theory, modified, I agreed; for was I not addicted to Shelley? The old man, hearing metaphysical words

and idioms, would arouse himself from his book, and we would find his spectacles fixed upon us. He regarded us purely in a psychological light, and would busy himself for a moment in noting the effect we had on each other—how each acted sympathetically on each.

Those were happy days. Even with my good wife seated near to me by the roaring winter-fire, I can not help looking back with a reprehensible fondness on those idle summer-days. Still, I can remember that they were not altogether happy. There was a certain Sir Hercules Lowther, a huge stolid young gentleman, of whom I was at that time very jealous. He was an old friend of the Mainwarings; had known them in London long before I had known them; was a sort of benefactor to them, in that he was assisting the father pecuniarily in the bringing out of a grand psychological history which had been the work of his life. This Lowther was the very antithesis of Margaret; large in body, small in mind; slow, both corporeally and mentally; and yet for Margaret he had a decided and unmistakable liking. To my discomfort I found him often in the Mainwaring lodgings when I made my daily visit there. Sometimes he would even accompany us to the Landslip, speaking little, but watching Daisy, with wide, wondering eyes, paying her clumsy attentions and helping her awkwardly. I felt she could not like this man; and yet, had she not often told me that we in this world—imperfect—sought out that which was unlike ourselves, to perfect our own imperfection? What if this stolid mass of flesh and muscle was the make-weight to sober down Daisy to a proper earthliness? This Lowther was gall and wormwood to me; the more especially that I saw that Margaret knew her power over him, and rejoiced in it. What woman has not a touch of coquetry in her? Would not the lack of it unsex them? If they were not gifted by nature with this *desire of pleasing*, where would be their magical power over us men? Daisy with all her innocence—her innocence by no means less immaculate thereby—soon learned her power over Lowther and over me; and used that power, sometimes tyrannically.

However, before the summer was over, Margaret and I were engaged. I had no jealousy of Lowther then; but pitied him sincerely. Happy times those! My dear

little wife that was to be grew daily more womanly and natural; her childish willfulness and petulance became softened and harmonized by love, her fragmentary abstract speculations gravitated towards a concrete center, and so widened and purified our affection. Mr. Mainwaring was surprised at the turn which our "acting sympathetically each on each" had taken. There was little difficulty in arranging the matter on this side. My worldly prospects were moderately good; sufficiently so if he had been urgent on that point, which he was not. I firmly believe he looked on the projected marriage as a foolish and inconsequent conclusion to his psychological theory of our mutual attraction. On another side the difficulty was much greater. I was an only son, as Daisy was an only daughter—I had but one parent, as she had; but mine was a mother. To my mother I wrote about my engagement—foolish, fervid letters, which made the affair look more boyishly romantic than it really was. However, the engagement was made, and to it she acceded perforce, giving her consent in cold and sarcastic phrases, and hinting vaguely at cunning fascinations and artful entrapments. I told Margaret nothing of this. If it chilled me in one way, it but served to make my affection for her the warmer and more tender. Sir Hercules Lowther, with his large estates, would have been a much richer quarry to fly at than myself. She had given up him for me. I had no doubt of her, and I was sure that it would be the same with my mother when she came to see and know her.

Autumn came; the last roses died out of the gardens; the leaves of the sumach began to turn blood-red; our green platform in the Landslip had become sere and yellow under hot harvest-suns. The time had come when I was to leave Ventnor for Cambridge. I walked with Daisy to our first trysting-place for the last time. She was grave and sad, and then broke out into one of her old fits of misery, which I had not heard for a long time. She threw herself on the sodden grass, and hid her little face on my knees. She forboded all kinds of evil. We should never see each other any more; she should die; I should die; I should cease to love her. She ended with childish sobs as if her heart would break. I stroked her luxuriant hair, and chided and soothed

her. Then she seated herself quietly at my feet, and after a long silence began to speculate dreamily on what we should do during the separation. We were to think of each other at a certain time every day; we were always to think of each other at night before we went to sleep, and so try to dream of each other. It was not impossible, she thought, that in dreams we might actually meet. Such things had been; why should they not be now? The old philosophers could separate their souls from their bodies by intense thought. She believed firmly it might be done. Again, there were strange sympathies often between twin-brothers—each knew when the other was ill—each felt the joy or sorrow of the other. We loved each other better than twin-brothers did, why should it not be the same with us? She was sure she would know if I were ill; she would feel happy when I was happy, sad when I was sad. Supposing she was to die suddenly, would it be possible for her to come to me to say good-by or to summon me to her death-bed? If either of us died, would it be possible for the dead to come and see the living?—to make its presence known?—to appear visibly as it used to be in the flesh? Agreements had been made between dear friends that the one who died first should come from the future world and visit the other: would I make this agreement with her? She was pertinacious on this point; she would have this agreement made. To satisfy her I acceded, and ratified the promise with a kiss. This seemed to comfort her, and I scolded her for her foolishness. It had been arranged that she was to come and stay with my mother during the Christmas vacation. There were but two months of separation, and I talked to her of this, and tried to cheer her by the prospect of so soon meeting again. Still this our last meeting in the old place was very sad—as different from the first as was the yellow from the green grass, the gray sky from the blue, the bitter east wind from the soft west.

Daisy came to us at Christmas, and that Christmas saw the end of our engagement. It is useless to detail all the petty words and doings which led to this rupture. My mother is dead (God rest her soul!) and the wrong that she did was done for love of me. She would have been jealous of

any one whom I loved better than herself—for whom I meditated leaving her; and to Daisy she had taken a strong dislike before she even saw her. They were the opposites of each other, and could no more sympathize than fire could mingle with water. My mother was of cold temperament, precisely bred, looking upon surface properties as vital matters; never suffering a wave of passion or strong feeling to disturb the visible level of her nature, proud of her good blood and of her competent wealth. Daisy was what I have sketched her; and, moreover, she was poor, and neither knew nor cared about her pedigree. My mother's orthodoxy was shocked at her rambling speculations; it was a sin, she thought, for any girl to have a deep thought beyond her catechism, her creed, and the established interpretations thereof. She was shocked at her undisguised fondness for me: when Daisy on my first arrival ran up to me and hung about my neck, my mother blushed scarlet. I had dreaded their coming together, and the event I soon saw would prove worse than my forebodings. The first symptom of my mother's aversion was a rigid silence about Margaret, when alone with me: then came the old hints about cunning entrapments, and, in addition, allusions to want of modesty and religion; then plainer sayings; and the issue was hard words between mother and son, and consequent quarrel and estrangement.

"Your mother does not like me," said my poor little betrothed to me continually, and looked in my face with her solemn eyes, and read the truth there, though my lips evaded it. It was soon plain enough. Greater familiarity emboldened my mother's tongue, and cruel innuendos and relentless sarcasms became broader and broader day by day. My mother is dead, (God rest her soul!) and I will write no more of this, for I can not write forgivingly even now. One morning my darling came to me, and said quietly, "You shall not marry me;" and then she threw herself into my arms and kissed me passionately, and she was gone. I stormed and raged in vain. That episode of my life was over. O Daisy! Daisy! if hearts do bleed—do, in their agony, wring forth bitter tears of blood—then my heart bled when I lost you!

"Did I cry out 'Daisy'?" No wife, you have fallen asleep over your work and

dreamed it. Do not come to look over me. You shall read the story when it is finished."

I sowed a plentiful crop of wild oats at Cambridge, which bore their mingled produce of good and ill. When I came home after degree, for a week, before I set off for Italy, I was much more cynical and stoical than in the days of my matriculation. The old heart-wounds had cicatrized long ago, and the heart had become more callous in the cicatrization. It would have taken much to make me fall in love now, and if I had done so I should have stifled the weakness before I had confessed it even to myself. That past quarrel was made up between my mother and me; but we generally, by mutual consent, fenced round that ugly pit with a wall of silence. I had lost all sight of the Mainwarings; I never heard their name, never suffered myself to think about them. Only in my dreams little Daisy would sometimes rise up, her head drooping beneath the weight of brown hair, and her solemn eyes fixed always tenderly on mine. Lowther had been my fellow-collegian; but he, the rich man, did not stay to take his degree as I did, to whom the prestige of that ceremony would be serviceable at the Bar. So of Lowther I had lost sight also, for a year or more.

On the last morning of my sojourn at home before my departure, I sat reading my letters at the breakfast-table—reading aloud a scrap here and there which I thought might interest my mother. Suddenly I became silent, as in a letter from a college friend I came upon this passage: "You remember old Lowther. Did you ever think it possible that that stolid Hercules would find his Omphale? Yet none the less found she is, and Hercules is a slave, and only all his wealth will ransom him. He is going to be married. The affair is to come off immediately. Omphale is not precisely a queen; in fact is a poor little devil of a milliner, or a governess, or something of that sort; her name Mainwaring. People talk with horror about the *mésalliance*. I do not see it in that light. A man might do worse than marry a milliner. You see I am reading for ordination, and so getting moral."

I turned white, and gasped for breath. The old wound burnt like fire, and throbbed as if the cicatrice would break.

"What is the matter?" said my mother. "There is bad news."

All my cynicism rose to help me. "Not at all so," I said. "You remember a little person whom you never would call Daisy? Well, the said little person is about to be married to a friend of mine. It is a good match. The pearl is a pearl of great price, and has sold itself for fifteen thousand per annum."

Shame on me for that sentence; but all my old jealousy had sprung up within, more acrid than it had ever been before.

"And who is the purchaser?" asked my mother, in a low voice, but flushing to her temples. The wall of silence was down, and the air from the pit was unwholesome with fire-damp. I read her face. As the old love had awakened in my breast, so the old fear had awakened in hers. She guessed what my pale face meant, and I knew the meaning of the flush on hers. She should not read my weakness thus.

"The purchaser—happy man be his dole," I answered, "is a Sir Hercules Lowther. A certain person and he were rivals long ago; but what mere mortal man can strive with a Hercules, particularly when that Hercules has a handle to his name and fifteen thousand a year? Really," I said, changing my tone, "I am glad that Miss Mainwaring is about to make so good a match. Notwithstanding your antipathy to her, my dear mother, she was a very good girl in her way."

I went to Italy, and remained there and about the coasts of the Mediterranean for a year. Do what I would, Daisy still haunted my dreams—always the same, sometimes even to the small ink-stained fingers cramped with long holding of the pen. I laughed savagely about the marriage. This was woman's constancy. Not three years, and she was married, and to Lowther too, who from reminiscences of old days, must constantly remind her of me. I confessed now that I still loved her—confessed it as a penance to myself, pressing it down on my sore heart like a cauterizing iron, and writhing under the pain of my own self-contempt. Still from week to week I was not sure that the marriage had taken place. I always hoped that it was not yet consummated. Not to-day, not to-day; let it be to-morrow. Some six

months after I had left home there was a sentence in one of my mother's letters, which settled the matter.

"Your friend, Sir Hercules," she wrote, "was married last week. I have seen the announcement in this morning's newspaper." Certainty is better than uncertainty; the fall of Damocles' sword is more bearable than its suspension. I need not narrate here how by degrees I regained peace of mind—a peace of mind truer and healthier than had been my former cynicism. I learned to look on Daisy's marriage in its true light. What right had I (dog in the manger that I was) to dream of monopolizing her who could not marry me—whom my kin had injured beyond redemption? Without marriage a woman's life was incomplete in this world. Lowther would make her a good and loyal husband—better than I should. Lowther had never been nearly so wild as I had—had never so hardened and debased his better nature. I forgave Daisy—*for-gave!* Could she have forgiven me?

My mother died before I reached England again. Nevermore could that sad quarrel be renewed. Now I felt how that great wrong she had done me, she had done solely through love. My soul hungered after love, and turned and gnawed itself in its desperate cravings. I can understand how friendless people in their loneliness gathered dumb animals about them.

I settled down to my profession, and worked hard. My miseries passed away, and the acuteness of my feelings became numbed under the influence of close study. Ambition awoke within me. The more I succeeded the more I wished to succeed: the further I advanced on the road, the longer grew the road before me. Aided by favorable circumstances, my progress was faster than usual at the bar. At the age of thirty-five my practice was large. If ever I looked back to that love-dream of my romantic boyhood, it was as upon some childish toy. I smiled as I recollected the old passion, the soreness of heart, the bitterness of spirit, the weariness of life. I scarcely believed it could all have been true; I wondered at my former self—half regretted that I was so utterly changed. I was not sure that I had a heart now. If that mysterious organ still existed within me, it slept quietly enough. To have awakened it for a moment; to have felt the wild tumultu-

ous struggle, of which I had a vague remembrance; to have felt even one twinge of the sharp pain, this would have been a luxury to me now. My pulse was steady and regular: the blood-mechanism beat strongly and calmly in my left side, my head was cool and clear. I had over-lived the age for that heart-fever. We came through those diseases as children through their childish complaints, and our moral constitutions were the healthier that we had passed through them and were rid of them.

About this time I determined to marry. I was rich, I had many friends, but I had no home; I felt the lack of these domestic comforts, and that social position which only marriage can give. This was a very different feeling to that loneliness which had weighed me down after my mother's death. It was partly in the form of a duty that I entertained this idea of marriage, partly in the form of a sober, selfish advantage. It was desirable to change my bachelor-life, which was becoming somewhat wearisome. A mansion in the more civilized quarter of the town would be an improvement on my dusty chambers within Temple Bar. I felt that it was incumbent on me to take my stand in that station of life in which I had been called, to do as other men did, to exercise the duties of hospitality, to cultivate the household amenities, to obey the laws of Nature and Society; and, if it might be so, to rear children around me, who should succeed to my name and fortune and fill my place after I was gone. So I began to look round for a wife. My friends soon learned that I was a marrying-man, and recommendations came to my ears of So-and-so's sister, and Such-an-one's daughter. Mamma smiled on me with increased favor, and incited their lovely offspring to display for me their virtues and accomplishments. Many a faultless filly, from model training-stables, was put through her paces for my behoof. Having decided on the expediency of marrying, I had decided too on the necessary qualifications for my wife. Soberly and quietly, as becomed a sensible man, I had reasoned out the whole matter. Moderate beauty, a moderate fortune, the conventional accomplishments, a good temper, a good manner, and perfect good-breeding. Surely a hundred such girls come from their nurseries into the marriage-market every year.

Very opposite was this marriage-project to the foolish engagement of fifteen years ago. Then, an insane fancy for a child like myself had nearly hurried me into the matrimonial condition for which both of us were yet unripe. We were unfitted for each other. It would have been a sacrifice on both sides. How unsatisfactorily would Daisy have filled the office which I now looked for in my wife! The woman of my search was the very antipodes to her. I was wiser since that time, and now judged of the holy institution of marriage by the light of that reason which God had given me. I saw the wisdom and the expedience of the condition, and sought to adapt that condition to my own particular requirements. Then, an impulsive passion for an individual had impelled me towards marriage; now, having syllogistically proved the desirableness of marriage, I made deliberate search for the individual who should be the fit means to the accomplishment of that end. It is by the heart only that man is misled; let him use his reason, and he is safe.

I had professional business in the North of England, and I arranged to stay for a night, on my way, at the seat of a friend in one of the midland counties. Of course this friend had a daughter. I went to view this daughter, as I should have gone to look at the points of a horse which I thought might suit me, if I had wanted a horse. I had seen Miss Dalton in London, during the last season. She had all the requisite advantages which I have mentioned above; and to this favored person I, the Grand Seigneur, felt inclined at length to throw the handkerchief. I would see her at home, and then make up my mind in the affirmative or the negative. On the railway platform I met an old friend—no other than Lowther. He was in deep mourning, and his black dress, together with the change which time had worked on him, made me at first uncertain of his identity. However, in a moment we recognized each other, shook hands, and took our seats in the same carriage. My heart gave one throb, and slept again. I had not seen Lowther since his marriage. He had broadened into a portly country gentleman, and his stolid countenance had gained a gravity which looked not unlike wisdom. His deep voice had a majestic roll in it, and his slow speech a deliberation suggestive of well-weighed words. I

was amused at the form into which his juvenile stolidity had ripened. I learned from his conversation that his wife was not long dead. Again, the throb at my heart, and a long, quivering tremor, ere it subsided to rest. Poor Daisy! Her girlish figure rose before me vividly for a moment, and then gradually faded. I noted on Lowther's finger a memorial ring of brown hair, and round it imprinted "Margaret." Lowther was bound for an estate of his in the north, not far from my ultimate destination. He made me promise to come to him for a day before I returned to London. A meeting with an old fellow-collegian is always pleasant; the sociality of those early days retains its hold upon us through life. Lowther and I, for this and for other causes, were glad to see each other, and shook hands heartily and warmly when we separated.

My reception by the Daltons was kindly, and had that domestic charm about it which is wondrously agreeable to the bachelor. It is something to be received *en famille* when one has not a home of one's own. I liked Amy Dalton better in the old-fashioned country-house than in the London ball-rooms. I liked her kindness to the children when they came down after dinner. Children can not be bribed or scolded into acting love where they do not feel love. I liked the hints which I heard of her household handiness, and of homely duties diligently performed by her. I liked her stories about the village folk, showing, *not* in the way of exhibition, how she visited their cottages and read to them. Above all, I liked her because she did not try to captivate me, did not parade her accomplishments and her virtues before me. I had seen too much of that lately. All these little favorable traits were so much thrown in over and above the essentials in the bargain which I meditated.

At night I retired to the library. I had writing to do, which must be done for tomorrow's post. I wrote my letters, and then threw myself into an easy-chair by the dying fire. Instead of Amy, thoughts of Daisy rose within me—thoughts long stifled and dead. Those summer days came back—the wanderings in the Land-slip, the sketches, her childish petulance, her wild spirits, her fits of melancholy, her foolish dreams and speculations. I remembered how she used to disappear in the hazel-thickets; how her little head had

lain upon my knees; how at that last parting she had thrown herself into my arms and passionately kissed me. Now that she was dead, it seemed as if her marriage with Lowther was wiped away. She was mine once more. The old feelings rushed back in a torrent. I tried to stem them, but in vain. My heart awoke from its sleep, and proclaimed its omnipotence; and my frigid reason shrunk away before its fiery scepter.

There was a sound. The handle of the turned, and the door creaked and opened. Good God! was I mad?

There, in the door-way, stood Daisy—a little figure dressed in black, the same thin face, the same heavy hair. The same treble voice uttered my name. A moment, and she was gone. I rushed forward, and there was nothing.

A lamentable weakness this. My head was affected. My will came into action, and beat down the strugglings of my heart, and strung my nerves with its iron fingers, and brought my wild thoughts under control. This, I impressed on my mind, has been a phantom of my imagination. I am tired and feverish after my journey, and I have suffered old thoughts to get the better of me. I will never let such absurdities conquer my reason again. I have been a fool.

I lighted my candle and went to bed. Notwithstanding will and reason, there was a ceaseless whisper within, saying: "It was no trick of imagination. You have seen little Daisy to-night, as undeniably as you ever saw her in old days. Do you not remember the promise that whoever died first should come to the other?"

Broad sunlight mostly dispels the imaginative lunacies of overnight. I had feverish dreams, in which Daisy and Amy played fantastic parts, interchanging their identity—Amy dead, Daisy alive again—becoming inextricably confused in each other, until they united and mingled into one phantom, which I pursued vainly—a shadowy something, after which I yearned with a passion unquenchable and hopeless, with a mental determination unconquerable as it was fruitless. But all these clouds of darkness melted away at once before the cold light of the morning sun. When I descended to breakfast I was the same calm, reasonable person I had been the day before. The vision of the previous night had been a dream, like the

dreams which succeeded it; that was certain. I banished the trivial incident from my mind resolutely. Amy's cheerful, fresh, quiet face, as she presided at the early breakfast, had a soothing influence over me, which I accepted as yet another advantage in the meditated bargain. When we were married the constant presence of that quiet face would affect beneficially my daily life—make my head clear, keep my nerves cool.

I left the Daltons that morning, and proceeded on my journey. My business in the north was accomplished; and two days after, I arrived at Sir Hercules Lowther's, just in time to join him at his solitary dinner. He was dull and silent; the house had a mournful, deserted aspect; the servants moved about with mute lips and noiseless feet. All brought Daisy to my mind, but this time not so much in connection with my own feelings as in the character of my friend's dead wife. I pitied him for his loss. As we sat by the fire over our wine, he began to talk about his wife, speaking with a rough, simple pathos of how good she had been, and what a blessing to him.

"Poor Daisy!" I said, using the tender diminutive involuntarily. "All you say of her is true, I know. You were happy in marrying her. It is something to have had her to lose."

"Yes," he answered, looking at me meditatively. "But only those who knew her can judge of my loss. I feel that you sympathize with me, old friend, and thank you for it; but you did not know her."

"Not know her? Do you think I have forgotten the old Isle-of-Wight days? Why, Lowther, I too once loved this little Daisy of yours. I may say so now. You will not be jealous of me."

"Knew my wife! loved my wife!" he gasped out, syllable by syllable, with a slow horror and astonishment.

"Yes, you must have known it then," I said. "I was wild when you married her. But all that is past long ago; and, remembering what she was, I only feel for you the more."

"Loved my wife!" he still muttered, in a stolid sort of wonder. "Loved my wife? Daisy? What! There is a mistake," he said, and his face brightened slowly into intelligence. "There is a mistake. You surely know whom I married?"

"Yes," I cried, "certainly I do. Daisy Mainwaring."

"Never. You are wrong."

I stared at him aghast, and pointed to the ring which he wore. "Whose hair is that?"

"My poor wife's. I married my cousin, Margaret Lowther; not Daisy Mainwaring, as you call her. That was a mere boyish fancy. I would have married her at one time, but she would not marry me; and thank heaven for it. My wife only, in all the world, could have made me so happy as I have been." He sighed, and went on: "However did you come by this false notion? Where did you hear it? How on earth did it enter your head?"

By slow degrees I recalled and explained how I had heard of his marriage. It was not easy for me, having held the event for so long as an established fact, to bring to my mind the precise manner in which the news had reached me. However, I succeeded, at length, in recalling the letter from my friend, and also the confirmation of the former tidings, in my mother's letter, received in Italy. I learned (but not wholly then) what had been the true state of the case. When my friend wrote of Lowther's approaching marriage to Daisy, Lowther had been willing enough to make that assertion true. It was at that time that she had refused to marry him; and consequent upon this refusal seemed to me to have been his marriage with his cousin so soon after. Whether in pique, or whether in the way of consolation, did not clearly appear; but, at all events, the marriage had turned out hap-

pily. My mother's notification to me was substantially true: Lowther was married at that time.

Daisy, then, was not dead; but the phantom of that night—how was it to be explained? I asked for news about her, and Lowther told me that he had lost sight of her for some time; that after her father's death she had gone out as a governess; that he had offered help to her in vain; that she was too proud to accept help from an old lover.

On my way back I called again at the Daltons'. As I walked by the side of Amy, in the wintry garden, I asked abruptly: "Have you a governess here?"

"Yes," she answered, a little surprised.

"What is her name?"

"Miss Mainwaring. Here she is, coming with the children."

"Shall I go on any more, little wife? Shall I tell them how hard I found it to win you back to me? how I, the Grand Seigneur, did not get my wife by a mere throwing of the handkerchief, but was obliged to go on my knees; obliged to outrage all foregone conclusions and determinations about my matrimonial needs, and about the proper view and bearings of matrimony! Shall I tell them of all your troubles in those long years of separation; and how you are changed thereby, and yet the same? graver, soberer, wiser—equable and quiet—but Daisy still? 'No,' do you say, 'I have written enough?' Then I will write no more."

NOVEMBER LEAVES.

THESE gray November days
Suit well my temper; so these fallen leaves
lying

In all the miry ways,
Part rotten, part just dead, part only dying,
Pray prayers, chant holy lays,
Preach homilies for me most edifying.

My hopeful spring is past,
My rustling summer and my harvest season
Unfruitful, and at last

My fall-of-leaf hath come; and there is treason
Against the bitter blast
Within my heart, although I know 'tis reason.

November leaves must fall,
And hopes outworn the timely frost must sever,
Leaving their branches tall
All gaunt and bare and black; but not forever.
Thrice-strong to whom befall
These kindly frosts! Let such forget them
never.

From the Eclectic Review.

COMETS: WHAT ARE THEY?

THE earth is the type of stability. As firm as a rock! As immovable as the earth! These are the highest terms of comparison to convey an idea of absolute security and unchangeableness. But let one earth-wave pass under the foot, let one tremulous motion of but an ant-hill be seen, and the unthinking confidence, created by a lifetime of security, is instantly destroyed. All the senses are at once awakened to the apprehension of a new danger; and that, which was before the type of stability, is associated with the idea of insecurity, treachery, and death. The impression received from a view of the heavens is, in like manner, that of undisturbed repose; and even when the intellect has been informed, and the imagination realizes the independent and ceaseless motion of the planetary bodies, the idea of absolute rest in the heavens is scarcely disturbed; for if in the foreground there be some moving figures, the change of place is not seen; and we look beyond them into the solemn distance, and there discover an unbroken quietude. But when a comet bursts on the scene, increasing in magnitude from a scarcely perceptible nebulous spot, till it spans a large arc of the visible heavens, rushing with inconceivable velocity to the sun, and threatening destruction to worlds should they be in its path, what wonder if men, when they forget the Hand that gave it motion, the Mind that determined its orbit, cease to gaze with complacency on the heavens, and become the slaves of unreasonable fear! The men of England, and the nations to which she has given birth, no longer believe comets to be wayless wanderers in space, or special messengers of misfortune to princes and ruin to empires; but there is a feeling of insecurity and unrest, even to educated minds, when they appear; and the heavens cease to produce the sentiment of quietude and repose while these threatening visitors remain in sight. But among the

people we discover a much stronger feeling—a fear expressed in anxious inquiries, and rude estimates of the possibility of injury to the earth, and consequently to its inhabitants. A brief statement of the results of calculation, from some known man of science, always prevents the folly and riot of popular terror; but we have seen enough of the influence of an undefined apprehension of danger gathering strength as it passes from the partially informed to the absolutely ignorant grades of society, to believe all that history tells us of the popular commotions produced by the sudden appearance of a large comet. We credit the report that Louis I. of France, to avert the evils expected to follow the appearance of a comet, in the year 837, built numerous churches and monasteries; and that the comet of 1556 induced Charles V. to abdicate his throne. But if such were the effects of fear upon the minds of kings, we can not imagine the dismay and confusion which existed among the people.

To restore confidence to any person who may be in the habit of tormenting himself with the idea that every comet comes with a commission to destroy the earth, it is not necessary to deny the possible passage of a comet over the earth's orbit in the place where she may be at the moment of transit. Such an encounter is possible, though the probabilities are almost infinitely opposed to such an event. The possibility is proved by an escape from the catastrophe.

If Biela's comet had crossed the earth one month later than it did, in 1832, the two bodies would have come into contact; and if their orbits are unchanged for a long series of ages, perhaps millions of years, a contact is inevitable. The comets of 1819 and 1823 also approached the earth; and some cometary matter may at those times have entered our atmosphere. The comet of 1770 was, on the first day of July in that year, within seven times

the distance of the moon from the earth. Another of these bodies, which had been thrown out of its orbit during its previous revolution by entanglement among the satellites of Jupiter, was brought very near the earth in 1767; but in 1779 it again visited the satellites of Jupiter, and was then diverted into a new path, which may, for aught we know, have carried it beyond the bounds of the solar system. These facts prove that the earth may come into contact with, or be immersed in, a comet; but when the probability of such a catastrophe is estimated by the mathematical doctrine of chances, all fear of such an event is immediately banished from the mind.

The interest with which astronomers have, during the last fifty years, studied cometary bodies, has not arisen in any degree from a participation in the fears to which we have alluded. The exciting motive to the study of this branch of astronomy may have been a desire to perfect the mathematical process of calculation; but that motive has now ceased; for the work has been accomplished. Amazing accuracy has been attained in determining the orbits and periods of comets, and the disturbances to which they are subject from the attraction of the planets; and we are now beginning to reap the harvest so fairly anticipated from the preliminary labor. Their physical constitution is the subject of the greatest present interest; and the phenomena already observed have opened a field of speculative inquiry of vast moment, which will hereafter guide the observer to conclusions calculated to modify many of our preconceived opinions of the physical world. The existence of unknown forces and conditions of matter is indicated by phenomena which can not be explained by known laws of material existence; and the universal diffusion in space of a resisting medium is made probable by a decrease in the time of revolution of a comet of short period. A thousand questions bearing upon the nature of comets and their purposes in the cosmos have to be answered; and, in reference to the space-pervading medium, if such there be, we shall want to know whether it is at rest or in motion; what the law of its density and state of condensation near the sun; whether it gravitates; what its influence on the members of the solar system individually and collectively; and

whether it may not be augmented from age to age by the ejected matter of comets. Intimately connected with these inquiries, is the mysterious constitution of the comets themselves—a subject of profound interest to every astronomer; not only because they are the most numerous bodies in the solar system, if indeed, they specially belong to it, but also because, in almost all their physical conditions, they differ from every other known cosmical body; and the solution of the problem of their formation would, at the same time, explain the origin of many now inexplicable phenomena. Upon these and some collateral subjects we propose to offer a few remarks; not with the hope of doing much to remove difficulties, but with a desire to represent the present state of scientific knowledge in relation to comets, and to point out the direction in which astronomers are now looking for new discoveries.

The forms in which cometary bodies present themselves are more various than would be supposed from an examination of them without instruments. When naturalists are classifying the objects of their study, they refer them to, and group them round, some real or imaginary form which they speak of as a type. We may do the same, and the globular, telescopic comet will be our type. It is a body which may at first be mistaken for a nebulous star. This mistake will be corrected by the discovery of a change of place. It consists of a circular mass of nebulous matter with a nucleus, or concentrated point of light, usually placed eccentrically within it. A tail is not a necessary appendage. The comets of 1585, 1665, 1682, and 1763, were without tails. Others have shown long, streaming surfaces of nebulous light at one time, which have disappeared at another. The direction of the tail is almost constantly towards a point nearly opposite to the position of the sun in reference to the comet, and it appears to consist of two diverging beams of light, or ray-tufts, one flowing from each side of the head, and turned backward into the space the comet is leaving. The naked eye never detects the least appearance of motion in this appendage—it neither scintillates like some hot, solid bodies, nor flickers like a flame in a current of air, but retains an equable intensity of light like a subdued beam of sunlight passing through clouds

when seen against a dark background. No meteor has ever exhibited the same steady, unwavering luminosity; and the aurora has no resemblance to it if we except the luminous arch of white light with which the gorgeous display of the magnetic shower commences, or the broad patches of light with which the vault of heaven is strewn when the luminous arch breaks up, and the gorgeous spectacle is finished. Under the telescope, however, other appearances are presented. Bessel observed, that the cone of light which jetted from Halley's comet during the formation of the tail, deviated from the direct line between the comet and the sun; but, whether it was bent to the right or left, it returned to the direct line, and then deviated as far from it on the opposite side, just as a pendulum swings on its point of suspension. From this he concludes that the comet has a vibratory motion in the plane of its orbit, produced by some "polar force which turns one semi-diameter of the comet towards the sun, and strives to turn the opposite side away from the luminary." The elder Herschel observed a similar action in the comet of 1811, and attributed it to a rotatory motion. But in neither case was there any unsteadiness of the light, the same pale, quiet, immovable luminosity was always exhibited.

The form and extent of the tail, when that appendage is present, are not the same in any two bodies, nor in the same body at different times. The usual shape, as already intimated, is that which would be bounded by two lines diverging from the head, and its direction is opposite to the onward course of the comet, like the smoke of an engine moving against a current of air. But there are many exceptions. The comet of 1744 had six tails spread out like a fan, and that of 1823 had two, one turned towards the sun, the other in an almost opposite direction, or, more precisely, at an angle of 160° . The one turned towards the sun was the brighter of the two. The extent of these appendages is not less various. They are sometimes of almost incredible length. The tail of the comet, of the year 371 B.C., measured 60° ; that of 1843, 65° ; that of 1680, 70° ; and that of 1618, 104° .

The more condensed part of a comet, called the nucleus, seldom presents a definite outline; but in some of these bodies it has had a more decided form, and has

shone with the brightness of a fixed star. The comet of 1843 was visible by daylight. An eye-witness in Portland, United States, says: "The nucleus and every part of the tail was as well defined as the moon on a clear day." Of the comets of 1577 and 1744 we have a similar report. And although the body of a comet is usually cloud-like, densest near the center, and shaded off into thin semi-transparency without an edge, the elder Herschel reports that the comet of 1807 had a nucleus five hundred and thirty-eight English miles in diameter, and that of 1811, four hundred and twenty-eight miles. It may not be unnecessary to caution the reader against the association of the idea of density with the use of the word nucleus. Density is a term which can not be used in an absolute sense in reference to any part of a comet, and when used comparatively it does not exclude the idea of transparency. Many comets are sufficiently transparent to transmit stellar light. When the tail of Donati's comet, which a few months since was so beautiful an object in our heavens, passed between us and the noble star, Arcturus, the stellar light was perfectly transmitted. On the fifth of October, 1847, Miss Mitchell's comet came before a star of the fifth magnitude, which the thinnest evening-mist would have eclipsed, and its twinkling light was not in the slightest degree obscured. We have a still more remarkable instance of extreme transparency in the comet of 1835; for, on the twenty-ninth of September, of that year, a dense part of its body—only $7''\cdot78$ from the center of the head—passed over a star of the tenth magnitude, and, according to Bessel, without *deflecting* the stellar light. How are to explain this remarkable fact? Perfect transparency is a property we could not predicate of any body having a revolution round the sun; but if the fact be proved we are quite unable to explain how even cometary matter can be destitute of the power of refraction. From such evidence as is at present before us, it would be premature to suggest the possibility of the existence in these bodies of that which is not matter, in the ordinary sense of the word—of properties which are not elsewhere exhibited; but, from evidence to be presently adduced, we shall find reason to doubt whether a comet does consist entirely of gravitating matter.

These considerations lead to the inquiry whether comets are selfluminous, or reflect the light of the sun. The polariscope, in Arago's hands, answered the question. "We must confess," he says, "from these observations, that the cometary light is not entirely composed of rays having the properties of direct light, there being light which is reflected specularly, or polarized, that is, coming from the sun." In other words, a comet is a selfluminous body; but the emission of light does not destroy the power of reflection. Independent of Arago's experimental demonstration of the union of an inherent and a borrowed luminosity, the existence of reflected light might be conjectured from the existence of gravitating matter in comets; for, as they are under the same dynamical laws as planets, they must consist, in part, at least, of ponderous matter; and radiant light might be suspected from the difference of intensity in different bodies, a phenomenon which can not be fully explained by the positions of the comets in relation to the sun, or their several capacities of reflecting incident light.

If all that has been said about the transparency of comets, and the extent and rapid formation of their tails be true, their rarefaction must exceed that of any substance within the reach of physical and chemical investigation. As in all these bodies there is a nucleus, the lighter matters must, we know, be gathered round it, just as (in fact, not in similarity of circumstances) the atmosphere surrounds the earth, though the feebleness of attraction or the antagonism of some expansive power, causes a vast diffusion. A globe one inch in diameter, so Newton says, reduced to such a density as it would have at a distance from the surface of the earth equal to the radius of that planet, would expand and fill a sphere as large as the orbit of Saturn. If this be true, we shall not wonder at the rarefaction of cometary matter, for a comet may not weigh, as Herschel says, though it does fill such an ample space, many pounds or many ounces. But let the rarefaction be what it may, there must be some attraction between the parts of the body, or it could not have a spherical form. So much the astronomer knows of the physical theory of comets, but when he is asked to explain the origin of the tail, he admits the difficulty of replying, and

though he propounds a theory he invites objections, and waits for the future confirmation or disproof of his opinions.

The tail is not, as commonly believed, a continuation of the head. The nucleus is in fact inclosed in a hazy case, or a thin envelope of something, which for want of precise knowledge, is called nebulous matter, and when this is carried beyond the circumference of the head it is called the tail. A large number of comets might be described as a diffused nebulousity of a parabolic form inclosing in its vertex a nucleus. When a comet makes its first appearance in a telescope of power, it has usually the globular form already described, without any appendage, but as it approaches the sun it increases in size, and the coma is expanded into a tail. When it has moved to some considerable distance from the sun a contraction of the tail commences, and if it be not absorbed before the comet disappears, the rapidity of the process convinces the observer that it will, ere long, be completed. We may illustrate these remarks by reference to the interesting phenomena which attended the last return of Halley's comet.

When Halley's comet appeared in 1835, astronomers were at liberty to devote themselves almost entirely to the observation of its physical phenomena, for Newton's theory had been rigorously demonstrated, and the correctness of astronomical calculations had been proved by the appearance of many comets at the estimated times. It was first observed on the fifth of August, only one degree from the calculated place, as a faint telescopic nebula with a small bright nucleus. On the second of October, the shape was changed by the formation of a rudimentary tail, which rapidly increased in length, for on the fifteenth of the month it spanned an arc of 20° . After this time it began to contract, and when the comet passed its perihelion, on the sixteenth of November, all the tail had probably been diffused in space or absorbed by the solar atmosphere, as it measured only $2\frac{1}{2}^\circ$ on the fifth of that month. When the change of form commenced, the nucleus began to increase in brightness, and a series of jets were thrown out from the head of the comet. This phenomenon was observed for several days. Sometimes there was a single jet with an oscillatory motion, sometimes a number of ejections were visible, taking a fan-like

form. The appearance was such as to suggest the probability of the nucleus being so acted on by solar heat, as to cause the ejection of rarified gases, which by reaction disturbed the outer surface of the comet. The jets were thrown from that part of the head nearest to the sun and were turned backward, so as to flow into, if they did not entirely form, the tail, just as a jet of steam is thrown by a strong current of air into a direction opposite to that in which it is propelled. But as we can not attribute the direction of the tail of a comet to the existence of any pneumatic current, it is probably produced by some repellent action existing in the sun. This we admit is a strange assumption, for the effect of the sun upon a gravitating body is to collect, condense, concentrate, and attract, when heat does not interfere; but in the formation of the tail of a comet, a repulsive force exists sufficiently strong to drive the nebulous matter millions of miles from the point of ejection, into the vacated path of the cometary body. Gravitating matter there must be, for the comet has motion, orbit, and period of revolution, as consequences of solar attraction; but how inappreciable must that attraction have been upon the tail of Halley's comet to have permitted it to sweep past the great central orb of the system in an unbroken line, as though it had been an absolutely rigid rod! Solar heat may have produced the jets of which we have spoken; but if this were the mode of their production, we can not explain why they should cease before the comet had passed its perihelion, or why in such a situation the tail should disappear. Nor do we perceive how it is possible to explain the formation of a comet's tail, without admitting the existence of a repulsive or centrifugal force. How otherwise, considering the inconceivable velocity of the comet, could the momentum of the ejected nebulous matter be overcome and driven leeward, if we may use a nautical phrase, to a distance where the weak attraction of the gravitating matter in the head of the comet had probably barely power enough to hold the parts together? The comet of 1843, which moved with a train measuring 60° , and approached the luminous surface of the sun within one seventh of the radius of the luminary, was seen at Calcutta to form in one day a lateral tail nearly 100° in length. The comet of

1680, after its perihelion passage, formed in two days, as Newton informs us, a tail twenty million leagues in length. For the production of such effects a repellent force exists somewhere, but we are at a loss to imagine by what intensity of any known force such a projection of gravitating matter could be effected. But is it gravitating matter? May it not be that which men of science, for want of precise knowledge, call polarity? It is perhaps best represented by magnetism, the force which produces the aurora, and which according to recent investigations flows in luminous clouds, visible to some persons in a darkened room, from the poles of powerful magnetic batteries. More than this we should not be justified in saying; for clearer views we must wait the results of future observations. It is certain, however, as Sir John Herschel says, "that if we have here to deal with matter, such as we conceive it, namely, possessing inertia—at all, it must be under the dominion of forces incomparably more energetic than gravitation, and quite of a different nature."

Halley's comet was invisible for two months after it passed its perihelion in 1835. When it reappeared, it was seen by the naked eye as a hazy star of the fifth magnitude, but in telescopes it presented a well-defined disc surrounded by a coma. Great changes, therefore, were made in the physical condition of this body during the period it was invisible; and it passed through others still more difficult of explanation before it left our heavens. The coma surrounding it when it reappeared, quickly vanished, and the disc as rapidly increased in size, just as though a decrease of temperature had condensed and gathered round it matter before invisible; for otherwise the process of cooling must have produced contraction. In one week the volume of the illuminated space increased in the ratio of forty to one, and it was still increasing when the comet was lost in distance. Is it possible to account for this extraordinary dilatation, if we assume the absorption of cometary matter? Whether possible or not, we have as much difficulty in imagining the presence and diffusion of the cometary matter as in understanding the rapidity of its accumulation. But the marvel does not end here. A change of form was going on simultaneously with an increase in the dimensions of the disc.

As the intensity of the cometary light decreased, the comet itself was observed to lengthen in the direction of the sun, and the formation of a tail was commenced just as when it was approaching its perihelion. The jets, which had been before seen, were not again observed; but a ray of light passed from the nucleus along the axis of the paraboloid, increasing from time to time in intensity. How are these conditions and changes to be accounted for? They lie, so far as we know, out of the range of the ordinary laws of material existence, as exhibited in the conditions of the least dense of other cosmical bodies; and we know too little of polarity and its phenomena to trace its influence and effects, or to understand how the proximity, or distance of the sun, can produce or modify the phenomena we observe.

Of the orbital motion of comets we have nothing to say which has not been often said before; but marvelous facts in science, like wonderful events in history, will bear repetition.

When Newton had demonstrated the truth of his theory of gravitation, in reference to the orbits and periods of the planets, he perceived the necessity of bringing the comets under the operation of the same laws before he could assume the universality of the force. The first step in this process was taken by Newton himself, when he proved that a gravitating body may move about the sun in any of those curves known as conic sections. The comet of 1680 opportunely appeared when astronomers were most anxious to test the accuracy of the conclusions of the great philosopher; and of all the bodies of its class which have appeared in our heavens, it was, in many respects, the most remarkable. Soon after it had passed its perihelion, the tail was twenty million leagues in length. It approached the sun within less than one sixth the diameter of that luminary, and moved with a velocity of two hundred and twelve miles in a second. Its period, as calculated by Encke, is about eight thousand eight hundred and fourteen years; and when in its aphelion, which is forty-four times the distance of Uranus from the sun, it will have a motion of only ten feet in a second. The observations made on this body proved that gravitation determines and controls the motion of comets. Its orbit was truly one of great eccentricity, but the areas described about the sun

were, as in planets, proportional to the times. The universality of gravitation was, therefore, as fully proved as the circumstances permitted; and when this was acknowledged, there could be no doubt of the possibility of determining the periods and predicting the return of comets. But although the motion of planets and comets was thus traced to the same cause, the forms and positions of the orbits were not the same. The planets move in paths which, though elliptical, are nearly circular; the comets in ellipses of great eccentricity; the planes of the orbits of planets have a limited inclination to the ecliptic; the paths of comets are not thus limited; all the planets move about the sun, from west to east; a large number of comets move in the same direction, but not all; and, lastly, the planets are confined to a certain zone of the heavens, while the comets wander over the whole vault, some direct, some retrograde, some with inconceivable velocity, and some with comparative slowness. Those which move in hyperbolic curves visit our system but once. Where do they wander? and by what laws are they controlled when they pass the boundary of the solar influence?

When the elements of a comet moving in an ellipse are known, its period may be calculated, and its return predicted. Halley, confiding in Newton's discovery, was the first astronomer who ventured to announce the reappearance of one of these bodies. In 1682, only two years after the appearance of the great comet, which had engaged the attention of Newton, another of remarkable character, though not of great splendor, appeared; and Halley calculated its elements after it had passed its perihelion. Considerations, which we need not now mention, led him to believe that it had visited the sun in the years 1531 and 1607; and he boldly predicted its return in 1759. When the time of this advent approached Clairaut calculated the probable delay consequent upon the secondary attractions of the planets Jupiter and Saturn. From a careful estimate of these perturbations, he concluded that the comet would arrive six hundred and eighteen days after the time calculated by Halley; and within a month of the predicted day the comet came. In 1835 it returned again; and astronomers then knew how to calculate correctly, and what allowance to make for the delays

and hindrances of the road. Within a few days of the predicted time, on this occasion, it was discovered; and it then taught us nearly all we know, or rather, conjecture, about the constitution of comets.

In this brief essay on the nature of comets, we have scarcely alluded to the one which, in October last, attracted the attention of all persons in this country. We have intentionally avoided any reference to it. Our object has been to point out, in the most general manner, the di-

rection in which astronomers are now looking for new discoveries, and the facts on which they base their belief in the agency of some occult cause best described, at present, by the word polarity. When the astronomers of the southern hemisphere have made their reports upon Donati's comet, we shall probably ask our readers to take with us a survey of some of the most remarkable phenomena attending the progress of that magnificent object, and of what it has taught us.

Electoed for the Electioe.

TANGLED TALK; OR, THE COLOR OF LOVE.

"Sir, we had talk."—*Dr. Johnson.*

"Better be an outlaw than not free."—*John Paul, the Only One.*

"The honorablest part of talk is to give the occasion; and then to moderate again, and pass to somewhat else."

—*Lord Bacon.*

STREPHON TO SYLVIA.

DEAREST SYLVIA: There was, you know, an emperor—Domitian or Caligula, it does not matter—who wished that mankind had all one neck between them, so that he might decapitate the human race at a blow. Lord Byron had a wish much more genial, but quite as wild—namely, that the daughters of Eve

"had but one rosy mouth,
That he might kiss them all, from north to south."

I, too, have often a wish, as wild as either; not so genial as that of his deceased lordship, not so cruel as that of his deceased slaughterman. You will say, my dear, it is very characteristic of your Strephon's morbid inquisitiveness; and you who, by taking him out of himself, have done so much to cure him of that fault, (no merit to you, but some thanks, and much love for it,) may blame it as freely as you please. But the wish is, in brief, this—that all adult mankind could

be constituted into one accessible catechumen for him to interrogate concerning their experience. What I want for settling the psychological problems that are constantly putting themselves to me, is to know how every body else thinks and feels. Now, if I could only say to the collective Adam-and-Eve, How do you feel on such a point? and the catechumen could answer with one voice, "I feel so and so," what a psychologist your Strephon would be! "Yes," you say, "he would know too much."

That is true; profoundly true. I suppose life would be an impracticability to a man who carried so much sail. Ignorance and uncertainty are, doubtless, necessary factors in the sums we have given us to work out in our relations with each other. And my wish, if it were serious, earnest, and cherished, would amount to a sin. For, though my "views" are purely speculative when the wish in question slips through my brain; yet, inasmuch as no fact in human experience stands absolutely alone and disconnected, I could

never get the precise thing I wanted to know, without tearing away fragments of the living, sacred, never-intended-to-be-scrutinized tissue of the individual life along with it. It would be as impossible as to cut a pound of flesh without spilling a drop of blood.

After all this, you will, I am sure, wonder whatever it is I want to know next? What, my own beloved, with your strong human instincts and keen appreciation of the greatness of the harvest, and the fewness of the laborers, will you think of me for busying myself with gossamer speculations about the LIGHT and the COLOR of LOVE? "Idle boy," you say. "I had better thoughts of you; off, off to the harvest field, about the Master's business!"

But let me say my say, and then I will go and try to reap and bind as you bid me. Once, when I saw the electric light in an exhausted receiver—an imitation, is it not, of the northern aurora?—it struck me that that unutterable living blue-white brilliancy, veiling itself in a pink blush, must be the color of love. Love, to be sure, is not a stone, or a shell, or a bit of wood, or a leaf, nor can it, so far as I see, be proved to be any way capable of reflecting the sun's rays, or the congenial moon's. But if there is mournfulness in black, and sobriety in drab, and royalty in purple, and innocence in white, and freshness in green, and courage in red, and religiosity in blue—why not love in the auroral glory? "These are mere matters of fancy, symbolism, analogy." Yes, I dare say; but what is analogy? Why does the lighting upon a new one cause a thrill of joy to minds of a certain stamp, and some pleasure to all minds whatsoever? Is our sympathy with symbols a thing of habit and convention, or does it strike its roots deep down in the spirit, refusing to be grubbed up, or even grubbed about, to any purpose? I, for one, stand by the latter alternative. I think there is a positive relation between given colors and given states of being, the full significance of which we may never discover on this side the spot where we meet

the Shadow feared of man,
Who keeps the keys of all the creeds;"
though we may, perhaps, obtain a passing glimpse of it here and there, in what is called imaginative writing, especially in the writings of the poets.

From Milton we have an authoritative

utterance upon the subject of the color of love. You remember, dear, that when Adam asks the "angel guest familiar" if there is love in heaven, and, if so, what are its modes, and how the shining ones "mix irradiance," that glorious creature of God—not privileged, which, indeed, were no privilege, to be without "shame, divine shame"—blushes

"CELESTIAL ROSY RED, LOVE'S PROPER HUE"—

the line so beautifully commented upon by Keats in *Lamia*, Part I:

"Into the green-recessed woods they flew,
Nor grew they pale, as mortal lovers do."

Now, we have, you see, in that line from *Paradise Lost* enough to show us that the singer had his own idea about the color of love. We have "love's proper hue," the hue that absolutely belongs to it, as a property and characteristic. Then, the hue in the poet's eye is "rosy red," the true auroral flush. And, last, not least, Sylvia, it is "celestial rosy red." Now what, my dear, is a "celestial rosy red"? It is white for innocence, interfused with blue for heavenliness, divineness, religiousness, and softly veiled with pink for tenderness or desire. And this is the light of the aurora, and what I called the color of love; the color you would have in a flower if you could blend the tints of the lily, the convolvulus, and the rose, but which no flower could give as it is given in the electric aurora, for want of *light* and *motion*—two elements which, in the countenance of the bashful archangel, would be supplied by the lucid eyes, and the invisible-visible shimmering motion of the muscles of the face.*

Now comes the precise point upon which, at this present writing, I wished information from the monster catechumen of whom I just now spake unto you. Is what I now allude to a universal or a general experience? It seems to me that the human lover, at some stage of the progress of his passion, has vouchsafed to him a vision of the love-light, in virtue of which vision he sees and hears unutterable things, and is then and there presented with the freedom of the Seventh heaven; the talismanic memory of which time and which things stays by him more or less vividly all his life, and in proportion as he is faithful to the new sense which was then

* You are aware, Sylvia, that a human face is never in absolute rest.

conferred, anneals him from pain, and naughtiness, and folly all. He may see this love-light in a glory around his mistress; or in a sudden, unaccountable flash, as if

"All Heaven burst her starry floors,
And strewed her lights below;"

(that, you know, is in your Tennyson, in *St. Agnes*;) or in a more or less rapid sparkle in space—or in all three. Beautifully do I find the telling of the vision—yes, and the interpretation thereof, my own—in *The Angel in the House*, Canto VIII.: *Life of Life* is what the verses are headed, and it seems by that title as if the poet had a glimpse of something which I have often tried to say, but never shall be able!

LIFE OF LIFE.

"What's that, which, ere I spake, was gone,
So joyful and intense a spark
That, whilst o'er head the wonder shone,
The day, before but dull, grew dark?
I do not know; but this I know,
That, had the splendor lived a year,
The truth that I some heavenly show
Did see, could not be now more clear."

Thus far the vision. Now the interpretation:

"This know I, too; might mortal breath
Express the passion then inspired,
Evil would die a natural death,
And nothing transient be desired;
And error from the soul would pass,
And leave the senses pure and strong
As sunbeams. But the best, alas!
Has neither memory nor tongue."

I should like to quote the verses which follow, because they more fully bring out the poet's consciousness of what he was singing; they show that he believed in the "starry culmination" of love, as bringing what he here calls

THE REVELATION.

"An idle poet, here and there,
Looks round him, but, for all the rest,
The world, unfathomably fair,
Is duller than a witling's jest.
Love wakes men, once a lifetime each;
They lift their heavy lids, and look;
And lo! what one sweet page can teach
They read with joy, then shut the book.
And some give thanks, and some blaspheme,
And most forget; but either way,
That, and the child's unheeded dream,
Is all the light of all their day."

But, Sylvia, if there is a love-light, should there not be a friendship-light? If so, it would be a light without the rosi-ness, and that would freely mingle with the common sunshine. The "rosy red" is "love's proper hue"—its *peculium*—its distinctive characteristic. The friendship-light must be simpler, and must not blush. Is there in any poet any hint of an experienced, or possible-to-be-experienced friendship-light, as a thing positively visible to the friendship sense? I think so; and in a shape resembling invocation, in two of the cases which occur to me. The first is from *In Memoriam*, Poem 89:

"When rosy plumelets tuft the larch,
And rarely pipes the mounted thrush;
Or underneath the barren bush,
Flits by the sea-blue bird of March:

"Come! wear the form by which I knew
Thy spirit in time among thy peers;
The hope of unaccomplished years
Be large and lucid round thy brow.

"When summer's hourly-mellowing change
May breathe with many roses sweet
Upon the thousand waves of wheat,
That ripple round the lonely grange;

"Come! not in watches of the night,
But where the sunbeam broodeth warm;
Come, beauteous in thine after-form,
And like a finer light in light!"

To which there is a startling parallel in the closing verses of Charles Lamb's brief *In Memoriam* for "Hester"—his Quaker-ess friend, be it remembered; no passion of his, but simply a companion:

"My sprightly neighbor, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet as heretofore
Some summer morning,
When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet forewarning!"

With which quotation from the writings of the friendliest of men, I will leave off. Tell me, dear, what you think of all this. Perhaps the love-light and the friendship-light are both exclusively masculine experiences? How curious that would be, if it were so. Probe your consciousness, Sylvia, and tell me. "I never will," you say, "I hate all your probing! Go, find your sickle, and off to the harvest-field!" I go, I go, my love, like your faithful, obedient

STREPHON.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

SLEEP, AND THE TWIN BROTHERS.

"DEATH AND HIS BROTHER SLEEP:" THE FIRST MAN'S FIRST SLEEP—AFFINITY RECOGNIZED BY THE ANCIENTS—MONTAIGNE—GEORGE HERBERT—GEORGE CHAPMAN—SHAKESPEARE—SIR THOMAS OVERBURY—JEREMY TAYLOR—COLERIDGE—TENNYSON—WILSON. SLEEP AND DEATH CONFOUNDED: ARVIRAGUS AND IMOGEN—HENRY IV. AND PRINCE HAL—JULIET—GRÉTRY AND HIS DAUGHTER—THOMAS HOOD AT COBLENCE—MRS. BROWNING ON A SLEEPING CHILD.

"Jam verò videtis, nihil esse Morti tam simile, quàm Somnum."

CICERO, *de Senectute*, XXII.

"By him lay heavy Sleep, the cosin of Death,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath. . . ."

SACKVILLE, LORD BUCKHURST: *Induction*, st. XLI.

"For next to Death is Sleep to be compared;
Therefore his house is unto his annex."

SPENSER: *Faerie Queene*, II. 7, 25.

"O thou soft natural death! that art joint twin
To sweetest slumber!"

JOHN WEBSTER: *The White Devil*.

"Come, Somnus, with thy potent charms,
And seize this captive in thy arms. . . .
All are alike, who live by breath,
In thee, and in thy brother Death."

PHILONAX LOVEKIN: *Andronicus*, (1661.)

"How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep!
One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other, rosy as the morn
When, throned on ocean's wave,
It blushes o'er the world:
Yet both so passing wonderful!"

SHELLEY: *Queen Mab*.

"It was a dream. . . .
But who conducted me? That gentle Power
Gentle as Death, Death's brother."

LANDOR: *Last Fruit off an Old Tree*.

"Though Death should grimly stalk into the house,
And stand beside the slumber of a child,
Think you that gazing on its mimic self,
Sleep, beautiful and wondrous, in the crib,
His owlish eyes would not wing suddenly,
Through cycles of decay, back to the time
When he was one with Sleep, and passing fair;
Think you he would not sigh: 'Sleep on, sleep on!
Thou copy and thou counterfeit of me,
And teach the world that I was beautiful.'"

WALTER R. CASSELL: *Llewellyn*.

WHEN the first man first fell on sleep, (using that phrase in a natural not spiritual sense,) he is supposed by Milton to have confusedly identified the sensation

with that of dissolution itself. Death indeed was then a thing unknown, above conception because beyond experience; but equally so was Sleep. And though

every attempt to describe sensations so unique must, more or less, involve a sort of *ex post facto* ascription of subsequent impressions, still, the Miltonic supposition is too natural not to be in accord with what men in general would assume as Adam's actual feelings. On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers, pensive he sits him down:

"There gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seized
My drowsed sense, untroubled, though I
thought
I then was passing to my former state,
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve."

The affinity between Death and Sleep is, and ever has been, universally recognized. The Divine One, who spake as never man spake, said of a dead and buried follower: "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth." The brigands of revolutionary France—earthly, sensual, devilish—proclaimed death an eternal sleep. The image is every where in vogue, the analogy always holds good, the relationship is remarked by every age, in every clime, by saint, by savage, and by sage. Not a mortal day passes, but sleep is a familiar presence. Not a mortal life, but closes in a longer, deeper, stiller, more perfect sleep.

The epithets bestowed on death by the ancients are profusely borrowed from its living counterpart, or similitude, or foreshadow. If they call it a *dura necessitas*, they call it also a *dura quies*. It is a *ferreus somnus*. On the other hand, *somnus*, sleep itself, is *mortis imago*. It is *letho simillimus*. It is *consanguineus lethi sopor*. Death and his brother Sleep—is that an original idea of Shelley's? Not by centuries upon centuries. *Gelidæ mortis frater languidus* is an old-world paraphrase for man's nightly repose.

When considering, in that discursive manner of his, how a man may, in some measure, make death familiar to him, Montaigne pronounces it to be not without reason that we are taught to consider sleep as a resemblance of death—calling attention to the facility with which we pass from waking to sleeping, and the little concern we feel in losing the knowledge of light and of ourselves. "Perhaps the faculty of sleeping would seem useless and contrary to nature, since it deprives us of all action and sense, were it not that by it Nature instructs us that

she has equally made us to die as to live, and from life presents us the estate she reserves for us after it, to accustom us to it, and to take from us the fear of it. But such as have by some violent accident fallen into a swoon, and in it have lost all sense, these, methinks, have been very near seeing the true and natural face of death." Such an accident Michael himself had experienced, and his experience he details for the use of others.

"When boys go first to bed,"

says holy George Herbert,

"They step into their voluntary graves;
Sleep binds them fast; only their breath
Makes them not dead.
Successive nights, like rolling waves,
Convey them quickly, who are bound for
death."

Which of us but has, at some time, felt a sweet thrill, and been conscious of an awe, and an earnestness, solemn as strange, when joining in the petition of England's Evening Hymn—that true national anthem—to be taught so to live that we may dread the grave as little as our bed? George Herbert had anticipated Bishop Ken in this Christian aspiration, and glorified Death as a transfigured form:

"Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust
Half that we have
Unto an honest faithful grave;
Making our pillows either down or dust."

Shakspeare makes the Duke, in *Measure for Measure*, thus reason with life—when reasoning that it is a thing that none but fools would keep:

"Thy best of rest is Sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly
fear'st
Thy Death, which is no more."

In the same strain, only more at large, reasons George Chapman, of the same age, in his now forgotten tragedy of *Cæsar and Pompey*:

"Poor slaves, how terrible this Death is to
them!
If men would sleep, they will be wroth with
all
That interrupts them; physic take, to take
The golden rest it brings; both pay and pray
For good and soundest naps; all friends con-
senting
In those invocations; praying all
'Good rest the gods vouchsafe you.' But
when Death,

Sleep's natural brother, comes; that's nothing worse,
But better (being more rich—and keeps the store—

Sleep ever fickle, wayward still, and poor;)
 Oh! how men grudge and shake, and fear, and fly

His stern approaches!"

The hunting Lord, gazing on *Christopher Sly*, who lies dead drunk before the ale-house on the heath, is moved to exclaim: "Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!" *Paulina*, preparing *Leontes* for a view of the supposed statue of his wife, bids him expect "to see the life as lively mocked, as ever still sleep mocked death." We have a Shakspearean glimpse of *Lucrece* asleep, her hair, like golden threads, playing with her breath—

"Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality:
Each in her SLEEP themselves so beautify
As if between them twain there were no strife,

But that life lived in death, and death in life."

One of the "leading articles," so to speak, in the *Nerves* of Sir Thomas Overbury, describes death as "sleep's picture drawn to life, or the twilight of life and death." In sleeps, he says, "We kindly shake death by the hand; but when we are awaked, we will not know him. Often sleepings are so many trials to die, that at last we may do it perfectly." Elsewhere he affirms, in the paradoxical style then so much cultivated, that "no man goes to bed till he dies, nor wakes till he be dead." To the same effect writes Jeremy Taylor, that "we so converse every night with the image of death, that every morning we find an argument of the resurrection. Sleep and death have but one mother, and they have but one name in common. Charnel-houses are but κοιμητήρια, 'cemetaries' or sleeping-places;" and "in sleep our senses are as fast bound by Nature, as our joints are by the grave-clothes; and unless an angel of God waken us every morning, we must confess ourselves as unable to converse with men, as we are now afraid to die and converse with spirits. But, however, death itself is no more; it is but a darkness and a shadow, a rest and a forgetfulness. What is there more in death? What is there less in sleep?"

Coleridge's *Monody on the death of Chatterton* opens with the exclamation:

"Oh! what a wonder seems the fear of death,
Seeing how gladly we all sink to sleep,
Babes, Children, Youths, and Men,
Night following night for threescore years
and ten!"

One section of Tennyson's *In Memoriam* opens with the hypothesis, "If Sleep and Death be truly one;" another, with the apostrophe, "Sleep, kinsman thou to death and trance;" while a third, addressed to the dead friend here held in remembrance, begins with this soothing stanza—

"When in the down I sink my head,
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, times my breath;
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, knows not Death,
Nor can I dream of thee as dead."

This twin-brotherhood is, almost every where among the poets, an acknowledged relationship. Yet Wilson utters a protest against it, when he makes the Ettrick Shepherd object that "sleep is not death—nor yet death's brither, though it has been ca'd sne by ane wha suld hae kent better—but it is the activity o' spiritual life." How this objection affects the poetical assumption it would, perhaps, be difficult to show. For the poets all along assume the sleep of death to have its dreams, its activity of spiritual life. To sleep—muses *Hamlet*—to sleep, perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub; for in that sleep of death what dreams may come—must give him, the proposed self-slayer, pause. The good man, dying, is, in Bryant's *Thanatopsis*,

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Many a time has death been taken for sleep, and sleep for death; the dead for those that slumber, and the slumbering for those that are "no more." Innocent childhood looks on the face of the departed, and believes the repose to be life's common every-day rest. Anxious watchers rivet their gaze on the calm sleeper, and fear that calm to be of the sleep that knows no waking. *Arviragus* finds *Imogen* "as dead," "thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber, not as death's dart, being laughed at. . . . I thought, he slept; and put my clouded brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness answered my steps too loud." "Is he so hasty," complains Shakspeare's *Henry IV.*, when the Prince has removed his crown—"so hasty

that he doth suppose my sleep my death?" The Prince had not removed that "golden rigol" until he had watched a downy feather by the lips of the king, which stirred not—until he had called, and there was no answer—whence his inference, "this sleep is sound indeed," the sleep that no morning will break, no fatigue renew. So, again, with the parents of *Juliet*, after she has drained the friar's draught. "Jenny, tu souffres?" tenderly asked Grétry of his eldest girl—(all Grétry's daughters died at about sixteen)—her answer was, "C'est fini;" and then, in the words of a biographer, "elle pencha la tête et mourut sans secousses au même instant. Le pauvre Grétry lui demanda si elle dormait: elle dormait avec les anges." Thomas Hood, who in his *Hero and Leander* pictures a form on which "you might gaze twice ere Death it seemed, and not his cousin, Sleep, that through those creviced lids did under-peep"—has described, in a fragment called *The Death-Bed*, with exquisite pathos and simple power, what some of us have witnessed, and having witnessed, have desired for ourselves, if the desire be lawful: so imperceptible the passage from calm slumber to calmer death, so unobserved the merging of one in the other.

"Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died."

The sight of sleeping childhood is often suggestive, to their elders, of the more solemn rest that remaineth for all the children of time. Three and twenty years ago the same Thomas Hood, being at Coblenz, and gazing on his wife and two children asleep in the same chamber, was moved to an almost wish that he and they might then and there find mortality swallowed up of life, sleep merged in death. He recognized his universe of love, all that his God could give him or remove, there sleeping, save himself, in mimic death: hence arose the half-cherished, half-withoutood yearning—

"Almost I wish that with one common sigh
We might resign all mundane care and strife,
And seek together that transcendent sky,
Where Father, Mother, Children, Husband,
Wife,
Together pant in everlasting life."

The aspiration—or, rather, unformed fancy—might be a strangely sad or sadly strange one. But thoughtful and suffering minds, versed in worldly trials, and already wounded in the battle of life, are not unapt to think sad thoughts, and strange, beside slumbering childhood. Watching the serenity that there abides, and remembering the awful antitype of which a placid symbol is before us, well may the wistful desire rise from heart to lips, May my last end be like *this*! Like it, in some respects, we know it will be; for is not Death, even that of wrinkled eld, the brother of Sleep, even that of babes and sucklings? Mrs. Browning's stanzas, addressed to an infant sleeping on the floor, tired of all the playing, touchingly illustrate this aspect of our theme; the minstrel is near as tired of pain as the child seems of pleasure; God knows that, she says; and then she anticipates a coming sleep for herself, after life's fitful fever, wearied with the din, and toil, and vanity:

"Very soon too, by His grace
Gently wrapt around me,
Shall I show as calm a face,
Shall I sleep as soundly!
Differing in this, that you
Clasp your playthings sleeping,
While my hand shall drop the few
Given to my keeping!
Differing in this, that I
Sleeping shall be colder,
And in waking presently,
Brighter to behold."

The last stanza of another poem of hers, *The Sleep*, is set in the same key—a soft low minor—

"And friends, dear friends—when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, 'Not a tear must o'er her fall—
He giveth His beloved, sleep.'"

J A N U A R Y .

LIKE iron armor lie the lakes;
The fount no longer flows;
And not a single murmur breaks
The silence of the snows.

Upon the desolate morass
The heron seems a ghost;
Above it the dark cloud-wreaths pass,
Around it gleams the frost.

The valley hath no flowerets gay;
The copse no sunny beams;
But yet our mother Earth to-day
Is merrier than she seems:

For led by January cold
O'er wintry waste and wild,
Half-veiled in stainless snow, behold
A radiant Spirit-Child:

Life in its breath, heaven in its smiles—
A dream of future worth,

The New Year comes with tender wiles
To drooping souls on earth.

Fresh from the holy touch of God,
In all its aspects fair,
Its footsteps thaw the frozen sod:
To feel it is a prayer.

But, 'mid hopes like the Old Year dead,
And hopes whose doom is knelled,
I ask my soul, with trembling dread,
"What have I lost?—what held?"

O New Year, teach to sad hearts faith:
Life's road is rough and hard; [scathe,
When sharp thorns wound and keen winds
Point thou to One more marred.

Lead onward to the cloudless spheres,
Thou who com'st like a friend,
Where none need weep departed years,
And every grief shall end.

L O V E M E , B E L O V E D .

LOVE me, beloved—the lonely hours
Are passing slowly and sadly by,
I am sad in the midst of the joyous flowers,
And I feel alone though I know not why;
Unless it be that thou lov'st me not
And I have passed like a thing forgot.

Love me, beloved—the music notes,
Which from star to star in the deep sky
move,
Come down to me in those helmless boats
Called the soft night winds. And a hand I
love

Waves the deep blue ether to and fro,
That the note I love on its way may go!

Love me, beloved—that I may learn
Why joy is sparkling in every thing,
Why the pure, fair stars in the heavens burn,
And their silver circles of pale light fling
Down to the earth, like a ladder bright.
For thought to rise to the land of light!

Love me, beloved—the moonlit clouds,
Which like foam flakes drift in the endless
sky,

Which follow each other in frightened crowds,
Seem far away in immensity;
And yet the song-wreath to me comes down,
Which those wanderers weave in night's jeweled
crown!

Love me, beloved—that I may bear
The beauty in which the earth is drowned:
Love me, oh! love me, that thou may'st share
The wondrous joy of that wondrous sound
Which the soul of music to earth hath given
An echo true from the far-off heaven!

Love me, beloved—for only thou
Canst brighten the brightness of earth to me,
Canst chase the shadow which veils it now,
And make my spirit as light and free
As it used to be, when life's vision all
Was a gem-wreath and flowing coronal!

Love me, beloved—and all the past,
The sorrowful past, will have fled for ages;
The flower will lift up its head at last.
Now the terrible storm has passed away,
And the rainbow gleam of thy love shall be
Like a sunny light on the troubled sea!

From Sharpe's London Magazine.

THE DISCONTENTED FLOWERS.

In the depths of a beautiful wood, far away from the noise of cities, and the smoke of chimneys, is a bright clear pool of water, in which the drooping branches of the willow mirror and bathe themselves. Sweetly-scented lime-trees are grouped together near it, beneath the arching boughs of which the graceful fern and the blue-eyed forget-me-not flourish luxuriantly.

The banks of this crystal lake are fringed with moss and tall flowering grasses; and the woodland paths beyond, where the ground is not so moist, are carpeted in the early spring with masses of the delicate blue hyacinth; and no sooner has that faded than the modest lily of the valley arises, with her perfumed bells, to scent the air in that sequestered spot.

Many a wayfarer has paused in his journey through the forest, to drink from the limpid waters in that still retreat, and has wondered at the variety of foliage and blossom growing side by side in that place; and has been puzzled to account for the appearance of some plants, which, according to the botanists, had no business to be growing wild in such a locality.

But there are records handed down from tree to tree, and whispered from flower to flower, of a time when the now extensive wood was a private shrubbery, planted with taste and care, by a wealthy land-owner; and the pool, which is now the favorite haunt of the May-fly, the dragon-fly, and their kindred, was once a fish-preserve. The ancient ferns, too, now rearing their beauteous fronds as a shelter for myriads of the insect tribe, have a faint recollection of having been transplanted from a distant region in their early youth; but they have taken kindly to their present home, and are too old now to care about making another journey to the soil of their ancestors, so they cling closer and closer to the rocks that surround them, and spring up year after year more vigorously than ever. And

the forget-me-nots, as the days go round, creep farther and farther over the surface of the pool, laughing up in the twilight with their bright eyes, as though change and trial were unknown to the flowers of earth.

It is indeed a very lovely spot, and the sunbeams and the moonbeams linger there by turns, right willingly, piercing playfully through the coy leaves, which try so valiantly to keep them out; but the zephyrs come to the rescue; and to them the leaves bow obediently at their lightest breath, and make way for them. So the shining rays, which are heaven's messengers, follow swiftly in the zephyr's path, and gleam and shimmer down into the very depths of the pool itself.

Surely if peace be known upon earth, she haunts that favored spot! And there is no lack of music either to enliven the tranquillity. It is not a dead calm which reigns there; for the song of the lark, the voice of the cuckoo, and the melody of the nightingale, are all heard there in due season; and day and night, in sunshine or in shade, there is the never-ceasing music of a rippling stream, which has its source in the sparkling pool, and goes babbling on of the beauty of its home as it wanders far away, over many a mile, to mingle its waters with those of a mighty river.

The little streamlet has no name, and is not known in the great world; but it runs its daily course with gladness, and beautifies and benefits whatever comes in its way.

Human eye gazes but rarely upon the beauty of the scene I have been attempting to describe; but it is ever present to the angels of God. And those whose mission it is to bear earth's incense of praise to the courts above, have also a tribute to collect from the dwellers in this fair valley; for surely joy and gratitude are due for the cooling dews, the gentle showers and refreshing breezes, not to mention the warm bright beams of sun-

shine which the flower-buds welcome so gladly.

But I have to tell of a time when sorrow found its way to mar the harmony of that lovely scene. No human eye could have detected the first symptom of evil. Outwardly all was fair and beautiful; but "the trail of the serpent" had passed even there, and the guardian watcher knew it all too well when the breath of praise rose not as freely as it was wont in the still hour of eventide.

There was a mist of discontent hovering somewhere, which marred the fragrance of that balmy hour; and the flower-spirit sighed sadly as he lingered on his mission and waited for the hush of night to investigate its cause.

At length the song of the birds was stilled. There was no voice save that of the murmuring brooklet. One by one the flowerets closed their weary buds; the beautiful blue forget-me-nots and the fragile veronica drooped their heads beneath the clear cold moonbeams, and the lily nestled her tiny bells closer to the sheltering foliage around her.

And then the solemn hush was broken by a sigh of discontent, which arose on the evening breeze, and was wafted to the ear of the flower-spirit. He heard an unthankful murmuring, and he knew whence it came, for he marked a solitary Forget-me-not and a single spray of Lily-bloom holding themselves aloof from their kin, and eagerly listening to the night-wind's whispering and the babbling of the tiny stream. They were discontented flowers; they did not care to live on any longer in quiet obscurity; they wanted to see the great world, about which the rivulet and the breezes had so often told them. They felt cramped and confined in that lonely, unfrequented pond. They thought themselves wiser than their neighbors; they had given more heed to what was told them of the world beyond the hills.

The brook was sorry that his babbling, which had been intended to amuse and instruct them, should have made them unhappy, and good-naturedly promised to help them in any way that he could to make their lot more enjoyable; but the breeze—false friend that he was!—counseled them to leave all their old acquaintances and relatives in the wood, and go forth together and see the world for themselves.

This the brook did not consider wise

advice; but the willful flowers were only too ready to follow it, and as his voice of dissent was drowned by the bluster of the breeze, he said no more to dissuade them, and was persuaded to join with the latter in assisting them to leave their home. So the sturdy little Forget-me-not tried more and more every day to detach its roots from its fellows, and stretched eagerly towards the bank, that the streamlet might waft her down its current; and the Lily, hour by hour, bent more away from her sheltering vail of green leaves; and though her stem began to get crooked, and her pure bells splashed with mud as the little tadpoles played about near them, she did not care for that; for she knew that before many days her friend, the breeze, would be able to snap her slender stem, and carry her off.

She was not happy; and both she and the Forget-me-not agreed that they wanted change, and would be improved by traveling.

They had not quite made up their minds when or how they should return; but of course they meant to do so one day, to display their knowledge of the world to their unsophisticated relatives.

Some of their companions, who knew of their discontent and their projected expedition, tried to persuade them that the Good Father knew best where to place his children; and the bees, who loved to nestle in the Lily's bells, and the butterflies and beautiful glossy beetles, who courted the sun, supported by the azure Forget-me-not, told them how useful they were in their own neighborhood, and how much they would be missed if they really succeeded in getting away. All to no purpose, however, the headstrong things thought they should be of far more use in a wider sphere of action. Besides, the zephyrs had told them of beautiful flower-fêtes and grand festivities in which they might take part, and have their share of admiration too, instead of being cooped up in such an out-of-the-way place.

The elder plants shook their heads sorrowfully when they saw these young things so obstinately self-willed, and prognosticated evil if they left their parent-stems; but the Lily laughed at them for croakers, and the Forget-me-not agreed with her in every thing.

They did not think theirs at all a blissful lot; and having nothing for which to be grateful, they offered up murmurs in-

stead of the incense of thanksgiving; so when their gentle watcher found the origin of the evil, a remedy was determined upon.

One disaffected member of a community makes many, and it was not right that the general harmony should be disturbed by these two unthankful murmurers.

So it chanced, ere long, that a youth lost his way whilst rambling through the wood, and lying down to rest at the edge of the pool, caught sight of the Lily and the Forget-me-not just within his reach, and stretching out his hand, he gathered them both. The Forget-me-not responded so eagerly to his touch, that he took away a part of her root as well.

Now the two flowers were supremely happy, and even rejoiced at having managed so cleverly without being under obligations either to the breeze or the brook. They smiled down triumphantly upon the friends they left behind them as, securely fastened in the youth's button-hole, they journeyed away with him.

He had a long distance to go, and at first the runaways enjoyed this elevated position exceedingly; but when the hot sun began to parch up the juice in their stems, and there were no cooling waters to refresh them, they felt faint, and drooped their heads; indeed, the Lily would certainly have died, being the more delicate of the two, if the journey had been much longer. Suddenly they felt themselves revived by the contact of cooling water, and the Forget-me-not, being the first to raise her head, saw a young fair face bending over her with a look of eager delight.

"Look here, Claire! these pretty flowers which neighbor Charlie brought me are reviving already. It is a famous specimen of the *Myosotis palustris*, with a root, too. I shall dry it in a day or two."

The little Forget-me-not did not like being called by such a strange sounding name; it had never been heard in the valley; but the Lily was not sufficiently revived to pay much attention to its displeasure.

Claire, a little dark-eyed damsel, some years younger than her sister, gazed also admiringly upon the two travelers, as her sister went on talking about them. "I hope they will keep fresh; I shall wear them this evening instead of Captain Mowbray's splendid exotics; I know he will be very angry; but I don't care for

that!" laughed the young girl: "I would rather please neighbor Charlie." And she took out a wreath of artificial flowers, also lilies and forget-me-nots, and placed it for a moment on her head. As she thus stood sportively before the glass, the wanderers—now both quite wide awake—thought they had never yet seen any thing so beautiful. Much more did they admire her a few hours later, when she was ready dressed for the ball in her simple white muslin, trimmed with sprays of the same tiny flowers to match her wreath, her only ornament a string of magnificent pearls round her neck.

"Good-by, dear Claire," said the young girl, kissing her sister: "I hear papa calling me; I must go now."

"Good-by, Edith; I hope you will enjoy yourself; but oh! wait a moment; you have actually forgotten neighbor Charlie's flowers; let me put them into your brooch for you."

So the Lily and the Forget-me-not, looking very fresh and beautiful, were securely fastened on to the dress, and felt not a little proud of their new position; in fact, could scarcely hold their heads high enough. They did not quite like being covered over with the opera-cloak; but pride must bear a little pain, and they were amply repaid for the temporary obscurity of their situation when the heavy wrapping was removed, and the fair Edith, leaning on her father's arm, entered the splendidly illuminated ball-room. But soon they began to feel the effects of the heated atmosphere, and the Lily thought remorsefully of the cool evening breezes which she knew were even then fanning her sister-flowers in the quiet valley—her distant home. Nor did the Forget-me-not feel much happier; but neither of them liked to complain. Captain Mowbray, of whom they had heard, danced with Edith once, and tried to persuade her to walk out on the balcony with him, which, to the great mortification of the poor fainting blossoms, she declined. At length neighbor Charlie led her out into the moonlight, and the Forget-me-not raised her head once more; but the poor Lily could no longer be refreshed; she had dropped from exhaustion, and had been crushed beneath the spurred heel of the mustached Captain. Neighbor Charlie noticed its loss, and his companion seemed very distressed at the discovery; but the young man told her it did not

signify, as she had preserved the flower he wished her always to treasure.

But the solitary Forget-me-not no longer felt pride in her position: a terrible feeling of home-sickness came over her, and she bowed her head in sorrow for the loss of her friend and companion, longing only for an opportunity of escape from her captivity. Fortune favored her at last. It was early morning, and the two still stood talking together by an open window, as the guests were preparing to depart, when all at once neighbor Charlie caught sight of a moss-rose bud temptingly within reach: "This will be a good substitute for the lost Lily," said he, as he gathered it.

The brooch was unfastened, but the young girl's fingers trembled as she placed the rose-bud within it, displacing the Forget-me-not. A zephyr bore up the wanderer for a while, then wafted it down, down, far away from the maiden and her lover, rendering it quite insensible from the rapidity of its flight. When it again opened its dimmed blue eyes, the little Forget-me-not was lodged upon a mossy bank, within sound of splashing water—within sound of it; but alas! not near enough to taste of its sweetness. Poor little thing; she had gained experience by her travels; but it had been dearly bought. She looked wofully altered since she quitted her peaceful home: a tiny rootlet was still hanging to it, sadly parched and shriveled: some of its leaves and blossoms were quite dead, and a bit

of its stem dreadfully bruised. How she longed to be once more in her old haunts, or just a little nearer to the refreshing water! A few more hours and death would surely come! for the breeze had lulled, and the oppressive heat of noonday was setting in. Suddenly a storm arose, and the drenching rain fell in torrents. Oh! how eagerly the languid wanderer drank the refreshing drops! And then a friendly breeze wafted it down the sloping bank, and the rivulet, already swollen with the rain, rippled nearer and nearer, and at last bathed its little rootlet: then the current became stronger, and the Forget-me-not, floating on its surface, went drifting along, it knew not whither, unable to stay its course.

Night closed in once more upon the tranquil valley, and the stars looked down rejoicingly over it; for the weary traveler had at last found a resting-place amongst its kindred. Though bowed and broken, and shorn of all beauty, there was life in it still, and a power of endurance, till then untested, had been called forth and strengthened by its wanderings up and down in "the wide, wide, world;" for the good World-Father can bring good even out of evil; and the humbled flower sighed no more for a sphere other than that which unerring wisdom had assigned to it. So the guardian Spirit wafted upwards a hymn of praise, unalloyed by regret or discontent, only the lily-bells drooped more humbly as they mourned for their fallen sister, who returned to them no more!

PHASES OF LIFE AND LOVE.*

This poem deserves special and emphatic notice. It is not one of the ephemera of the month; but will live. We shake monthly the tree of song; but, alas! young-tinted blossoms or withered leaves are all that fall. How seldom have we the rounded ruddy fruit to present

our readers; such, however, we find this poem to be. There is a delicate, musical, though varying rhythm in its versification. Its imagery is rare and splendid. Indeed, did we carp at all, it would be at the exuberance of illustration, though it is always novel and lustrous. Let our author remember—

"Then doubt because they stand so thick, i'
the sky,
If those be stars which paint the galaxy."

* *Cecil and Mary; or, Phases of Life and Love.*
By JOSEPH EDWARD JACKSON. London: John W.
Parker and Son, West Strand, 1858.

But, above all other excellence, the poem is religious and grandly true. He tricks out none of the world's falsehoods with the gleaming pearls of his fancy. He has not raised a beautiful sepulcher to enshrine the rottenness of death; but a temple full of strength and beauty, and alit with the light of Heaven. The form of the poem lends but little value to its worth—so far the author has yet to acquire the ingenuity of his craft, by which the very plot, combinations, and contrasts of his poem, may enhance its interest, and give, by virtue of the setting, a new and higher effect to its sentiments. The facets worked upon the diamond show its heart of golden light, send out its keen sparkles of fire again; our author *overlabors* some of his passages. His metaphors sometimes freckle the divine face of a truth, which, unadorned had been lovelier far. But a truce to criticism.

His meaning is never obscure—his lines flow along in a liquid melody; and there is a quiet penciled grace in his pictures—which, combined with the pure and earn-

est strain of his thought, make *this* poem a most welcome gift, and a sure pledge of yet nobler achievements by its author. We quote these delicately beautiful lines, so tender and true. The mother speaks of her dead boy:

"And then his winning ways! How he would
come

And lean upon one knee, and bend his head
A little sideways, like some graceful flower
Bent by a soft breeze, as he peeped to see
If you were in the humor for his play;
I feel his little arms going round my neck,
And his soft cheek pressed lovingly to mine.
Ah! how he had twined round me! and to
bear

This fairy creeper has almost brought
The prop along with it."

And thus the aged mother advises her son on marriage:

"Sun her with your smile

When she is joyful; and when'er she stands
Within the shade of grief, stand you there too,
Pray with, read to her, lead her gently on
Up the ascent of life, until you reach
The spot whence one of you shall be caught up,
And landed in the golden steps of heaven."

SLEEPING UPON ROSES.

Oh! exquisite and soothing thought—

Roses, in bright and countless numbers,
Roses, with balmy odors fraught,
Spread forth to woo us to our slumbers!

Yet fatal is their balmy breath,
The page of history discloses
How oft the still, cold bonds of Death
Stole o'er the sleepers upon roses,

My friends, the lot can ne'er be ours
To meet a similar temptation,
In modern days the Queen of Flowers
Boasts not such wily fascination:
Yet, if we court the world's sweet spell,
And own the thralldom it imposes,
Methinks 'tis easy to foretell
Our speedy slumber upon roses.

When Sloth invites our wearied feet
To tread the velvet paths of Leisure;
When lulling lays our senses greet,
Breathed from the perfumed bowers of Pleasure;

When Luxury, with subtle sway,
The soul to selfish ease disposes,
A wise observer longs to say—
"Beware of sleeping upon roses!"

Nay, Life's best gifts a snare may be:

Calm study, cheerful recreation,
The hearth of social amity,
The voice of kindly commendation,
Love's tender and enduring ties—
On these, too oft, the soul reposes,
Fondly on human props relies,
And rests contented amid roses.

Not such should be our pilgrim life;
No, we should seek our path of trial,
Prepared to meet its daily strife
With firm and patient self-denial:
Temptation waits us on our road,
And oft our progress it opposes,
No matter—Life was not bestowed
To waste in sleeping upon roses.

However lured, however tried,
Still may we bravely look before us,
Casting the fragrant flowers aside.
That strive to weave soft fetters o'er us.
May we, with fervency of heart
Pursue our course; and when it closes,
Let not our summons to depart
Reach us while sleeping upon roses!

From the British Quarterly.

REVIEW OF DR. TRENCH'S DISCOURSES.*

THE province of art in regard to religion is a very important one, and its claims in this respect can not be long suppressed. Romanism abused it, and Protestantism in consequence disowned it. But the reaction became excessive, unnatural, and was sure to give place in its turn to larger and more genial influences. There is no human capacity to which religion should not give its object—to the sensibility and to the imagination, no less than to the understanding. It is only a partially developed humanity that can be content with a partially developed Christianity. It belongs to a real manhood in these things not to suppress any faculty or susceptibility of the soul, but to assign its due place and its true object to each.

Every thoughtful man, whatever be his church connection, conforms to many lesser things which he does not approve, for the sake of the greater things with which they are connected, and of which he does approve. The adjuncts of a sect, which have come from the accidents of the past, are one thing; its great principles, which have come from inspiration, are another. God forbid that one's acceptance of the latter should be understood as implying approval of all that may be included in the former. The great error of the Church of England has been, not in requiring conformity, but in requiring the profession of approval beside. Apart from this material point, the question about conformity or nonconformity, as between the two great parties, would be simply a question of degree, for we all conform to things which are not to our mind for the sake of other things to which we attach great value.

With admirable feeling and judgment, Dr. Trench appears to have appropriated what is best in the several sections of the

Church of England, without directly identifying himself with any one of them. This is not the course to be taken by any man ambitious of notoriety in the way of party leadership. Too commonly such men buy their ascendancy at costs to which no mind possessing a high sense of truthfulness and honor could submit. In the history of parties, the leaders and the led are too often the tools and slaves of each other. There are minds which can not breathe in such an atmosphere, and the mind of Dr. Trench seems to be of this order. We must confess that this circumstance disposes us to look with interest to every thing of a religious character proceeding from his pen. We come to it expecting to find in it the fruit of retired, calm, independent, and Christian thought—not so much a theme addressed to a sect, as a truly Catholic message, designed for God's universal Church.

These five discourses, "preached before the University of Cambridge," have a consecutiveness in their subjects. The titles are as follows: I. Christ the Only Begotten of the Father. II. Christ the Lamb of God. III. Christ the Light of the World. IV. Christ the True Vine. V. Christ the Judge of all.

There is something unusually reverential and profound in the spirit with which the author approaches every track of thought having relation to "the Only Begotten of the Father." According to the view of this eminently devout and thoughtful writer, the fact of the Incarnation should not be regarded as a special manifestation of the Son of God of which nothing would have been heard in the universe if sin had not entered this world, and if man had not fallen. Revelation, he complains, is often viewed too much on the side of its relation to man's need, and not sufficiently on the side of its relation to God's glory. Our theology, accordingly, is often too much of a science about man, not enough of a science about God, thus falsifying its name;

* Five Discourses preached before the University of Cambridge. By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D.D., Dean of Westminster. 12mo. London: John W. Parker and Son.

"Let us beware, brethren, lest we allow selfishness to intrude into a region where least of all it should find place, but which yet too easily may become its especial haunt and home; so that we shall measure the value of truths, not by the utterance which they contain of God's attributes, his wisdom, his love, his righteousness, his truth, not by the glory which they bring to Him, but solely by the bearing which they seem to have on ourselves, and on our own individual spiritual life. Something of this kind may perhaps be traced among us now; when the truths for which Augustine struggled, the doctrines of grace, are still precious and dear to us, because they seem to bear, and do bear, on our everyday life, on our daily conflict with sin and temptation; while those other truths of the eternal relation of the Son to the Father, for which Athanasius strove, for which he was contented to be an exile and a fugitive, a dweller in caves and in wildernesses, to brave the extremest wrath of the world's mightiest potentate, these, with others which like them seem to lie remote from our own immediate need, awaken no lively sympathy in our hearts. We confess their importance; we should strive, it may be most earnestly, against those who should deliberately seek to rob us of them; we should probably then understand that they were the strong substructures which, however out of sight, did yet support the fabric of our faith, that would be weak and tottering without them; but they are not now in any sense dear and near to us, like those doctrines of grace, for which Augustine witnessed, or of justification, from which Luther shook the dust of ages three centuries ago. Yet surely it was not for nothing that in the early Church the word 'theology,' with more special reference to its derivation, was restricted to that portion of what we should call theology, which had to do with God Himself, with the ever-blessed Trinity, or with the Son in his divine nature; while by other words, as for instance the 'economy,' men were used to designate the appearance of the Son of God in time, his life and walk in the flesh, his direct redemptive work. Those who employed this language did feel, and rightly, that in God the root of all theology lay; that he was the subject-matter of it, and consciously or unconsciously they expressed this conviction by the limitation which they assigned to the word.

"And the dangers which beset us when we at all forget this, are indeed neither few nor insignificant. Theology, when it limits itself to the immediately practical and useful, dismissing every thing which it does not esteem such, will not long retain even that practical and useful to which it has been willing to sacrifice every thing besides. Its pastures will lose their greenness soon, its lower levels will become dry and parched and barren, if they be not fed and refreshed from the upper springs. Its conversation must be habitually in heaven, if it shall really have any thing which is worth the telling upon earth. It is a Jacob's ladder, but angels must descend upon it, no less than ascend. If there be none de-

scending, there will in a little while be none to ascend. In it we must have the story, not *merely* of man's upward striving to God; indeed, not of this at all, except as the result of God's downward looking upon men. It is not the record of a religious sentiment in man, a pathology of the human soul under certain of its higher aspects, but a record of a divine revelation from God, of what he has announced to men of his own being. In the fact that we are sometimes forgetting this, that there is so much about man, and so little about God in our modern theology, lies in great part the secret of its weakness; of the feeble hold which it has upon numbers who would gladly learn what God has declared of himself; but who care much less for any secondary notices as to the exact manner in which this message has affected others; and least of all for what others have thought and speculated about him."

If we would be delivered from such dangers, and raise theology to her true place, as "the queen-science of all," it behoves us, we are told, to look steadily to what is said of Christ in Scripture touching his existence, relations, and history, before his incarnation, as well as to what is said concerning him subsequently to that event. The preacher is aware that there is a special elevation and mystery in the subject thus approached—yet he must approach it:

"It behoves us, indeed, to speak with hesitation and modesty on a matter like this. Had there been no Fall, the conditions under which that transient manifestation of love and of honor done to man must have taken place, would of course have been infinitely different from those under which the Eternal Son did actually exchange the form of God for the form of a servant, and become obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Those conditions, more glorious seemingly, would have been less glorious in reality, for they would have lacked the glory of suffering, the unfathomable wonder of that infinite self-denial which stooped to the fallen and the guilty, and shared the miseries of the one and the penalties of the other. But the thing itself, we may reverently believe, would not the less have been. They only reaffirm what has been the conviction of many theologians in all times, who are persuaded that the headship of the race of man would have pertained to him not the less, to whom all headship of men or of angels rightly appertains; all things in heaven and in earth being recapitulated in him; since only in this recapitulation could the race of Adam have attained the end of its creation, the place among the families of God, for which from the first it was designed.

"In this view, the taking on himself of our flesh by the Eternal Word was no makeshift, to meet a mighty, yet still a particular emergent need; a need which, conceding the liberty of

man's will, and that it was possible for him to have continued in his first state of obedience, might never have occurred. It was not a mere result and reparation of the Fall, such an act as, except for that, would never have been; but lay bedded at a far deeper depth in the counsels of God for the glory of his Son, and the exaltation of that race formed in his image and his likeness. For against those who regard the Incarnation as an arbitrary, or as merely an historic event, and not an ideal one as well, we may well urge this weighty consideration, that the Son of God did not in and after his ascension strip off this human nature again; he did not regard his humanity as a robe, to be worn for a while, and then laid aside; the convenient form of his manifestation, so long as he was conversing with men upon earth, but the fitness of which had with that conversation passed away. So far from this, we know on the contrary that he assumed our nature forever, married it to himself, glorified it with his own glory, carried it as the form of his eternal subsistence into the world of angels, before the presence of his Father. Had there been any thing accidental here, had the assumption of our nature been an afterthought, (I speak as a man,) this marriage of the Son of God with that nature could scarcely be conceived. He could hardly have so taken it—taken it, that is, forever—unless it had possessed an ideal as well as an historic fitness; unless preëstablished harmonies had existed, such harmonies as only a divine intention could have brought about between the one and the other."

Concerning that humanity which has thus been manifested, and its little agreement with that worship of "heroes" and of "force" which some speculators have labored so hard to introduce among us, the preacher has expressed himself in clear and weighty terms:

"When, however, the light shining in the darkness proved ever more unable to scatter it, for 'the darkness comprehended it not,' then there followed another step in the manifestation of the Eternal Word. He who was the divine ground of man's being, himself became man: 'the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth.' 'We beheld,' exclaims the Apostle, 'his glory.' And what was the glory which he beheld? The fullness of his grace and truth. Not in the fullness of his power, not in the mighty works which he wrought, or which were wrought on him, not in signs and miracles and wonders, not in any of these did the Apostle detect 'the glory as of the only begotten of the Father;' but in this, that he went up and down the world with words of truth, and gracious deeds of healing; that he preached the Gospel to the poor, that he stooped to every need, had a heart for every wo. In these

things shone out the glory which the beloved disciple saw.

"O brethren! what potent medicine is here for the pride and swellings of our souls! We have in *his* life of whom St. John is speaking the human when it is most godlike; nay rather, we have here man in his actual identity with God. Surely this must be man, as he most ought to be; and oh! how unlike he proves to that dream of human greatness which we sometimes would fain realize for ourselves, which we are ready to wonder after when realized in others. What a witness is here borne against that worship of force—moral or immoral, it matters little—to which some would so earnestly invite us, which is only too welcome to ourselves; as though strength, if only it be strong enough, contained ever an apology for itself, justified and redeemed its own excesses, became a law to itself, and might own no other law; the ten commandments, with their 'Love God' and 'Love your neighbor,' having been never meant for the leading spirits of the world—so that, to hear some speak, we might suppose that holiness and righteousness are only one of the many ways in which men are free to develop themselves and their own inward life; while if their taste and impulses are in another direction, they are equally free to choose that other. But here at length is the divine idea of humanity; the one man, about whom if we believe any thing we must believe that his life is normal and regulative for the lives of all other men; and that life how different from, and how far rebuking, those lives of 'the men of the earth,' the proud and strong, for whom our admiration is demanded."

Simple fidelity requires that the Christian minister should be thus out-spoken—but there are men sustaining that office whose compromisings on such topics look too much like treason against the Master they profess to serve. Our conviction has long been, that it is only through the human as presented in Christ, that man will ever be found to ascend to the true worship of the Divine—that the choice before us is truly a choice between Christian-worship and Man-worship. We are glad to see this thought put so admirably in the following passage:

"And then, as another fruit of the Incarnation, it not merely delivers us from false standards of glory and of greatness, giving us for these the true, but, much more than this, supplies us with a deliverance from the same disease of our spirits, when it has reached a far higher intensity. We have thus a man whom men may worship, and yet not be guilty of idolatry; whom they are bound to worship, for he is also the Son of God, if they would not be guilty of impiety. Herein is deliverance from the last and subtlest form of all idolatry, the

dedication and worship of man, and, worst of all, of him in all which constitutes his shame no less than his glory. The race of mankind, growing intellectually to man's estate, may outlive and leave far behind every other form of false worship. It may no longer fill a profaned pantheon with birds and beasts and creeping things. The beneficent powers of nature may no longer attract, nor the blind forces of nature extort, its homage; hero and demigod may pertain to creeds outworn and a long-vanished past; but there is an idol-worship which remains still behind, and from which there is no deliverance, except in Him in whom alone is deliverance from all idolatry, and who alone satisfies the yearnings out of which it springs. 'God is man,' or 'Man is God'—we must choose between these two statements, and accept the tremendous consequences of our choice. A time in the development of the history of our race arrives, when these are the only alternatives for every man. And if we are willing to believe St. Paul and St. John, be sure, brethren, that the question in the end will present itself to every man in a very palpable form, and one from which there shall be no escape, but that he must answer it one way or the other. Will he accept the God-man, him who was God from everlasting before he was made man; or in lieu of him, a man-god, a man that has lifted up himself, and been lifted up by the consent of his fellows, to this blasphemous height?

"Nor is it Scripture alone which declares this; he must be blind indeed to the moral signs of the times, who can not perceive this mystery of iniquity, the last and the crowning one, already working; this world-wide conspiracy, the same of which David spake in the second Psalm, spreading through an apostate Christendom, which is ripening more and more for an open revolt from its Lord. 'Man is God,' this is the new Gospel, which is seeking to supplant the old, or 'God is man.' It needs hardly be observed that this new gospel is indeed atheism, and that veiled under thinnest disguise. For 'Man is God,' what after all does it amount to but this—'Man is man?' for they who so speak, having in this very utterance evidently renounced a belief in God, in a Being, that is, greater, better, holier, wiser than man, have no right to retain and juggle with a name which belongs to another and a higher range of things than any which they would acknowledge, to deck themselves with its spoils, and by aid of these to cover and conceal their own miserable poverty; crouching, like some barbarous horde, beneath the ruins of temples and palaces which they themselves have destroyed."

These are seasonable utterances, and can not be spoken in vain. The frivolous may make light of them, the wise will husband them. The second sermon is on the text, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world:"

"It is impossible to estimate too highly the

significance of these words, or the place which, in a true scheme of Christian doctrine, they must assume. As the Church understands them, they set forth our Lord in his central function and office, as the one perfect sacrifice, 'the Lamb of God'; they set forth the effectual operation of his sacrifice of himself, as a bearing, and a bearing away, of the world's sin. They may therefore fitly constitute our starting-point from which to consider what the Church's doctrine of the atonement, or of the sacrifice of the death of Christ, and of the consequences which follow thereupon, may be; and this, with especial reference to objections brought against this doctrine, as failing to commend itself to the conscience, as indeed outraging that sense of right, that revelation anterior to all other revelations, which God has planted in the heart; as a doctrine, therefore, which however it may seem to be in Scripture, however a superficial interpretation of certain passages may favor this impression, it is impossible can be truly there.

"The gravity of the matter thus brought to issue none can deny, nor yet the very serious and far-reaching consequences which must follow, if, while the word 'sacrifice' should indeed be left us, all wherein the essence of sacrifice consisted, as mainly its *vicarious* and *satisfactory* character, were to be exploded from the New Testament. One of the first of these consequences would be a loosening, that I say not a dissolution, of the bonds between the Old Testament and the New. There can be no question that in the Old, the doctrine of sacrifice, of the vicarious suffering of one for another, of satisfaction resulting thereupon, every where prevails. If there is nothing of this in the New, if this is Jewish only and not Christian as well, if Christ, for instance, is only the Lamb of God because of his innocence and purity, and not because of his sacrificial death, if he takes away the sin of the world only in the way of summoning and enabling men to leave off their sins, all bonds between the New Testament and at least the Levitical sacrifices of the Old are broken. These last point to nothing. They are a huge husk without a kernel; types without their antitype; shadows, but not 'shadows of the true,' and thus with no substance following; a promise without performance; an elaborate and enormous machinery for the effecting of nothing."

Dr. Trench insists that if the sacrifices of the Old Testament be divested of their relation to the sacrifice of Christ, they not only fall down to the level of the heathen sacrifices, but they sink even lower, for the heathen offerings did possess a sacrificial significance in the eyes of their worshipers, and they would thus be of a higher moral meaning than the Levitical offerings. The preacher affirms that the doctrine for which he contends in relation to the design and import of the death of

Christ, does not offend the moral sense of men, as some assert, but rather commends itself to the approval of the moral judgment of the race. He undertakes to show that the doctrine which sets forth the death of Christ as a "*vicarious offering*," and as a "*satisfaction*" for sin, is not an unreasonable doctrine:

"The objection, then, as I take it, to Christ's *vicarious offering*—for I will first deal with this—to the assertion that he died not merely for the good of, but in the room and in the stead of others, tasted death for them, commonly assumes this form. Must not righteousness, it is said, be the law of all God's dealings? Most of all, must we not expect to find consistent with highest righteousness that which is the most solemn and awful dealing of God with his creatures? But how is it agreeable with this, how can it be called just, nay, how can it be acquitted of extremest injustice, to lay on one man the penalties of others, so that he pays the things which he never took, so that they sin and he is punished, on him being laid the iniquities of them all? What have we here, an adversary will insist, but in the awfullest sphere of all, and in matters the most tremendous, the same injustice which, even in least things, provokes our indignation; as, for instance, when some play-fellow of a young prince is constituted, as we may sometimes have read of, to suffer the consequences of his idleness; so that one neglects his tasks, and another is chastised; one plays the truant, and another bears the smart?

"But the case is not in point; and, since it has been started, it might be worth our while to make it in point, and then to consider whether it presents itself in any aspect so monstrous and absurd. To make it in point, the parts which the several persons sustain must, in the first place, be reversed. It must be that the young prince suffers for his humbler truant companions, not one of them for him; it must be that he does it, not of compulsion or constraint, but of his own free will; it must be that only such an act as this would overcome their perversity and idleness; that he offers himself to this correction, knowing that nothing else would overcome it, and that this would be effectual to do so. A submission with this knowledge to the punishment of their faults and negligences and shortcomings might be strange, even as all acts of condescending self-offering love are strange in a world of selfishness and pride; but surely there would be nothing in it either monstrous or ridiculous.

"And exactly in the same way, when we hear it urged, How can it be righteous to lay on one man the penalties of others? surely we must feel that the question, to be effectually answered, needs only to be more accurately put; that the form which it ought to assume is this, 'How can it be righteous for one man to take upon himself the penalties of others?' and none who remember the 'Lo! I come,' of the

Saviour, the willing sacrifice of our Isaac, prefigured by his who climbed so meekly in his father's company the hill of Moriah—none, I say, who remember this, will deny our right to make this change; while surely the whole aspect of the question is now by this little change altered altogether. For how many an act of heroic self-sacrifice, which it would be most unrighteous for others to demand from, or to force on, one reluctant, which indeed would cease to be heroism or sacrifice at all, unless wholly self-imposed, is yet most glorious when one has freely offered himself thereunto; is only *not* righteous, because it is so much better than righteous, because it moves in that higher region where law is no more known, but only known no more because it has been transfigured into love. Wherein else is the chief glory of history but in those deeds of self-devotion, of heroic self-offering, which, like trumpet tones sounding from the depths of the past, rouse us, at least for a while, from the selfish dream of life to a nobler existence; and of which if the mention has become trite and common now, it has only become so because the grandeur of them has caused them to be evermore in the hearts and on the lips of men. Vicarious suffering, it is strange to hear the mighty uproar which is made about it; when indeed in lower forms—not low in themselves, though low as compared with the highest—it is every where, where love is at all. For indeed is not this, of one freely taking on himself the consequences of others' faults, and thus averting from those others at least in part the penalties of the same, building what others have thrown down, gathering what others have scattered, bearing the burdens which others have wrapped together, healing the wounds which others have inflicted, paying the things which he never took, smarting for sins which he never committed; is not this, I say, the law and the condition of all highest nobleness in the world?—is it not that which God is continually demanding of his elect, they approving themselves his elect, as they do not shrink from this demand, as they freely own themselves the debtors of love to the last penny of the requirements which it makes? And if these things are so, shall we question the right of God Himself to display this nobleness which he demands of his creatures? Shall we wish to rob him of the opportunity, or think to honor him who is highest love, by denying him the right, to display it?"

Such is the full tide of high thoughts and of ripe Christian devoutness which Dr. Trench can bring to discussions of this nature. He next looks to the death of Christ under the second great aspect of it, and this he does in a manner adapted to raise the conceptions and feelings of his auditory into something like a meetness for contemplating a theme so much in harmony with the world in which we live, and yet so much above it.

"But the sufferings and death of Christ were not merely vicarious; they were also satisfactory; and thus atoning or setting at one, bringing together the holy and the unholy, who could not have been reconciled in any other way. When we speak thus, we are sometimes taunted at the outset with the fact that the word 'satisfaction,' as applied to the death of Christ and its results, nowhere occurs in Scripture; so belongs to the later Latin theology, (Anselm being the first to employ it,) that the Greek theology does not so much as possess the word—I mean of course any Greek equivalent for it. This is true; but though the word 'satisfaction' is not in Scripture, the thing is every where there, and we are contending not about words, but things; the idea of it is inherent in ransom, in redemption, in propitiation, in scriptural words and phrases and images out of number; and just as in the Arian controversy, the Church had a perfect right to the 'homo-ousion,' careless whether the word were in Scripture or no, so here to 'satisfaction,' seeing that this best expresses and sums up the truth which in this matter she holds.

"But, not to tarry longer with this objection at the threshold, how, it is further urged, could God be well-pleased with the sufferings of the innocent and the holy? What 'satisfaction,' since we will have this word, could he find in these? Here, as so often, the faith of the Church is first caricatured, that so it may be more easily brought into question. Could God have pleasure in the sufferings of the innocent and the holy, and that innocent and holy his own Son? Assuredly not; but he could have pleasure, nay, according to the moral necessities of his own being, he must have pleasure, yea, the highest joy, satisfaction, and delight in the love, the patience, the obedience, which those sufferings gave him the opportunity of displaying, which but for those he could never have displayed; above all, he must have rejoiced in these as manifested in his own Son. For even we ourselves, when we read in story of those who for the love of their fellows have made their lives one long patient martyrdom, or who, witnessing for the truth, have been borne from earth in the fire-chariot of some shorter but sharper agony, do we not feel that we have a right to rejoice in these martyrs of truth and love, yea, in the very pains and sufferings which they endured? that only as the nerves of our own moral being are weak and unstrung, only as we have become incapable not merely of doing, but even of appreciating, what is noble and great, do we grudge them those pains, do we wish for them one of these to have been less; seeing that these were the conditions of their greatness, that without which it could never have been shown, without which it might never have existed?

"Even the heathen moralist could say of God in his dealings with good men, '*fortiter amat*;' there is no weakness in his love; it is love according to which he does not spare his own, but thrusts them forth to labor and difficulty

and pains, in which alone they can be perfected; even as the same heathen could affirm that God had joy in nobly suffering men; not, of course, for the sufferings' sake, but for the virtues which were manifested therein. And should not the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ have pleasure in the faith, the love, the obedience of his Son? Yea, it was a joy such as only the mind and heart of God could contain, that in his Son this perfect pattern of self-forgetting, self-offering love was displayed. We do not shrink from accepting in the simplest sense the assertion of the Apostle, that Christ, giving himself for us on the Cross, became therein and thereby 'a sacrifice of a sweet-smelling savor' unto God; that he was well pleased therewith, and said at length what he would never else have said: 'I have found a ransom.'

"Christ satisfied herein—not the divine anger—but the divine craving and yearning after a perfect holiness, righteousness, and obedience in man, God's chosen creature, the firstfruits of his creatures; which craving no man had satisfied, but all had disappointed, before. There had been a flaw in every other man's escutcheon; every other, instead of repairing the breach which Adam had made, had himself left that breach wider than he found it. But here at length was one, a son of man, yet fairer than all the children of men, one on whom the Father's love could rest with a perfect complacency, in regard of whom he could declare, 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased,' in whom he had pleasure without stint and without drawback. And that life of his, the long self-offering of that life of love was crowned, consummated, and perfected by the sacrifice of his death, wherein he satisfied to the uttermost every demand which God could make on him, and satisfied for all the demands which God had made upon all the other children of men, and which they had not satisfied for themselves."

Persons observant of the thought of our time on this subject, will be aware that many who bow to the authority of Scripture as really teaching the doctrine of satisfaction for sin by the death of Christ, profess themselves at a loss to trace an intelligible connection between the one event and the other. That Christ died for this purpose, seems to them to be a clear lesson of Scripture; but how his death should lead to such a result they see not. In the last passage cited, Dr. Trench has said much adapted to meet this feeling of difficulty. But he returns to the subject, and becomes still more instructive on this point:

"But if the question is here asked, How could one man satisfy for many? how by one man's obedience could many be made righteous? the answer is not far to seek. The transcendent

worth of that obedience which Christ rendered, of that oblation which he offered, the power which it possessed of countervailing and counterbalancing a world's sin, lay in this, that he who offered these, while he bore a human nature, and wrought human acts, was a divine person; not indeed God alone, for as such he would never have been in the condition to offer; nor man alone, for then the worth of his offering could never have reached so far; but that he was God and man in one person indissolubly united, and in this person performing all those acts, man that he might obey and suffer and die, God that he might add to every act of his obedience, his suffering, his death, an immeasurable worth, steeping in the glory of his divine personality all of human that he wrought. Christ was able so summarily to pay our debt, because he had another and a higher coin in which to pay it than that in which it was contracted. It was contracted in the currency of earth; he paid it in the currency of heaven. Nor was it, as some among the schoolmen of the middle ages taught, that God arbitrarily ascribed and imputed to Christ's obedience unto death a value which made it equal to the needs and sins of the world, such a value as it would not have had but for this imputation. We affirm rather with the deeper theologians of those and of all times, who crave to deal with realities, not with ascriptions and imputations, that his offering had in itself this intrinsic value, that there was no ascription to it, as of God's mere pleasure, of a value which it did not in itself possess; for then the same might have been imputed to the work of an angel or of a saint; the whole exclusive fitness of the Son of God undertaking the work would then pass away; and another might have made up the breach as well as he. We affirm rather that what the Son of God claimed in behalf of that race whereof he had become the representative and the head, he claimed as of right—although, indeed, that right was one which the Father as joyfully conceded as the Son demanded. Without a satisfaction such as this the eternal interests of that righteousness whereof God is the upholder in his own moral universe would not have permitted him to be, as he now is, the passer by of transgression, the justifier and acceptor of the ungodly.

"Such, my brethren, is the Church's faith in respect of the atonement. That atonement is not, as some would persuade us, a one-sided act; it looks not one way only, but two; having a face with which it looks towards God, as well as one with which it looks towards man. It is no mere reconciling of man to God, as though its object were to remove the distrust, to kill the enmity in man's heart, to persuade him to throw down his arms, and yield himself the vanquished of eternal love. It is most truly this, but it is much more than this. It is a reconciling not merely of man to God, but of God to man; whose love could not have gone forth upon the children of men in its highest forms, in those of forgiveness, acceptance, re-

newal, if this had not found place. Think not then, my brethren, of Christ the peace-maker, as though he came only to announce peace; to say to the doubting and distrustful children of men, 'Why will ye remain at such a miserable and guilty distance from your Heavenly Father, when his arms are stretched out to receive you, when he is only waiting to enfold you within them?' No doubt Christ did come bringing this message, did proclaim that those arms were open, that Heavenly Father waiting to be gracious, but he only brought this inasmuch as he made the peace which he announced. 'Having made peace (*εἰρηνοποιῶν*) by the blood of the Cross,' 'He entered into the holiest of all, having obtained (or, having himself found, *εὗροντες*) eternal redemption for us.' In him and through him, through the sacrifice of his death, the disturbed, and in part suspended relations between God and his sinful creatures, were reconstituted anew; his blood being shed to cleanse men from their sins, and not to teach them that those sins needed no cleansing, and could be forgiven without one.

"And will any faith which is short of this faith satisfy the deepest needs and cravings of your souls? You may struggle against it with your understandings; though, I think, very needlessly; for it seems to me to approve itself to the reason and the conscience, quite as much as to demand acceptance of our faith; but you will crave it with your inmost spirits. There are times when, perhaps, nothing short of this will save you from a hopeless despair."

It is refreshing to meet with a mind so gifted, and so rich in various culture as the mind of Dr. Trench, thus completely at one with this great central truth in the divine message to humanity. His profound, reverential, and confiding spirit in this connection, contrasts strongly with the spirit in which the same truth has been regarded of late in some other quarters.

The most plausible objection to the doctrine of atonement, is that which alleges, that however improper it might be for a magistrate to acquit a criminal merely on a profession of penitence, it could not be so with the Divine Being, inasmuch as he must know where such professions are sincere; and all that any moral administration can propose in relation to offenders is to reclaim them. In reply to this view of the matter, we scarcely need say, that in the estimation of most evangelical divines, no man will ever become a penitent in the evangelical sense, except as placed under the influence of evangelical truth. It belongs to the same authority to "give repentance" and "remission of sins." But not to insist on

this point—it is clear from what we know of the Divine Government, that penalties are often inflicted as acts of pure retribution and warning, where the restoration of the sufferer is not the end contemplated. Providence is full of instances of this nature. Moreover, we venture to say, that it is not consistent with the known providence of this world, that even where repentance is real, all penalty incurred by the wrong-doer should be remitted. The spendthrift, the drunkard, the debauchee, who have brought ruin of all sorts upon themselves, may repent never so sincerely of the past, but that leaves them to struggle with all the evils in the present which that past has entailed upon it. In a few rare cases these evils may be in part counteracted, but it can never be more than in part. The scheme of divine providence accordingly, knows nothing of the doctrine—that to repent of evil is enough of itself to insure a remission of its penalty. As a rule, where the evil comes, the penalty comes; whether the evil-doer be penitent or not. Nor is this unreasonable. The lives of such men have fallen as a curse on multitudes. The effects of their vices have gone out into society in forms that can not be defined, and in degrees that can not be measured. What can their repentance do towards repairing that world of mischiefs? Next to nothing. And if the offender's penitence can do next to nothing towards removing evil from those on whom he has inflicted it, is it to be allowed to do every thing in the way of removing evil from the offender himself? Is there no pitying power, no stern moral guardianship to be exercised in behalf of those who have become the victims of his bad passions? We scarcely need repeat in this place, that the Divine mind, which is no doubt present in the relation between parent and child, is also, and as truly, present in the relation between magistrate and subject. The true ethics of family government and of national government are from the same source. God could be no God to enlightened humanity, if, while "delighting in mercy," he were not also known as making himself a terror to the evil-doer. The injured all have their pleas against such doers, and a just moral government must not ignore these pleas, but must listen to them, and, where valid, must accept them according to their due weight. Take the following passage, as

showing how the experiences of life may prepare the way, not merely for the reception of the doctrine of the atonement, but for the reception of it as a great truth which meets, and is alone sufficient to meet, one of the deepest needs of our nature:

"Let me imagine, for example, one, who with many capacities for a nobler and purer life, and many calls thereunto, has yet suffered himself to be entangled in youthful lusts, has stained himself with these; and then after a while awakens, or rather is awakened by the good Spirit of God, to ask himself, What have I done? How fares it with him at the retrospect then, when he, not wholly laid waste in spirit, is made to possess (oh! fearful possession!) the sins of his youth? Like a stricken deer, though none but himself may be conscious of his wound, he wanders away from his fellows; or if with them, he is alone among them, for he is brooding still and ever on the awful mystery of evil which he now too nearly knows. And now to all purity, the fearful innocence of children, the holy love of sister and of mother, and the love which he had once dreamed of as better even than these, with all which is supremely fair in nature or in art, comes to him with a shock of pain, is fraught with an infinite sadness; for it wakens up in him by contrast a livelier sense of what he is, and what, as it seems, he must forever be; it reminds him of a Paradise forever lost, the angel of God's anger guarding with a fiery sword its entrance against him. He tries by a thousand devices to still, or at least to deaden, the undying pain of his spirit. What is this word sin, that it should torment him so? He will tear away the conscience of it, this poisonous shirt of Nessus, eating into his soul, which in a heedless moment he has put on. But no; he can tear away his own flesh, but he can not tear away that. Go where he may, he still carries with him the barbed shaft which has pierced him; '*hæret lateri letalis arundo*.' The arrow which drinks up his spirit, there is no sovereign dittany which will cause it to drop from his side—none, that is, which grows on earth; but there is, which grows in heaven, and in the Church of Christ, the heavenly inclosure here. And you too, if such a one be among us, may find your peace, you will find it, when you learn to look by faith on him, 'the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.' You will carry, it may be, the scars of those wounds which you have inflicted upon yourself to your grave; but the wounds themselves he can heal them, and heal them altogether. He can give you back the years which the cankerworm has eaten, the peace which your sin had chased away, and, as it seemed to you, forever. He can do so and will. 'Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean, wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow,' this will be then your prayer, and this your prayer will be fulfilled. The blood of sprinkling will

purge, and you will feel yourself clean. Your sin will no longer be yourself; you will be able to look at it as separated from you, as laid upon another, upon One so strong that he did but for a moment stagger under the weight of a world's sin, and then so bore, that bearing he has borne it away forever."

The claims of moral government are all so honored, elevated, sublimated by the homage rendered to them in the self-sacrifice of Christ, that the most injured may well be content to forgive where he is disposed to exercise forgiveness. Satisfaction for "the sins of the past," which no penitence or amendment on the part of the offender could ever make, is thus made by the Divine Mediator and Representative of the race. The vengeance that must otherwise have come on the delinquent, and to the full, is staid. Pardon exercised through the sublimest manifestation of rectitude and goodness the universe has ever seen, can not be said to have been exercised on a basis of indifference to rectitude and goodness. The divine estimate of these attributes is indicated in the cost at which they are thus manifested. It is quite true that the suffering of the innocent is accepted in

this case in the place of the suffering of the guilty; but it is not true that this is a putting of injustice in the place of justice. The being who accepts the self-consecration of the patriot and the martyr for the purposes of his providence, accepts the self-consecration of a greater than they for the purposes of his grace. It does not belong to his nature to care for nothing beyond the barely just. He attaches his highest value to the willing services of the generous. He expects us to see a majesty in rectitude, and he expects us to see also a beauty in goodness. The first of these objects awakens veneration, the response of feeling proper to the second is love. God means that his moral universe shall be a richer domain than some men seem willing to suppose.

The three remaining discourses in this brief series are rich in beautiful thoughts, but they are not characterized to the same degree as the first and second by distinctness and unity of subject. Nor do they contain the same clear and pregnant references to the phases of religious thought especially prevalent in our time. Our readers, however, will find them well deserving an attentive perusal.

REMINISCENCES OF THE ALHAMBRA.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

We plucked the "last rose of summer" in the beautiful gardens of the Alhambra. The act itself was quite impromptu—the poetry of it, an after-thought. It was a few summers ago. We were on a brief and rapid summer excursion over sea—over the Pyrenees—on the wing—lighting down briefly in the chief cities of central and southern France to glance at objects of historic interest, and in the central plateau of Spain—pausing at the Capital—at the Escorial—at Segovia—at the old Moorish cities in the south of the Peninsula—Cordova, Seville, and Cadiz,

till we rested for a few days' sojourn amid the historic scenes of Granada and the Alhambra.

We had long desired to gaze at its lofty towers and battlements, tread its courts and corridors, and verify with eyesight the graphic descriptions delineated by the graceful and magic pen of the classic Irving. We frequented the apartments which he so long and so well occupied, and sometimes fancied we heard the echo of his retiring footsteps through long years ago.

It was a bright and gorgeous morning

when the domes of Granada and the towers of the Alhambra first appeared in sight, beyond the green foliage of luxuriant trees which adorn the suburbs. The city and the Palace—the last home of the old Moorish kings in Spain—and their beautiful environs, form a great chapter of memorable scenes full of absorbing interest to the stranger, and more than enough to gorge the eye and the mind with the luxuries and memories of by-gone ages.

It was early morning—the last day of summer, and the last day of our sojourn in that famed old city. The hour of our departure was at hand. We felt the spirit of sadness brooding over our mind as the thoughts of farewell to its charming scenes came hovering around us. We rose early. The air was soft and balmy. The little stars had scarcely closed their bright eyes away up in the deep blue heavens. But they suddenly hid themselves, when old Phœbus came in sight driving his chariot-horses over the eastern mountains, lighting up the sky with floods of effulgence—deluging the hills—gilding the towers of the Alhambra, and pouring rivers of golden light over the wide plains of the Vega. The scene was like that of a fairyland. It was the classic ground of the Moors. In the stillness of morning there was an air of loneliness. Few footsteps were heard in the streets of Granada. The sleepers had not yet arisen from their slumbers. Morpheus was still holding them fast in his oblivious arms. We had left the hotel, and paused in the Grand Plaza, to gaze with rapt admiration upon the beautiful panorama, which rose like a vast amphitheater all around, formed and built by the hills and mountains of the Sierra Nevada, which skirt and environ the great plains of the Vega. We hurried onward through the streets and up the winding way, overarched with the rich foliage of lofty elms, made luxuriant by murmuring brooks, to the heights of the Alhambra, for a last morning gaze upon its grandeur and its glories. The keeper kindly opened to us the "Judgment-Gate" of entrance to the fortress, once so strongly watched by the Moorish guards of Boabdil in the olden times. But the haughty monarch and his guards were far away in the sleep of ages; and, unhindered by sword or glittering spear, we were soon in the gardens, plucking roses for souvenirs, inhaling their fra-

grance, and walking along the paths where walked the old Moorish kings with their black-eyed maidens centuries ago. The same blue skies arched the heavens, the same glorious sun was mounting up to high meridian as in days of yore, and the same gorgeous landscape spread out its colorings of beauty, outvying the pencil of the painter. It was the last morning in August, when we went up and stood upon the battlements and gazed long and intently, to finish up and fasten upon the indelible photograph-plates of our memory the gorgeous picture-scenes of the beautiful panorama.

Courteous reader! please to come up and stand here also. You can see better. You are looking westward over the great plain of the Vega. The city of Granada is three hundred feet below, close at hand, and you look down upon its streets and dwellings as the preacher looks down from some tall pulpit upon a vast congregation arranged along the aisles and slips before him. You may fancy that the people are listening to hear your eloquent address. The grand plazas of the city are in full view, and on gala-days you may see them thronged with the populace. You might see the long processions with silken banners waving in the breeze, as the multitudes of men and happy maidens, young men and children, move along their march through the streets to the sound of music. Had we stood here a few years ago, we might have seen through an opera-glass a young and beauteous maiden of noble blood, richly dressed, moving gracefully along in a grand procession. The portrait of that maiden, now dressed in imperial robes standing by her crown, may be seen at the head of this number of our journal. Eugénie, now Empress of France, was born in Granada, and first opened her eyes upon its scenes of natural and artificial grandeur, which you see all around, below, and above the spot where we stand.

Look you now down upon the dome of that massive cathedral edifice yonder. Beneath it, in a neat but not gaudy marble mausoleum sleep the remains of Ferdinand, and those of Isabella, the royal and renowned patroness of Columbus. We went down and stood beside the once richly covered with silk velvet coffins, a little faded, but still in excellent preservation, where they have stood for centuries,

but little injured by this dry climate. The scene and the associations were redolent of exciting interest. Above, in another apartment of the cathedral, the old padre, our attendant, brought out the ancient crown of Queen Isabella, and with amusing mock gravity placed it upon our Puritan head, placing her sword in our right hand and her scepter in our left, as the symbols of authority which we had no desire to exercise, thus making us momentarily a crowned head—as long as we ever wish to be—and which we immediately abdicated, with all its honors and responsibilities, as soon as possible, for its weight gave us a head-ache, from excitement or something else. In the same apartment the padre handed to us for examination the tapestry, mantles, and other articles of her wardrobe which Queen Isabella wove or worked with her own needle and fingers for amusement in the Spanish camp, at the siege of Granada—a good example for modern belles and ladies. But we must not linger in this old cathedral.

Look out now beyond the city over that superb plain called the "*Vega de Granada*," extending twenty-five miles in width by some thirty miles in irregular length, bounded and environed by an amphitheater of lofty hills and mountains. It is watered by fine rivers and various canals. It is luxuriant with meadows—woods of orange-trees—orchards—sugar-canes—corn—flax and numerous kinds of fruit-trees and vegetables. Near the center of the plain, see that forest of varied trees, a league in length and half a league in width. In the midst of its shades in the olden time, in the palmy days of Granada, was a beautiful palace, the loved and favorite resort of the old Moorish kings, whither they went to revel and luxuriate in the splendid luxuries of the fairy spot. Beyond, on the farther side of the Vega, almost in sight, is the famous bridge *Pinos Puente*, so renowned in Moorish annals. It spans a river as it comes rushing and roaring down from the mountains. Upon this bridge it was, that Columbus was overtaken by the messenger of Queen Isabella, when on his way to the English court to urge his project for the

discovery of the New World. From this bridge he turned back, and the grand result is known to an admiring world. This was some three months after the conquest of Granada, here at our feet.

Turn you now, and look southward over your left shoulder and upward, and your eye rests upon the everlasting mountains of the Sierra Nevada rising in majestic and colossal grandeur thirteen thousand feet above the level of the Mediterranean which almost washes its base upon the other side, and from the summit of which you might look far over into Africa. Those hoary-headed peaks, piercing the clouds and the skies, are mantled with eternal ice and snow, glittering in the beams of the morning sun as it mounts up to mid-heaven behind us. Those lofty peaks you may fancy are a brotherhood of giants just aroused from their night slumber, looking down upon you with grave and benignant aspect, to inquire who you are, and where you came from.

Had we stood here two hours ago before the dawn, we might have seen, far up the sides of these colossal mountains, bright lights, moving to and fro, now sparkling like stars, now suddenly extinguished, and again as suddenly reappearing. They seem to wander like will-o'-wisp over the surface. It is magic-land. It is the birth-place of some curious Spanish legends. The ancient populace believed these bright lights thus seen at night were none other than the convocations of the spirits of Moorish warriors, which were believed to assemble at certain seasons on these mountains, when the tramping of steeds and clashing of weapons were heard, and the shadowy masses of Moorish cavalry sweeping along were seen by the terror-stricken shepherds from the pasture heights. They were in truth only the lamps of the snow-men gathering snow for the use of the city below on the following day.

But we are detaining you, courteous reader, too long—longer by half than we intended. If you are pleased and interested, we will, if you desire it, meet here on the battlements another morning, and, facing about, look into the courts and saloons of the Alhambra. *Allons!*

EUGENIE, EMPRESS OF FRANCE.

WE hope to please our patrons by sending to them as the chief embellishment of our present number, a beautifully engraved portrait of the Empress of France, in her Imperial robes. As her Majesty Queen VICTORIA is regarded as the first lady of Europe and the world, doubtless the Empress EUGENIE may be considered the second lady-personage in rank and position among womankind. We subjoin a brief biographical sketch as a matter of interest and information.

Eugénie, Empress of France, and Countess-Duchess of Têba, was born at Granada in Spain, May 5th, 1826. She is the daughter of Donna Maria Manuela Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, Countess-Dowager de Montijos, Countess Miranda, and Duchess of Peraconda; member of the noble order of Maria Louisa and first lady of honor to the Queen of Spain. The father of this lady had been English-Consul at Malaga at the period of her marriage with the Count de Montijos, an officer in the Spanish army, belonging to one of the most ancient of the noble families of Spain. He was connected, more or less closely, with the houses of the Duke de Frias, representative of the ancient Admirals of Castille; of the Duke of Fyars, and others of the highest rank, including the descendants of the Kings of Arragon. The death of this nobleman, which occurred many years ago, left the Countess Montijos a widow, with a fortune adequate to the maintenance of her position, and two daughters, one of whom married the Duke of Alba and Berwick, lineally descended from James II. and Miss Churchill. For Eugénie, the second, a still higher destiny was reserved. In 1851 the Countess Têba, accompanied by her mother, paid a lengthened visit to Paris, and was distinguished at the various entertainments given at the Tuileries by the dignity and elegance of her demeanor, and by great personal beauty, of the aristocratic English rather than the Spanish type. Her mental gifts were proportionably attractive; for she is re-

ported to be naturally *spirituelle*, and her education, partly conducted in England, was very superior to that generally bestowed on Spanish women, who seldom quit the precincts of their native country. Shortly after the opposition of the other Northern Powers had put an end to the idea of a union between the Emperor Louis-Napoleon and the Princess Carola Wasa of Sweden, he apprised the council of ministers of his intended marriage with the daughter of the Countess Montijos; a measure which excited some disapproval among them, and even led to their temporary withdrawal from office. During the short time which intervened between the public announcement of the approaching event and its realization, the Countess Têba and her mother took up their abode in the palace of the Elysée. The marriage was celebrated at noon on the twenty-ninth of January, 1853, at Notre Dame; and the Emperor and Empress, after making their appearance some hours later on the balcony of the Pavillon de l'Horloge at the Tuileries, to receive the acclamation of the multitude, adjourned to the comparative seclusion of St. Cloud. It is almost unnecessary to allude to the magnificence of the preparation made for the ceremony, as they are sufficiently recent to be fresh in the memory of the reader. However, the one item of forty-six hundred francs, expended in Point d'Alençon lace, will suffice to give an idea of their character. Although a union which should have added to the political importance of the nation might probably have been more immediately acceptable to it, no mark of honor and loyalty was withheld from the Imperial bride. The dotation asked for her of one hundred and thirty thousand francs per annum (the same sum which had been granted to the Duchesse d'Orleans) was eagerly accorded; and the municipal council of Paris voted six hundred thousand francs for the purchase of a *parure* of diamonds, as a present from the city to the Empress. It may be imagined how much enthusiasm

was excited among so impressible a people as the French by the purport of a letter which she addressed to M. Bezet, prefect of the Seine, in reply to this proposal. After warmly thanking the council for their token of regard, she declined the rich gift; alleging that the city was already overburthened, and that the sum in question would be more usefully employed in the foundation of some charitable institution for the poor and destitute. In accordance with this suggestion, the money was devoted to an establishment for the maintenance and education of sixty young girls chosen from the working-classes of Paris. The life of the Empress Eugénie since her marriage has been

comparatively uneventful; made up of the ordinary routine of state etiquette; of migrations to the various royal *maisons-deplaisance*, varied by an extended progress through France in company with her husband; and a sojourn for the benefit of her health at Biarritz in the Pyrenees, which has peculiar associations for her, having been the favorite summer resort of her family in the days of her girlhood. On the sixteenth of April, 1855, the Emperor and Empress of the French arrived in England on a short visit to the Queen, during which they proceeded in state to the city, visited the Crystal Palace, etc., their stay terminating on the twenty-first instant.

EMPERESS MARIA THERESA.

As a companion plate to the leading print of the month, we introduce the scene portraits of Maria Theresa, the renowned Empress of Austria, and her Minister of State, Kaunitz. Thus the two plates will present portraits of two Empresses of two empires; not rivals personally, though the two empires to which, in different ages they belonged, have time and again been opposed to each other in the fiercest struggles of war. The lineaments of the two Imperial faces will be seen in strong contrast. The one masculine and expressive of self-reliant determination. The other mild and amiable as a Spanish maiden, as she was. A brief biographical sketch will add interest to the portrait.

Maria Theresa was born at Vienna in 1717. She was the eldest daughter of Charles VI., Emperor of Austria, who died in 1740. The succession of Maria Theresa to the hereditary dominion of the House of Hapsburg had been guaranteed by the principal states of Europe; but, on her father's death, she found herself assailed by the kings of Prussia, France, Spain, and Sardinia, and the elec-

tors of Bavaria and Saxony. Each of these princes laid claim to some part of the Austrian territory; and Maria Theresa, at the age of twenty-three, was called on to make head against the armies of all her neighbors, except the Turkish Sultan, who alone acted towards her with fairness and good faith. Maria Theresa had been married in 1737, to Francis of Louvain, grand Duke of Tuscany, but he was a prince of little intellect or energy; and it was to the spirit of Maria Theresa herself, and the loyalty of her Hungarian subjects, that Austria owed its rescue from destruction. When driven from her capital by her enemies, Maria Theresa repaired to Presburg, and summoned the Hungarian Diet. She appeared in the midst of the martial assembly with her infant son in her arms. She addressed them earnestly and eloquently in Latin, (a language long currently used in Hungary;) and when she came to the words, "The kingdom of Hungary, our persons, our children, our crown, are at stake—forsaken by all, we seek shelter only in the fidelity, the arms, the hereditary valor of the renowned Hungarian nobility," the

Hungarian nobles, and all present, with one unanimous burst of chivalrous loyalty, drew their swords, and shouted, "Let us die for our king Maria Theresa," [*Mori-mur pro rege nostro Maria Theresa.*] This was no transient demonstration of zeal. The whole military force of Hungary was soon in the field: the current of invasion was checked, and by degrees the foes of Maria Theresa made peace with her, and ceased to reckon on their shares in the dismemberment of Austria. She was obliged to cede Silesia to Frederick of Prussia; but with this exception she was left in full possession of her dominions, when the war of the Austrian succession was closed by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1758. The loss of Silesia was a deep mortification to Maria Theresa, and the hope of recovering that province made her take an active part in the seven years' war against Frederick of Prussia. That contest, however, closed in 1763, leaving Prussia in possession of Silesia, and with no gain on either side to Maria Theresa or Frederick. Maria Theresa's husband had been elected Emperor of Germany in 1745, and on his death in 1765, their son Joseph was chosen to succeed him. But Maria Theresa retained in her own hands, throughout her life, the administration of her vast dominions, which were generally governed by her in a wise and enlightened spirit. Her private character was irreproachable, and the morals and manners of her court formed a bright exception to the gross profligacy by which the courts of nearly all the other sovereigns of the age were disgraced. She

was sincerely pious, and Botta, the Italian historian, passes on her the high eulogy, that "during a forty years' reign she always showed a love of justice and truth." Her share in the first partition of Poland is the great stain on the character of Maria Theresa. But she came unwillingly into this plot, which was urged on her by the sovereigns of Prussia and Russia, and by her son the Emperor Joseph. She is said to have left a written record that she consented to this measure out of deference to the opinions of others, and that she foreboded evil consequences to Europe from this act of injustice to one of its states. Maria Theresa died in 1780.

Her remains repose in a superb sarcophagus, or metal coffin, among about seventy other coffins of the Imperial family of Austria. Some of them are of costly workmanship. In the composition of one of them, for the Emperor Joseph I., sixteen hundred pounds of pure silver was used, as the capuchin friar who has charge of the mausoleum stated to us a few summers ago on the spot, while admiring the imperial grandeur of this silent and sad family gathering under the dome of the Capuchin Church in Vienna. Every Friday for thirteen years after the death of her husband, did Maria Theresa descend into this mausoleum to pray and weep by the side of his remains. Among this confined imperial family are the second Empress, and the only son of the Emperor Napoleon I., the young Duke of Reichstadt, whose sarcophagus is of copper.—EDITOR OF ECLECTIC.

PRINCE KAUNITZ.

This personage, who appears in the print, pen in hand, at the council-table, with Maria Theresa, as her Prime Minister, was an Austrian statesman. He was born in 1711, at Vienna, and educated for the Church. In 1744 he was appointed

Minister of State for the Kingdoms of Bohemia and Hungary, and afterwards was sent as Ambassador to Paris. On his return to Vienna in 1753, he was appointed Chancellor of State, and made a prince of the Empire in 1764. He died in 1794.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

FUTURE LIFE; or, Scenes in Another World. By GEORGE WOOD, Author of "Peter Schlemihl in America." Pages 360. New-York: Derby & Jackson. 1858.

READING this book will take the mind quite away from the beaten track of common writers. It is a book of rare interest and no little instruction; it is rich in poetry, though written in prose, by a gifted pen. The author, we believe, has walked through some of the dark passages of life, and quite naturally with chastened cheerfulness of thought and feeling would look up and away from the shadows of earth to brighter scenes. The curtains are gently drawn aside, and the reader's mind is introduced to the converse of those who are semi-spiritual beings, once dwellers below, now returned to gain intelligence of the present condition of things on earth. We commend the book, and quote the first page or two, to show the author's starting-point and style.

"It was at the close of a summer's day, that a female form, arrayed in robes of light, floated in the atmosphere of a world of loveliness and grandeur. Upon her beautiful brow shone the halo of immortality, whose pure rays resembled the scintillations of stars. Her robes and vesture,

———"Sky robes spun of Iris' woof,"

were looped at the shoulders, and fastened round the waist by a girdle studded with gems of rare brilliancy. Her eyes were lit with intense delight as she gazed long and ardently upon the varied landscape mapped out beneath her.

"On this globe were vast continents, with mighty mountain-chains, and oceans gemmed with islands, whose peaks were lifted high above the clouds. All around were scenes of rarest combinations of luxuriance and loveliness. Cities of vast size were seen, whose domes rose like gold and silver-capped clouds.

"Sweeping above the earth, like an eagle on wings of even poise, did this shining one circle over the plains below. And while thus occupied and absorbed, angel forms from the empyrean, appeared in the distance, with the suddenness of falling stars. Arrested by the vision of beauty, with a swoop high in air, they staid their flight, and floated amid the clouds.

"This squadron of angels, descending, left one of their number above. He, too, bore the flame of the Redeemed, shining like the morning star over his forehead. By a law of sympathy, as undefined in heaven as on earth, these two shining ones drew nearer and nearer, until, in immediate proximity, they awoke to the consciousness of each other's presence. After graceful salutations, as befits the courtesies of all worlds, the man, for such he was, addressed the woman thus: 'Fair sister, are you, like myself, a stranger here?'

"She replied: 'I am, and have but just reached this beautiful world. Can you tell me any thing of its history?'

"My companions in travel, who have just left me, tell me that this world is one of the centers of the Fine Arts, to which many of the redeemed of earth are sent to be initiated into the love of Music and the Arts of Design."

"I am most happy to know this. I have never heard of such a world, but as God, our Creator, is the author of Beauty, I knew he must sympathize with the feeblest efforts of his children, in whatever scale of existence, and however rude their attempt to realize the Ideal."

"As the woman spoke, there was a flash of mutual recognition, and with a burst of joy the friendships of earth were now renewed."

A YACHT VOYAGE, Letters from High Latitudes. Being some Account of a Voyage in the Schooner-Yacht Foam, to Iceland, Jan Mayen, and Spitzbergen, in 1856. By Lord DUFFERIN. Pages 406. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1859.

WHEN we take up a new book with the names of Ticknor & Fields upon its title-page, we regard it as prima-facie evidence that it is worth reading. We do not know that they have ever published a poor one. This ya-h-t-voyage volume of Lord Dufferin, is a book rich and beautiful in description and full of exciting interest. It sparkles and "foams" like champagne all along its pages. The whole is a triplicate. The yacht is "*The Foam*." She leaps and dances like a thing of life through northern seas of "*Foam*," and the book takes its impress of "*Foam*," scattering graphic and beautiful descriptions all over its pages, like foam before the dashing prow of the galleon yacht, as she went dashing over the waves and among the icebergs of the Northern Seas. It is worth a cart-load of sheer romances, and every family ought to have and read the book.

CHARITY GREEN; OR, THE VARIETIES OF LOVE. By THEODORE HARTMAN. Pages 600. New-York: John W. Norton, Publishing Agent, No. 447 Broome street. 1859.

THIS volume is dedicated to the Rev. Charles Kingsley and Florence Nightingale, of literary and benevolent renown in England. It comprises forty-six chapters. The story claims to "be no fiction." It may be called, however, a religious romance, in which many real personages, under fictitious names, are made to appear in the changing scenes, inculcating moral and religious sentiment in a pleasing and attractive form.

EUROPEAN LIFE, LEGEND, AND LANDSCAPE. By an Artist. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son, Lindsay & Blakiston. 1859.

THIS volume is made up or rather comprises graphic sketches of sea-scenes and foreign travel and sojourn in various cities of Europe, with which are mingled descriptions, stories, and legends. The artist-author seems to be quite an enthusiast, and

aims to enlist the attention of the reader and interest his mind. Graphic descriptions of cities and places in other lands, can hardly fail of being instructive, because they impart useful information to the reader.

CHRISTIAN MORALS. By JAMES CHALLEN, Author of "The Gospel and its Elements," "Christian Evidences," etc. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son, Lindsay & Blakiston. New-York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1859.

THIS little volume is rich in thought and full of instruction. It abounds in important truths and principles of action which enter into the character and well-being of life. Books of this stamp can not be too much multiplied nor too much read by young or old in the community.

DEATH OF MR. PRESCOTT THE HISTORIAN.—With sorrow we announce the demise of this eminent man and historian. American Literature and the true "best society" of the New World have just lost, in Mr. William Hickling Prescott, one of their noblest ornaments; an author of large performance and yet unexhausted promise; a gentleman in the best sense of that much abused word, whose many accomplishments clustered with a natural grace about the firm reality of a dignified, honorable, and well-balanced character.

Only a few days since we received a pleasant note from his pen. A few months since we enjoyed the luxury of a long interview with him at his charming country mansion overlooking the waters of the Atlantic ocean, while he spoke of Spain and its history with enthusiasm and interest. We made it the occasion of obtaining photographs of his remarkable face, which he kindly consented to have taken, from which Mr. Sartain engraved the most truthful likeness of the Historian ever executed, which may be found, in the November number of the *ECLECTIC* for 1858, with a biographical sketch.

Mr. Prescott died in Boston, on Friday last, very suddenly, upon the recurrence of a paralytic affection which had once before threatened his life. Although the senior, by four years, of his compeer in the hierarchy of American letters—Mr. Bancroft—and of the only living English historian who has attained an equal renown with his own, Mr. Prescott was still in the meridian of his powers, and he has been cut off in the midst of historical labors of a wider scope even than those by which his honorable fame has already been earned.

Mr. Prescott was born at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1796, in the same year with the French historian Mignet, whose duty it has now become, as Perpetual Secretary of the French Institute, to announce to that illustrious body the death of one of its most conspicuous foreign members, his own fellow-laborer upon the annals of Spain and of Charles V.

THE GRAVES OF THE POETS.—Chaucer was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, *without* the building, but removed to the south aisle in 1555; Spenser lies near him. Beaumont, Drayton, Cowley, Denham, Dryden, Rowe, Addison, Prior, Congreve, Gay, Johnson, Sheridan, and Campbell, all lie within Westminster Abbey. Shakspeare, as every one knows, was buried in the chancel of the church at Stratford, where there is a monument to

his memory. Chapman and Shirley are buried in St. Giles's-in-the-fields; Marlowe, in the church-yard of St. Paul's Deptford; Fletcher and Massinger, in the church-yard of St. Saviour's, Southwark; Dr. Donne, in Old St. Paul's; Edmund Waller, in Baconsfield church-yard; Milton, in the church-yard of St. Giles's, Cripplegate; Butler, in the church-yard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden; Otway, no one knows where; Garth, in the church at Harrow; Pope, in the church at Twickenham; Swift, in St. Patrick's, Dublin; Savage, in the church-yard of St. Peter's, Bristol; Parmell, at Chester, where he died on his way to Dublin; Dr. Young at Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, of which place he was the rector; Thomson in the church-yard at Richmond, in Surrey; Collins in St. Andrew's Church at Chichester; Gray in the church-yard of Stoke Pogis, where he conceived his *Elegy*; Goldsmith in the church-yard of the Temple Church; Falconer, at sea, with "all ocean for his grave;" Churchill in the church-yard St. Martin's, Dover; Cowper in the church at Dereham; Chatterton in a church-yard belonging to the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn; Burns in St. Michael's church-yard, Dumfries; Byron in the church at Hucknall, near Newstead; Crabbe at Trowbridge; Coleridge in the church at Highgate; Sir Walter Scott in Dryburgh Abbey; Southey in Crossthwaite Church, near Keswick; Shelley "beneath one of the antique weed-grown towers surrounding ancient Rome," and Keats beside him, "under the pyramid which is the tomb of Cestius." *Barker's Three Days of Wensleydale.*

THE "WHITE LADY" OF BERLIN.—Singular reports are in circulation here, (states a correspondent from Berlin,) which we relate as signs of the public feeling. It is rumored that the White Lady has appeared in the Palace. According to tradition, the White Lady is an ancestor of the house of Hohenzollern, who is never seen except when the Royal Family is menaced with some grave and disastrous event. It is said that her appearance generally announces the death of the reigning Prince, but on this occasion another signification is given to it. The present rumor is, moreover, founded on a very singular circumstance. There is living in this city, a man named John, who enjoys great popularity among the lower classes, and who occupies himself very much with prophecies and predictions. He has been several times punished by the Correctional Police for his falsehoods. Whenever any important occurrence takes place, the general cry is: "John predicted it." He is now in prison for having, it is said foretold the birth of a Prince, accompanied by a disastrous event. In popular opinion the prediction of John and the appearance of the White Lady are connected with each other, and there are many who feel uneasy as to what may happen. A lady of honor to the Princess Frederick Charles, and Mdle. de Galtz, sister of the former, are said to have been the first who saw the apparition. An inquiry has been set on foot to discover the person who, for a stupid joke, must have given rise to the report, by assuming the costume of the White Lady.

LOOKING out of his window one summer evening, Luther saw on a tree at hand, a little bird making his brief and easy dispositions for a night's rest. "Look," said he, "how that little fellow preaches faith to us all. He takes hold of his twig, tucks his head under his wing, and goes to sleep, leaving God to think for him!"

THE THACKERAY SCANDAL.—It is very unfortunate that, from the fact of Mr. Thackeray having been the subject of Mr. Yates' offensive article, and Mr. Dickens the most prominent supporter of Mr. Yates against the Committee and the Club, the original matter of quarrel should, almost insensibly, have assumed the aspect of a faction fight between the parties of our leading novelists. An amusing, though any thing but an edifying chapter might be added to a future edition of the *Quarrels of Authors* out of the materials which this affair has already supplied, or is likely to furnish, before it is finally disposed of. Talk of the lukewarmness of one's acquaintance! A man does not know how many uncommonly zealous adherents he has till he gets into a row. It is true the same occasion is apt to reveal a host of "d—d good-natured friends." Already this Garrick *fracas* has uncemented more old intimacies, divided more literary houses against themselves, and supplied more apples of discord to the coteries who gather round the skirts of literary celebrities, than quiet sensible "outsiders," ignorant of the "wraths" of "celestial minds," would conceive possible. True it is a tempest in a tea-cup, but then the tea-cup is set on a rather conspicuous table, and there is such an abundance of spoons—Jerrold might have said—to stir it, that no wonder it froths rarely, and gives rise to no end of scandal and speculation.

DEATH OF MRS. WORDSWORTH.—The widow of the poet Wordsworth died at Rydal Mount, near Ambleside, on Monday night last, the seventeenth. She had reached beyond the age of four-score years, and passed away tranquilly after a short illness. She was of so great assistance to her husband in all the works he gave to the public, that she was not an unimportant member of the literary world, though a silent one. Her life was long, and it was as pure, beautiful, and useful as the most ardent admirer of English domestic character could imagine. The poet could not have been blessed with a household companion more meet for him; and, better still, the poet knew and felt the blessing he possessed in such a companion:

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright,
With something of angelic light."

For some years past Mrs. Wordsworth's powers of sight had entirely failed her, but she still continued cheerful and "bright," and full of conversational power as in former days. Quiet as her life was, there are few persons of literary note to whom she was not known, and very general will be the regret for the loss of so excellent a woman.

RELIC OF MARIA THERESA.—There is a story about an elbow-chair which was put up for auction after the death of a patient in the Hotel Dieu here, as part of the poor woman's effects. It fetched five hundred francs, though not worth ten. It seems that this piece of furniture was originally presented to the Empress Maria Theresa, and it figured many years in her working cabinet up to the marriage of Marie Antoinette, who brought it with her to Paris, and it was such a favorite memento of her mother that she asked for it to be sent to her prison in the Temple. Her valet, Fleury, after her execution, carried it to England, and gave it to the Prince Re-

gent, from whose possession it got into that of the Duke of Cumberland, who brought it over to Hanover, and it subsequently found its way to Berlin, where it was given to an upholsterer to repair. In the wadding of the back a crayon portrait of a boy was found, and also a breast-pin set in brilliantes—which latter was sold to a watchmaker called Naundorf, as well as some closely-written pages of MS. With the contents of the MS. Naundorf found himself in a position to personate the Dauphin, and set up as Duc de Normandie. A German, who had kept an eye on the old chair in its wanderings, has now secured it for presentation to the Austrian Court.—*Globe Paris Correspondent.*

MILTON ABROAD.—*Lycidas* was written in the autumn of 1637, and in the following April Milton set out for Paris—not to return home until such time as the disorders in England had reached a pitch when it became incumbent on every bold and honest man to choose a side, and make some sacrifices for the truth. Milton's foreign tour lasted fifteen months; from Paris he traveled through the South of France to Nice; from Nice to Florence, visiting en route Genoa, Leghorn, and Pisa. At Florence he staid two months, where he found some valuable friendships among the Italian literati, and visited Galileo in his villa near that city. From Florence he went on to Rome, and from Rome to Naples, where he made the acquaintance of "Manso," a name well known to the readers of Milton's Latin poems. He was now about to visit Sicily and Greece, when the English news that reached him induced him to turn his steps homewards. Still he traveled leisurely; returning by way of Rome and Florence, from thence to Venice, then making northwards for Geneva, and so through France again to England, to find the misrule which he had already denounced now bearing full fruit.—*Literary Gazette.*

THE LOCALITY OF "COMUS."—Ludlow Castle is now a crumbling ruin, along the ivy-clad walls and through the dark passages of which the visitor clammers or gropes his way, disturbing the crows and the martlets in their recesses; but one can stand yet in the doorway through which the parting guests of that night descended into the inner court; and one can see where the stage was, on which the sister was lost by her brothers, and Comus revelled with his crew, and the lady was fixed as marble by an enchantment, and Sabrina arose with her water-nymphs, and the swains danced in welcome of the earl, and the spirit gloriously ascended to its native heaven. More mystic it is to leave the ruins, and, descending one of the winding streets that lead from the castle into the valley of the Teme, to look upwards to castle and town seen as one picture, and, marking more expressly the three long-pointed windows that gracefully slit the chief face of the wall towards the north, to realize that it was from that ruin and from those windows in the ruin that the verse of *Comus* was first shook into the air of England.—*Mason's Life of Milton.*

THE deepest coal pit in Great Britain, and probably in the world, has, after twelve years' labor, been completed and opened at Dukinfield, Cheshire. The shaft of this pit is six hundred and eighty-six and a half yards deep, and the sinking of it cost nearly one hundred thousand pounds.

LIBRARIES IN AMERICA.—There are in the United States fifty libraries containing upwards of 15,000 volumes, thirteen containing over 30,000, and six over 60,000 volumes. Massachusetts has eight libraries of the fifty, or one sixth; New-England sixteen, or one third; New-York eleven, or more than one fourth. The Harvard College Library has 112,000 volumes; the Astor Library 80,000; Boston Athenæum, 70,000; Library Company, Philadelphia, 65,000; Congress Library, 65,000; Yale College, 63,000; New-York State Library, 50,000; New-York City, 47,900; New-York Society Library, 40,000; Smithsonian Institution, 40,000; Brown University, 37,000; Boston Public Library, 34,996; Dartmouth College, 32,438; Bowdoin College, 29,920; Andover Seminary, 26,669; American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, 26,000; Georgetown College College, D.C., 26,000. The number of volumes in these fifty libraries is nearly 4,000,000. Massachusetts has 635,111; New-York, 617,484.

EFFECT OF OCCUPATION UPON LONGEVITY.—Dr. Edward Jarvis, of Boston, (U.S.) President of the Statistical Association, has prepared a table from the mortality reports of Massachusetts, from May first, 1843, to December thirty-first, 1856, showing the average ages of men of different occupations. He divides the community into classes, and finds that in that time the average age of the cultivators of the earth who died, was about sixty-four, of professional men, fifty-three, merchants and capitalists forty-eight, mechanics active abroad forty-eight, active mechanics in shops forty-seven, sailors forty-six, laborers forty-five, common carriers, forty-four, inactive mechanics in shops forty-two. Of the particular occupations, the average age of clergymen was fifty-five, lawyers fifty-five, physicians fifty-four, coopers fifty-seven, blacksmiths fifty-two, carpenters fifty, masons forty-eight, tanners forty-eight, merchants and clerks forty-seven, shoemakers forty-three, painters forty-two, tailors forty-one.

MENAI STRAITS, PAST AND PRESENT.—It is remarkable that near the very spot where the last battle was fought, having for its object the extermination of a sanguinary and baneful superstition, there now stands a great monument of the triumphs of progress. The Britannia Tubular Bridge crosses the Menai Straits near the place where the army of Suetonius fought the Britons who had assembled to guard the Druids, whom they revered as a sacred order of men; where women ran up and down like furies; and where the Druids were burnt in the fires they had kindled to sacrifice their enemies. No longer have we need of extermination: the aim and effort of to-day is to mingle the families of the human race, and to trust to the peaceful operation of truth, to root out error and superstition, wherever they may still linger and clog the onward paths of men.—*Philp's History of Progress in Great Britain.*

ANTIQUITIES FROM CARTHAGE.—A vessel has just arrived, bearing for the British Museum one hundred cases of antiquities from Halicarnassus and Cnidus, further result of the excavation at those places by Mr. Charles Newton, the British Vice-Consul at Mytilene. Also about fifty cases filled with similar treasures from Carthage. Amongst those from Cnidus is a gigantic lion of Parian marble, in a crouching attitude, measuring ten feet in length by six in height, and weighing eight tons.

VORACITY OF AFRICAN ANTS.—The house which was assigned to me inside the town was spacious, but rather old, and so full of ants that I was obliged to take the greatest care to protect not only my luggage but my person from these voracious insects. They not only destroyed every thing that was suspended on pegs from the walls, but while sitting one day for an hour or so on a clay bank in my room, I found, when I got up, a large hole in my robe—these clever and industrious miners having made their way through the clay walls to the spot where I was sitting, successfully constructed their covered walks, and voraciously attacked my shirt, all in an hour's time.—*Dr. Barth's Journal of Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa, Vol. iv.*

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH INVENTED IN RENFREW IN 1745.—This wonderful invention of the electric telegraph, which we are accustomed to boast of as a proof of our progress in science, was known, (at least in principle,) and suggested so far back as the year 1745, in a letter from Renfrew, published in the *Scol's Magazine* of that date. The writer proposes to stretch twenty-five wires between two places, each wire representing a letter of the alphabet; to electrify the required wires at one end, which at the other end will pick up small bits of cork, each also representing a letter, and thus convey a message, the writer says, to any distance in the shortest time. Strange it is to think that a hint thus broadly given should have slumbered ineffectually for a century.

SURVEY OF THE ROMAN WALL.—Mr. MacLaughlan has completed his surveys of the Roman wall and of the Watling street north of Pierce bridge, in Yorkshire, undertaken by order of the Duke of Northumberland, who has also had the plans of the surveys, the castra upon the line of the wall and along the Watling street elaborately engraved in the first style of art, certainly at the cost of some thousands of pounds. Although professedly printed for private circulation only, his Grace has been most liberal in his donations to the chief scientific and literary institutions in this and in foreign countries, as well as to private persons interested in our national antiquities.

THE preparations for the marriage of Prince Napoleon with the Princess Clotilda, are going on actively. The corbelle of the young bride more particularly excites curiosity. A dress and shawl of Alençon lace of great value; three India shawls of extraordinary beauty; and the diamonds of the Princess Catherine of Wurtemberg, which were stolen in 1815, but afterwards found or repurchased by the family, will form some of the objects composing the marriage offering of the Prince. A magnificent diamond necklace is spoken of as a present from the Empress, and some blue fox and other valuable furs from the Princess Mathilde.

THE weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something: the strongest, by dispersing his powers over many, may fail to accomplish any thing. The drop, by continued falling, bores its passage through the hardest rock; the hasty torrent rushes over it with hideous uproar, and leaves a less trace behind

EMIGRATION.—In the forty-three years from 1815 to 1857 inclusive, there emigrated from the United Kingdom, 4,683,194. Of these 2,830,687 went to the United States, 1,170,342 to British North-America, 613,615 to Australia and New-Zealand, and 68,550 to other places. Of the whole emigration more than one half, namely, 2,444,802, emigrated in the eight years from 1847 to 1854 inclusive. In 1855 and 1856, the emigration fell to 176,806 and 176,554 respectively, principally in consequence of the demand for the army and navy, and the departments connected with them, during the Russian war; in 1857 the numbers rose to 212,875.

THE EXHIBITION OF 1861.—To discover the best means of setting on foot another Exhibition in the year 1861, the Council of the Society of Arts has issued a circular requesting the co-operation of the whole of the gentlemen who, from the very fact of their being members of the Society of Arts, may be considered to have "the encouragement of arts, manufacture, and commerce" at heart. They request communications as to the best mode of representing the industry of each locality, and as to whether any and what improvement could be made on the arrangements of 1851.

TIME, the most precious of all possessions, is commonly the least prized. It is, like health, regretted when gone, but rarely improved when present. We know it is irrecoverable, yet throw it wantonly away. We know it is fleet, yet fail to catch the current moment. It is the space of life; and while we never properly occupy its limits, we nevertheless murmur at their narrowness. It is the field of exertion, and while we continually leave it fallow, we yet sorrow over our stunted harvest.

"**DEATH** has quitted his busy occupation in the dungeons of Naples to strike at the door of the palace. Ferdinand the Second expired yesterday. The telegram comes with a sudden shock. The King is ill—the King is dead. Such are its rapid announcements. He was but forty-nine years of age. He is struck down in the prime of life—in the plenitude of despotism—at a moment when his eldest son, the Duke of Calabria, was on the point of celebrating an auspicious marriage."

In trifles, infinitely clearer than in great deeds, actual character is displayed.

WEALTH OF THE POPE.—It is said that his Holiness the Pope receives out of his State some \$8,000,000 a year. Of this, \$600,000 goes to his private affairs, and \$2,192,000 to pay interest. \$2,700,000 go to support the army and police, \$600,000 to maintain the prisons, \$24,000 to schools. Other expenses are in proportion. The yearly deficiency is \$1,800,000. The clergy own \$100,000,000 worth of real estate, and hold all of the fat offices. The State debt is 27,000,000.

A PELICAN GOBBLING A MONKEY.—There are a great many pelicans there, (in Damietta, Egypt,) which get wonderfully tame when caught. M. Mariette had one which formed an attachment for his cat. It used to open its beak and take pussy into its pouch, where she would go to sleep quite contentedly. One day, Madam Pelican snapped up a monkey, who was frightened out of his wits, and screamed and shrieked till the pelican was tired and let him out.—*Seddon's*.

LOVE facilitates duty; it is like wings to the bird, like sails to the ship; it carries the soul on swiftly and cheerfully in our way to glory. Love is vigorous as well as active; it despiseth dangers, it tramples on difficulties: like a mighty torrent, it carries all before it.—*Watson*.

MUNIFICENT DONATION.—James Lenox, Esq., of New-York, has presented to the New-York Historical Society, thirteen of the sculptured marbles from Nineveh, which cost \$3000. The Society passed a very complimentary vote of thanks to the donor.

MEEKNESS—A boy was asked what meekness was. He thought a moment, and said: "Meekness gives smooth answers to rough questions."

I NEVER knew a man to escape failure, in either body or mind, who worked seven days in the week.—*Sir Robert Peel*.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.—"As much honor as you like, my son, but as few affairs of honor as possible."

"I HAVE turned many a woman's head," boasted a young nobleman of France. "Yes," replied Talleyrand—"away from you."

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